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Robert Wilks.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

Tranſlated by

ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;

Quis *Martem* tunica tectum adamantina
Digne ſcripſerit? aut pulvere Troïco
Nigrum *Merionen?* aut ope *Palladis*
Tydiden Superis parem? HORAT.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON,

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For T. OSBORNE, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, JOHN RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, W. JOHNSTON, J. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER, P. DAVEY and B. LAW, T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON, T. FIELD, T. POTE, H. WOODGATE and S. BROOKS, S. BAKER, and T. PAYNE.

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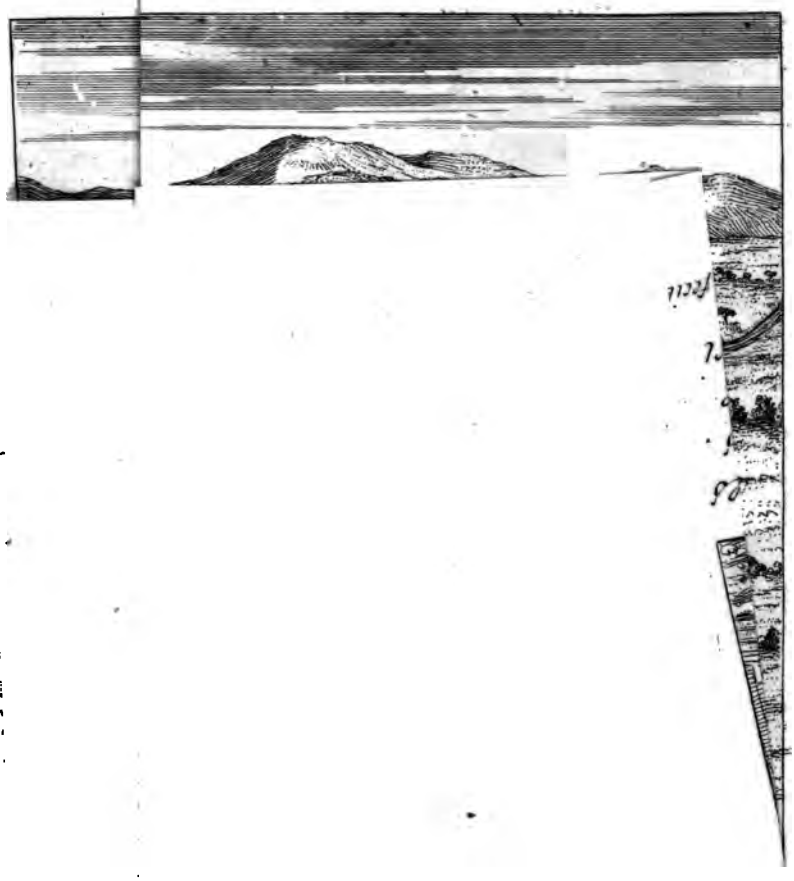
THE THIRD BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Duel of *Menelaus* and *Paris*.

THE Armies being ready to engage, a ſingle combat is agreed upon between Menelaus *and* Paris *(by the intervention of* Hector) *for the determination of the war,* Iris *is ſent to call* Helena *to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of* Troy, *where* Priam *ſat with his counſellors obſerving the* Grecian *leaders on the plain below, to whom* Helen *gives an account of the chief of them. The Kings on either part take the ſolemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel enſues, wherein* Paris *being overcome, is ſnatched away in a cloud by* Venus, *and tranſported to his apartment. She then calls* Helen *from the walls, and brings the lovers together.* Agamemnon, *on the part of the* Grecians, *demands the reſtoration of* Helen, *and the performance of the articles.*

The three and twentieth day ſtill continues throughout this book. The ſcene *is ſometimes in the* fields *before* Troy, *and ſometimes* in Troy *itſelf.*



THE

* THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and ſtretches o'er the land.
With ſhouts the *Trojans* ruſhing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:

* Of all the books of the *Iliad*, there is ſcarce any more pleaſing than the third. It may be divided into five parts, each of which has a beauty different from the other. The firſt contains what paſſed before the two armies, and the propoſal of the combat between *Paris* and *Menelaus*: the attention and ſuſpenſe of theſe mighty hoſts, which were juſt upon the point of joining battle, and the lofty manner of offer-

So when inclement winters vex the plain 5
With piercing froſts, or thick-deſcending rain,

ing and accepting this important and unexpected challenge, have ſomething in them wonderfully pompous, and of an amuſing ſolemnity. The ſecond part, which deſcribes the behaviour of *Helena* in this juncture, her conference with the old King and his counſellors, with the review of the heroes from the battlements, is an epiſode entirely of another ſort, which excels in the natural and pathetick. The third conſiſts of the ceremonies of the oath on both ſides, and the preliminaries to the combat; with the beautiful retreat of *Priam*, who in the tenderneſs of a parent withdraws from the ſight of the duel: theſe particulars detain the reader in expectation, and heighten his impatience for the fight itſelf. The fourth is the deſcription of the duel, an exact piece of painting, where we ſee every attitude, motion, and action of the combatants particularly and diſtinctly, and which concludes with a ſurprizing propriety, in the reſcue of *Paris* by *Venus*. The machine of that Goddeſs, which makes the fifth part, and whoſe end is to reconcile *Paris* and *Helena*, is admirable in every circumſtance: the remonſtrance ſhe holds with the Goddeſs, the reluctance with which ſhe obeys her, the reproaches ſhe caſts upon *Paris*, and the flattery and courtſhip with which he ſo ſoon wins her over to him. *Helen* (the main cauſe of this war) was not to be made an odious character; ſhe is drawn by this great maſter with the fineſt ſtrokes, as a frail, but not as an abandoned creature. She has perpetual ſtruggles of virtue on the one ſide, and ſoftneſſes which overcome them, on the other. Our Author has been remarkably careful to tell us this; whenever he but ſlightly names her in the foregoing part of his work, ſhe is repreſented at the ſame time as repentant; and it is thus we ſee her at large at her firſt appearance in the preſent book; which is one of the ſhorteſt of the whole *Iliad*, but in recompence has beauties almoſt in every line, and moſt of them ſo obvious, that to acknowledge them we need only to read them.

To warmer ſeas the cranes embody'd fly,
With noiſe, and order, thro' the mid-way ſky;

ỳ. 3. *With ſhouts the* Trojans.] The book begins with a fine oppoſition of the noiſe of the *Trojan* army to the ſilence of the *Grecians*. It was but natural to imagine this, ſince the former was compoſed of many different nations, of various languages, and ſtrangers to each other; the latter were more united in their neighbourhood, and under leaders of the ſame country. But as this obſervation ſeems particularly inſiſted upon by our Author (for he uſes it again in the fourth book, ỳ. 486.) ſo he had a farther reaſon for it. *Plutarch*, in his treatiſe of reading the Poets, remarks upon this diſtinction, as a particular credit to the military diſcipline of the *Greeks*. And ſeveral ancient authors tell us, it was the manner of the *Barbarians* to encounter with ſhouts and outcries; as it continues to this day the cuſtom of the Eaſtern nations. Perhaps theſe clamours were only to encourage their men, inſtead of martial inſtruments. I think Sir *Walter Raleigh* ſays, there never was a people but made uſe of ſome ſort of muſick in battle: *Homer* never mentions any in the *Greek* or *Trojan* armies, and it is ſcarce to be imagined he would omit a circumſtance ſo poetical without ſome particular reaſon. The verb Σαλπίζω, which the modern *Greeks* have ſince appropriated to the ſound of a trumpet, is uſed indifferently in our Author for other ſounds, as for thunder in the 21ſt *Iliad*, ỳ. 388. Ἀμφὶ δὲ Σάλπιγξεν μέγας οὐρανὸς — He once names the trumpet Σαλπὶγξ in a *ſimile*, upon which *Euſtathius* and *Didymus* obſerve, that the uſe of it was known in the poet's time, but not in that of the *Trojan* war. And hence we may infer that *Homer* was particularly careful not to confound the manners of the times he wrote of, with thoſe of the times he lived in.

ỳ. 7. *The cranes embody'd fly.*] If wit has been truly deſcribed to be a ſimilitude in ideas, and is more excellent as that ſimilitude is more ſurprizing; there cannot be a truer kind of wit than what is ſhewn in apt compariſons, eſpecially when compoſed of ſuch ſubjects as having the leaſt relation to

To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war deſcends upon the wing.
But ſilent, breathing rage, reſolv'd and ſkill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the *Greeks:* the rapid duſt around
Dark'ning ariſes from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when *Notus* ſheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,

each other in general, have yet ſome particular that agrees exactly. Of this nature is the ſimile of the *cranes* to the *Trojan* army, where the fancy of *Homer* flew to the remoteſt part of the world for an image which no reader could have expected. But it is no leſs exact than ſurprizing. The likeneſs conſiſts in two points, the *noiſe* and the *order*; the latter is ſo obſervable, as to have given ſome of the ancients occaſion to imagine, the embattling of an army was firſt learned from the cloſe manner of flight of theſe birds. But this part of the ſimile not being directly expreſſed by the author, has been overlooked by ſome of the commentators. It may be remarked, that *Homer* has generally a wonderful cloſeneſs in all the particulars of his compariſons, notwithſtanding he takes a liberty in his expreſſion of them. He ſeems ſo ſecure of the main likeneſs, that he makes no ſcruple to play with the circumſtances; ſometimes by tranſpoſing the order of them, ſometimes by ſuperadding them, and ſometimes (as in this place) by neglecting them in ſuch a manner, as to leave the reader to ſupply them himſelf. For the preſent compariſon, it has been taken by *Virgil* in the tenth book, and applied to the clamours of ſoldiers in the ſame manner.

"— — — Quales ſub nubibus atris
"Strymoniæ dant ſigna grues, atque æthera tranant
"Cum ſonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore ſecundo."

Swift-gliding miſts the duſky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight ſhade;
While ſcarce the ſwains their feeding flocks ſurvey,
Loſt and confus'd amidſt the thicken'd day:
So wrapt in gath'ring duſt, the *Grecian* train,
A moving cloud, ſwept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hoſtile armies ſtand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the ſons of fame
Whom *Troy* ſent forth, the beauteous *Paris* came,
In form a God! the panther's ſpeckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an eaſy pride,
His bended bow acroſs his ſhoulders flung,
His ſword beſide him negligently hung,

ỳ. 26. *The beauteous* Paris *came, In form a God.*] This is meant by the epithet Θεοειδὴς, as has been ſaid in the notes on the firſt book, ỳ. 169. The Picture here given of *Paris's* air and dreſs, is exactly correſpondent to his character; you ſee him endeavouring to mix the fine Gentleman with the warriour; and this idea of him *Homer* takes care to keep up, by deſcribing him not without the ſame regard, when he is arming to encounter *Menelaus* afterwards in a cloſe fight, as he ſhews here, where he is but preluding and flouriſhing in the gaiety of his heart. And when he tells us, in that place, that he was in danger of being ſtrangled by the ſtrap of his helmet, he takes notice that it was ποικίλος, *embroidered.*

Two pointed ſpears he ſhook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the braveſt of the *Grecian* race.
As thus with glorious air and proud diſdain,
He boldly ſtalk'd, the foremoſt on the plain,
Him *Menelaüs*, lov'd of *Mars*, eſpies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;

℣. 37. *So joys a lion, if the branching deer, Or mountain goat.*] The old ſcholiaſts refining on this ſimile, will have it, that *Paris* is compared to a goat on account of his incontinence, and to a ſtag for his cowardice: to this laſt they make an addition which is very ludicrous, that he is alſo likened to a deer for his *ſkill in muſick*, and cite *Ariſtotle* to prove that animal delights in harmony, which opinion is alluded to by Mr. *Waller* in theſe lines:

> Here love takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear
> Empties his quiver on the liſt'ning deer.

But upon the whole, it is whimſical to imagine this compariſon conſiſts in any thing more, than the joy which *Menelaus* conceived at the ſight of his rival, in the hopes of deſtroying him. It is equally an injuſtice to *Paris*, to abuſe him for underſtanding muſick, and to repreſent his retreat as purely the effect of fear, which proceeded from his ſenſe of guilt with reſpect to the particular perſon of *Menelaus*. He appeared at the head of the army to challenge the boldeſt of the enemy: nor is his character elſewhere in the *Iliad* by any means that of a coward. *Hector* at the end of the ſixth book confeſſes, that no man could juſtly reproach him as ſuch. Nor is he repreſented ſo by *Ovid* (who copied *Homer* very cloſely) in the end of his epiſtle to *Helen*. The moral of *Homer* is much

Eager he ſeizes and devours the ſlain,
Preſt by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;
Smit with a conſcious ſenſe, retires behind,
And ſhuns the fate he well deſerv'd to find.
As when ſome ſhepherd, from the ruſtling trees
Shot forth to view, a ſcaly ſerpent ſees;

finer: a brave mind, however blinded with paſſion, is ſenſible of remorſe as ſoon as the injured object preſents itſelf; and *Paris* never behaves himſelf ill in war, but when his ſpirits are depreſſed by the conſciouſneſs of an injuſtice. This alſo will account for the ſeeming incongruity of *Homer* in this paſſage, who (as they would have us think) paints him a ſhameful coward, at the ſame time that he is perpetually calling him *the divine Paris*, and *Paris like a God*. What he ſays immediately afterwards in anſwer to *Hector*'s reproof, will make this yet more clear.

℣. 47. *As when a ſhepherd.*] This compariſon of the ſerpent is finely imitated by *Virgil* in the ſecond *Æneid*.

" Improviſum aſpris veluti qui ſentibus anguem
" Preſſit humi nitens, trepiduſque repente refugit
" Attollentem iras, & cœrula colla tumentem:
" Haud ſecus Androgeus viſu tremefactus abibat."

But it may be ſaid to the praiſe of *Virgil*, that he has applied it upon an occaſion where it has an additional beauty. *Paris*

Trembling and pale, he ſtarts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight:
So from the King the ſhining warriour flies,
And plung'd amid the thickeſt *Trojans* lies.

As God-like *Hector* ſees the Prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.

upon the ſight of *Menelaus*'s approach, is compared to a traveller who ſees a ſnake ſhoot on a ſudden towards him. But the ſurprize and danger of *Androgeus* is more lively, being juſt in the reach of his enemies before he perceived it; and the circumſtance of the ſerpent's rouzing his creſt, which brightens with anger, finely images the ſhining of their arms in the night-time, as they were juſt lifted up to deſtroy him. *Scaliger* criticiſes on the needleſs repetition in the words παλίορσος and ἀνεχώρησεν, which is avoided in the tranſlation. But it muſt be obſerved in general, that *little exactneſſes* are what we ſhould not look for in *Homer*; the genius of his age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery, to regard them.

℣. 53. *As God-like* Hector.] This is the firſt place of the poem where *Hector* makes a figure, and here it ſeems proper to give an idea of his character, ſince if he is not the chief hero of the *Iliad*, he is at leaſt the moſt amiable. There are ſeveral reaſons which render *Hector* a favourite character with every reader, ſome of which ſhall here be offered. The chief moral of *Homer* was to expoſe the ill effects of diſcord; the *Greeks* were to be ſhewn diſunited, and to render that diſunion the more probable, he has deſignedly given them *mixt* characters. The *Trojans*, on the other hand, were to be repreſented making all advantages of the others diſagreement, which they could not do without a ſtrict union among themſelves. *Hector* therefore, who commanded them, muſt be endued with all ſuch qualifications as tended to the preſervation of it; as *Achilles* with ſuch as promoted the contrary. The

Unhappy *Paris!* but to women brave! 55
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!

one ſtands, in contraſt to the other, an accompliſhed character of valour unruffled by rage and anger, and uniting his people by his prudence and example. *Hector* has alſo a foil to ſet him off in his own family; we are perpetually oppoſing in our own minds the incontinence of *Paris*, who expoſes his country, to the temperance of *Hector*, who protects it. And indeed it is this love of his country, which appears his principal paſſion, and the motive of all his actions. He has no other blemiſh than that he fights in an unjuſt cauſe, which *Homer* has yet been careful to tell us he would not do, if his opinion were followed. But ſince he cannot prevail, the affection he bears to his parents and kindred, and his deſire of defending them, incites him to do his utmoſt for their ſafety. We may add, that *Homer* having ſo many *Greeks* to celebrate, makes them ſhine in their turns, and ſingly in their ſeveral books, one ſucceeding in the abſence of another: whereas *Hector* appears in every battle the life and ſoul of his party, and the conſtant bulwark againſt every enemy: he ſtands againſt *Agamemnon*'s magnanimity, *Diomed*'s bravery, *Ajax*'s ſtrength, and *Achilles*'s fury. There is beſides an accidental cauſe for our liking him, from reading the writers of the *Auguſtan* age (eſpecially *Virgil*) whoſe favourite he grew more particularly from the time when the *Cæſars* fancied to derive their pedigree from *Troy*.

℣. 55. *Unhappy* Paris, *&c.*] It may be obſerved in honour of *Homer*'s judgment, that the words which *Hector* is made to ſpeak here, very ſtrongly mark his character. They contain a warm reproach of cowardiſe, and ſhew him to be touched with ſo high a ſenſe of glory, as to think life inſupportable without it. His calling to mind the gallant figure which *Paris* had made in his amours to *Helen*, and oppoſing it to the image of his flight from her huſband, is a ſarcaſm of the utmoſt bitterneſs and vivacity. After he has named that action of the rape, the cauſe of ſo many miſchiefs, his

Oh had'ſt thou dy'd when firſt thou ſaw'ſt the light,
Or dy'd at leaſt before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boaſt,
And fly, the ſcandal of thy *Trojan* hoſt.
Gods! how the ſcornful *Greeks* exult to ſee
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy ſoul ſupplies a form ſo fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,
When thy tall ſhips triumphant ſtemm'd the tide,
When *Greece* beheld thy painted canvas flow,
And crouds ſtood wond'ring at the paſſing ſhow;

inſiſting upon it in ſo many broken periods, thoſe disjointed ſhortneſſes of ſpeech,

(Πατρί τε Ϛῷ μέγα πῆμα, πολῆϊ τε, παντί τε δήμῳ,
Δυσμενέσιν μὲν χάρμα, κατηφείην δὲ Ϛοι αὐτῷ.)

That haſty manner of expreſſion without the connexion of particles, is (as *Euſtathius* remarks) extremely natural to a man in anger, who thinks he can never vent himſelf too ſoon. That contempt of outward ſhew, of the gracefulneſs of perſon, and of the accompliſhments of a courtly life, is what correſponds very well with the warlike temper of *Hector*; and theſe verſes have therefore a beauty here which they want in *Horace*, however admirably he has tranſlated them, in the ode of *Nereus*'s *prophecy*.

" Nequicquam Veneris præſidio ferox,
" Pectes cæſariem; grataque fœminis
" Imbelli citharâ carmina divides, &c."

Say, was it thus, with ſuch a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the *Spartan* Queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And * both her warlike lords outſhin'd in *Helen*'s eyes?
This deed, thy foes delight, thy own diſgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or haſt thou injur'd whom thou dar'ſt not right?
Soon to thy coſt the field would make thee know
Thou keep'ſt the conſort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form inſtilling ſoft deſire,
Thy curling treſſes, and thy ſilver lyre,

℣. 72. *And both her warlike lords.*] The original is Νυὸν ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων. *The ſpouſe of martial men.* I wonder why Madam *Dacier* choſe to turn it *Alliée à tant de braves guerriers*, ſince it ſo naturally refers to *Theſeus* and *Menelaus*, the former huſbands of *Helena*.

℣. 80. *Thy curling treſſes, and thy ſilver lyre.*] It is ingeniouſly remarked by *Dacier*, that *Homer*, who celebrates the *Greeks* for their long hair [καρηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς] and *Achilles* for his ſkill on the harp, makes *Hector* in this place object them both to *Paris*. The *Greeks* nouriſhed their hair to appear more dreadful to the enemy, and *Paris* to pleaſe the eyes of women. *Achilles* ſung to his harp the acts of Heroes, and *Paris* the amours of lovers. The ſame reaſon which makes *Hector* here diſpleaſed at them, made *Alexander* afterwards re-

* *Theſeus* and *Menelaus*.

Beauty and youth; in vain to theſe you truſt,
When youth and beauty ſhall be laid in duſt:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Cruſh the dire author of his country's woe.

His ſilence here, with bluſhes, *Paris* breaks;
'Tis juſt, my brother, what your anger ſpeaks:

ſuſe to ſee this lyre of *Paris*, when offered to be ſhewn to him, as *Plutarch* relates the ſtory in his oration of the fortune of *Alexander*.

℣. 83. *One avenging blow.*] It is in the *Greek*, *You had been clad in a coat of ſtone. Giphanius* would have it to mean ſtoned to death on the account of his adultery: but this does not appear to have been the puniſhment of that crime among the *Phrygians*. It ſeems rather to ſignify, deſtroyed by the fury of the people, for the war he had brought upon them; or perhaps may imply no more than being laid in his grave under a monument of ſtones; but the former being the ſtronger ſenſe, is here followed.

℣. 86. *'Tis juſt, my brother.*] This ſpeech is a farther opening of the true character of *Paris*. He is a maſter of civility, no leſs well-bred to his own ſex than courtly to the other. The reproof of *Hector* was of a ſevere nature, yet he receives it as from a brother and a friend, with candour and modeſty. This anſwer is remarkable for its fine addreſs; he gives the hero a decent and agreeable reproof for having too raſhly depreciated the gifts of nature. He allows the quality of courage its utmoſt due, but deſires the ſame juſtice to thoſe ſofter accompliſhments, which he lets him know are no leſs the favour of heaven. Then he removes from himſelf the charge of want of valour, by propoſing the ſingle combat with the very man he had juſt declined to engage; which having ſhewn him void of any malevolence to his rival on the one hand, he now proves himſelf free from the imputation of

But who like thee can boaſt a ſoul ſedate,
So firmly proof to all the ſhocks of fate?
Thy force, like ſteel, a temper'd hardneſs ſhows,
Still edg'd to wound, and ſtill untir'd with blows,
Like ſteel, uplifted by ſome ſtrenuous ſwain,
With falling woods to ſtrow the waſted plain.
Thy gifts I praiſe; nor thou deſpiſe the charms
With which a lover golden *Venus* arms;
Soft moving ſpeech, and pleaſing outward ſhow,
No wiſh can gain 'em, but the Gods beſtow.
Yet, would'ſt thou have the proffer'd combat ſtand,
The *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſeat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way ſpace our hoſts divide,
And, on that ſtage of war, the cauſe be try'd:

cowardice on the other. *Homer* draws him (as we have ſeen) ſoft of ſpeech, the natural quality of an amorous temper; vainly gay in war as well as love; with a ſpirit that can be ſurprized and recollected, that can receive impreſſions of ſhame or apprehenſion on the one ſide, or of generoſity and courage on the other; the uſual diſpoſition of eaſy and courteous minds, which are moſt ſubject to the rule of fancy and paſſion. Upon the whole, this is no worſe than the picture of a *gentle Knight*, and one might fancy the heroes of the modern romance were formed upon the model of *Paris*.

By *Paris* there the *Spartan* King be fought,
For beauteous *Helen* and the wealth ſhe brought;
And who his rival can in arms ſubdue,
His be the fair, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league your toils may ceaſe,
And *Troy* poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the *Greeks* review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous ſteeds, for beauty more.

He ſaid. The challenge *Hector* heard with joy,
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of *Troy*,
Held by the midſt, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with ſteps majeſtically ſlow:

ỳ. 108. *Much fam'd for gen'rous ſteeds, for beauty more.*] The original is, Ἄρεος ἐς ἱππόβοτον, καὶ Ἀχαϊΐδα καλλιγύναικα. Perhaps this line is tranſlated too cloſe to the letter, and the epithets might have been omitted. But there are ſome traits and particularities of this nature, which methinks preſerve to the reader the air of *Homer*. At leaſt the latter of theſe circumſtances, that *Greece was eminent for beautiful women*, ſeems not improper to be mentioned by him who had raiſed a war on the account of a *Grecian beauty*.

ỳ. 109. *The challenge* Hector *heard with joy.*]. *Hector* ſtays not to reply to his brother, but runs away with the challenge immediately. He looks upon all the *Trojans* as diſgraced by the late flight of *Paris*, and thinks not a moment is to be loſt to regain the honour of his country. The activity he ſhews in all this affair wonderfully agrees with the ſpirit of a ſoldier.

While round his dauntleſs head the *Grecians* pour
Their ſtones and arrows in a mingled ſhow'r.
Then thus the Monarch great *Atrides* cry'd;
Forbear ye warriours! lay the darts aſide:
A parley *Hector* aſks, a meſſage bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the *Greeks* attend,
The tumult ſilence, and the fight ſuſpend.
While from the center *Hector* rolls his eyes
On either hoſt, and thus to both applies.
Hear, all ye *Trojans*, all ye *Grecian* bands!
What *Paris*, author of the war, demands.

ỳ. 123. *Hear all ye* Trojans, *all ye* Grecian *bands.*] It has been aſked how the different nations could underſtand one another in theſe conferences, ſince we have no mention in *Homer* of any interpreter between them? He who was ſo very particular in the moſt minute points, can hardly be thought to have been negligent in this. Some reaſons may be offered that they both ſpoke the ſame language; for the *Trojans* (as may be ſeen in *Dion. Halic. lib.* i.) were of *Grecian* extraction originally. *Dardanus* the firſt of their Kings was born in *Arcadia*; and even their names were originally *Greek*, as *Hector*, *Anchiſes*, *Andromache*, *Aſtyanax*, &c. Of the laſt of theſe in particular, *Homer* gives us a derivation which is purely *Greek*, in *Il.* vi. ỳ. 403. But however it be, this is no more (as *Dacier* ſomewhere obſerves) than the juſt privilege of Poetry. *Æneas* and *Turnus* underſtand each other in *Virgil*; and the language of the Poet is ſuppoſed to be univer-

Your ſhining ſwords within the ſheath reſtrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midſt, in either army's ſight,
He dares the *Spartan* King to ſingle fight;
And wills, that *Helen* and the raviſh'd ſpoil
That caus'd the conteſt, ſhall reward the toil.
Let theſe the brave triumphant victor grace,
And diff'ring nations part in leagues of peace.
He ſpoke: in ſtill ſuſpenſe on either ſide
Each army ſtood: the *Spartan* Chief reply'd.
Me too ye warriours hear, whoſe fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.

ſally intelligible, not only between different countries, but between earth and heaven itſelf.

℣. 135. *Me too ye warriours hear*, &c.] We may obſerve what care *Homer* takes to give every one his proper character, and how this ſpeech of *Menelaus* is adapted to the *Laconick*; which the better to comprehend, we may remember there are in *Homer* three ſpeakers of different characters, agreeable to the three different kinds of eloquence. Theſe we may compare with each other in one inſtance, ſuppoſing them all to uſe the ſame heads, and in the ſame order.

The materials of the ſpeech are, The manifeſting his grief for the war, with the hopes that it is in his power to end it; an acceptance of the propoſed challenge; an account of the ceremonies to be uſed in the league; and a propoſal of a proper caution to ſecure it.

Now had *Neſtor* theſe materials to work upon, he would probably have begun with a relation of all the troubles of the

To me the labour of the field reſign;
Me *Paris* injur'd; all the war be mine.

nine years ſiege, which he hoped he might now bring to an end; he would court their benevolence and good wiſhes for his proſperity, with all the figures of amplification; while he accepted the challenge, he would have given an example to prove that the ſingle combat was a wiſe, gallant, and gentle way of ending the war, practiſed by their fathers; in the deſcription of the rites he would be exceeding particular; and when he choſe to demand the ſanction of *Priam* rather than of his ſons, he would place in oppoſition on one ſide the ſon's action which began the war, and on the other the impreſſions of concern or repentance which it muſt by this time have made in the father's mind, whoſe wiſdom he would undoubtedly extol as the effect of his age. All this he would have expatiated upon with connexions of the diſcourſe in the moſt evident manner, and the moſt eaſy, gliding, undiſobliging tranſitions. The effect would be, that the people would hear him with pleaſure.

Had it been *Ulyſſes* who was to make the ſpeech, he would have mentioned a few of their affecting calamities in a pathetick air; then have undertaken the fight with teſtifying ſuch a chearful joy, as ſhould have won the hearts of the ſoldiers to follow him to the field without being deſired. He would have been exceeding cautious in wording the conditions; and ſolemn, rather than particular, in ſpeaking of the rites, which he would only inſiſt on as an opportunity to exhort both ſides to a fear of the Gods, and a ſtrict regard of juſtice. He would have remonſtrated the uſe of ſending for *Priam*; and (becauſe no caution could be too much) have demanded his ſons to be bound with him. For a concluſion, he would have uſed ſome noble ſentiment agreeable to a hero, and (it may be) have enforced it with ſome inſpirited action. In all this you would have known that the diſcourſe hung together, but its fire would not always ſuffer it to be ſeen in cooler tranſitions, which (when they are too nicely laid open) may con-

Fall he that muſt, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the reſt, ſecure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To *Earth* a ſable, to the *Sun* a white,
Prepare ye *Trojans!* while a third we bring
Select to *Jove*, th' inviolable King.
Let rev'rend *Priam* in the truce engage,
And add the ſanction of conſiderate age;

duct the reader, but never carry him away. The people would hear him with emotion.

Theſe materials being given to *Menelaus*, he but juſt mentions their troubles, and his ſatisfaction in the proſpect of ending them, ſhortens the propoſals, ſays a ſacrifice is neceſſary, requires *Priam*'s preſence to confirm the conditions, refuſes his ſons with a reſentment of that injury he ſuffered by them, and concludes with a reaſon for his choice from the praiſe of age, with a ſhort gravity, and the air of an apophthegm. This he puts in order without any more tranſition than what a ſingle conjunction affords. And the effect of the diſcourſe is, that the people are inſtructed by it in what is to be done.

ỳ. 141. *Two lambs devoted.*] The *Trojans* (ſays the old ſcholiaſt) were required to ſacrifice two lambs; one male of a white colour, to the *Sun*, and one female, and black, to the *Earth*: as the *Sun* is father of light, and the *Earth* the mother and nurſe of men. The *Greeks* were to offer a third to *Jupiter*, perhaps to *Jupiter Xenius*, becauſe the *Trojans* had broke the laws of hoſpitality: on which account we find *Menelaus* afterwards invoking him in the combat with *Paris*. That theſe were the powers to which they ſacrificed, appears by their being atteſted by name in the oath, ỳ. 346, &c.

His ſons are faithleſs, headlong in debate,
And youth itſelf an empty wav'ring ſtate:
Cool age advances venerably wiſe,
Turns on all hands its deep-diſcerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.
The nations hear, with riſing hopes poſſeſt,
And peaceful proſpects dawn in ev'ry breaſt.

℣. 153. *The nations hear, with riſing hopes poſſeſt.*] It ſeemed no more than what the reader would reaſonably expect, in the narration of this long war, that a period might have been put to it by the ſingle danger of the parties chiefly concerned, *Paris* and *Menelaus*. *Homer* has therefore taken care toward the beginning of his Poem to obviate that objection; and contrived ſuch a method to render this combat of no effect, as ſhould naturally make way for all the enſuing battles, without any future proſpect of a determination but by the ſword. It is farther worth obſerving, in what manner he has improved into Poetry the common hiſtory of this action, if (as one may imagine) it was the ſame with that we have in the ſecond book of *Dictys Cretenſis*. *When* Paris (ſays he) *being wounded by the ſpear of* Menelaus *fell to the ground, juſt as his adverſary was ruſhing upon him with his ſword, he was ſhot by an arrow from* Pandarus, *which prevented his revenge in the moment he was going to take it. Immediately on the ſight of this perfidious action, the* Greeks *roſe in a tumult; the* Trojans *riſing at the ſame time, came on, and reſcued* Paris *from his enemy. Homer* has with great art and invention mingled all this with the marvellous, and raiſed it in the air of fable. *The Goddeſs of Love* reſcues her favourite; *Jupiter* debates whether or not the war ſhall end by the defeat of *Paris*; *Juno* is for the con-

Within the lines they drew their ſteeds around,
And from their chariots iſſu'd on the ground:
Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the ſable ſhore.
On either ſide the meeting hoſts are ſeen
With lances fix'd, and cloſe the ſpace between.
Two heralds now diſpatch'd to *Troy*, invite
The *Phrygian* Monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius haſtens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for *Jove*, th' inviolable King.

Mean time, to beauteous *Helen*, from the ſkies
The various Goddeſs of the rain-bow flies:

tinuance of it; *Minerva* incites *Pandarus* to break the truce, who thereupon ſhoots at *Menelaus*. This heightens the grandeur of the action without deſtroying the veriſimilitude, diverſifies the poem, and exhibits a fine moral; that whatever ſeems in the world the effect of common cauſes, is really owing to the decree and diſpoſition of the Gods.

℣. 165. *Mean time to beauteous* Helen, *&c.*] The following part, where we have the firſt ſight of *Helena*, is what I cannot think inferior to any in the Poem. The reader has naturally an averſion to this pernicious beauty, and is apt enough to wonder at the *Greeks* for endeavouring to recover her at ſuch an expence. But her amiable behaviour here, the ſecret wiſhes that riſe in favour of her rightful Lord, her tenderneſs for her parents and relations, the relentings of her ſoul for the miſchiefs her beauty had been the cauſe of, the confuſion ſhe appears in, the veiling her face, and dropping a tear;

(Like fair *Loadicè* in form and face,
The lovelieſt Nymph of *Priam*'s royal race)
Her in the palace, at her loom ſhe found;
The golden web her own ſad ſtory crown'd.
The *Trojan* wars ſhe weav'd (herſelf the prize)
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
To whom the Goddeſs of the painted bow;
Approach, and view the wond'rous ſcene below!
Each hardy *Greek*, and valiant *Trojan* Knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now reſt their ſpears, or lean upon their ſhields;
Ceas'd is the war, and ſilent all the fields.

are particulars ſo beautifully natural, as to make every reader no leſs than *Menelaus* himſelf, inclined to forgive her at leaſt, if not to love her. We are afterwards confirmed in this partiality by the ſentiment of the old counſellors upon the ſight of her, which one would think *Homer* put into their mouths with that very view: we excuſe her no more than *Priam* does himſelf, and all thoſe do who felt the calamities ſhe occaſioned: and this regard for her is heightened by all ſhe ſays herſelf; in which there is ſcarce a word, that is not big with repentance and good-nature.

℣. 170. *The golden web her own ſad ſtory crown'd.*] This is a very agreeable fiction, to repreſent *Helena* weaving in a large veil, or piece of tapeſtry, the ſtory of the *Trojan* war. One would think that *Homer* inherited this veil, and that his *Iliad* is only an explication of that admirable piece of art. *Dacier.*

Paris alone and *Sparta*'s King advance,
In ſingle fight to toſs the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
This ſaid, the many-colour'd maid inſpires
Her huſband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Ruſh to her thought, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a ſnowy veil ſhe threw,
And, ſoftly ſighing, from the loom withdrew.
Her handmaids *Clymenê* and *Æthra* wait
Her ſilent footſteps to the *Scæan* gate.
There ſat the Seniors of the *Trojan* race,
(Old *Priam*'s Chiefs, and moſt in *Priam*'s grace)
The King the firſt; *Thymœtes* at his ſide;
Lampus and *Clytius*, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and *Hicetäon*, once the ſtrong;
And next, the wiſeſt of the rev'rend throng,
Antenor grave, and ſage *Ucalegon*,
Lean'd on the walls, and baſk'd before the ſun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wiſe thro' time, and narrative with age,

In ſummer-days, like graſhoppers rejoice,
A bloodleſs race, that ſend a feeble voice.

ν. 201. *Like graſhoppers.*] This is one of the juſteſt and moſt natural images in the world, though there have been critics of ſo little taſte as to object to it as a mean one. The garrulity ſo common to old men, their delight in aſſociating with each other, the feeble ſound of their voices, the pleaſure they take in a ſunſhiny day, the effects of decay in their chillneſs, leanneſs and ſcarcity of blood, are all circumſtances exactly exactly paralleled in this compariſon. To make it yet more proper to the old men of *Troy*, *Euſtathius* has obſerved that *Homer* found a hint for this ſimile in the *Trojan* ſtory, where *Tithon* was feigned to have been transformed into a graſhopper in his old age, perhaps on account of his being ſo exhauſted by years, as to have nothing left him but voice. *Spondanus* wonders that *Homer* ſhould apply to graſhoppers ὄπα λιγύφωνον, a ſweet voice; whereas that of theſe animals is harſh and untuneful: and he is contented to come off with a very poor evaſion of *Homero fingere quidlibet fas fuit.* But *Heſychius* rightly obſerves that λιγύς ſignifies ἁπαλός, *tener* or *gracilis*, as well as *ſuavis.* The ſenſe is certainly much better, and the ſimile more truly preſerved by this interpretation, which is here followed in tranſlating it *feeble.* However it may be alledged in defence of the common verſions, and of Madam *Dacier*'s (who has turned it *Harmonieuſe*) that though *Virgil* gives the Epithet *raucæ* to *Cicadæ*, yet the *Greek* Poets frequently deſcribe the graſhopper as a muſical creature, particularly *Anacreon* and *Theocritus*, *Idyl.* i. where a ſhepherd praiſes another's ſinging, by telling him,

Τέττιγ' ἐπὶ τύνγε φίλαρον ᾄδεις·

It is remarkable that Mr. *Hobbes* has omitted this beautiful ſimile.

Theſe, when the *Spartan* Queen approach'd the tow'r,
In ſecret own'd reſiſtleſs beauty's pow'r:

ỳ. 203. *Theſe, when the* Spartan *Queen approach'd.*] Madam *Dacier* is of opinion there was never a greater panegyrick upon beauty, than what *Homer* has found the art to give it in this place. An aſſembly of venerable old counſellors, who had ſuffered all the calamities of a tedious war, and were conſulting upon the methods to put a concluſion to it, ſeeing the only cauſe of it approaching towards them, are ſtruck with her charms, and cry out, *No wonder!* &c. Nevertheleſs they afterwards recollect themſelves, and conclude to part with her for the publick ſafety. If *Homer* had carried theſe old mens admiration any farther, he had been guilty of outraging nature, and offending againſt probability. The old are capable of being touched with beauty by the eye; but age ſecures them from the tyranny of paſſion, and the effect is but tranſitory, for prudence ſoon regains its dominion over them. *Homer* always goes as far as he ſhould, but conſtantly ſtops juſt where he ought. *Dacier.*

The ſame writer compares to this the ſpeech of *Holoferne's* ſoldiers on the ſight of *Judith*, ch. x. ỳ. 18. But though there be a reſemblance in the words, the beauty is no way parallel; the grace of this conſiſting in the age and character of thoſe who ſpeak it. There is ſomething very gallant upon the beauty of *Helen* in one of *Lucian*'s dialogues. *Mercury* ſhews *Menippus* the ſkulls of ſeveral fine women; and when the philoſopher is moralizing upon that of *Helen: Was it for this a thouſand ſhips ſailed from* Greece, *ſo many brave men died, and ſo many cities were deſtroyed? My friend* (ſays *Mercury*) *'tis true; but what you behold is only her* ſkull; *you would have been of their opinion, and have done the very ſame thing, had you ſeen her* face.

They cry'd, No wonder, ſuch celeſtial charms
For nine long years have ſet the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majeſtick mien!
She moves a Goddeſs, and ſhe looks a Queen!
Yet hence, oh heav'n! convey that fatal face,
And from deſtruction ſave the *Trojan* race.

The good old *Priam* welcom'd her, and cry'd,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's ſide.
See on the plain thy *Grecian* ſpouſe appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our preſent ſuff'rings draws,
Not thou, but heav'n's diſpoſing will, the cauſe;

℣. 211. *The good old* Priam.] The character of a benevolent old man is very well preſerved in *Priam*'s behaviour to *Helena*. Upon the confuſion he obſerves her in, he encourages her, by attributing the misfortunes of the war to the Gods alone, and not to her fault. This ſentiment is alſo very agreeable to the natural piety of old age; thoſe who have had the longeſt experience of human accidents and events, being moſt inclined to aſcribe the diſpoſal of all things to the will of heaven. It is this piety that renders *Priam* a favourite of *Jupiter* (as we find in the beginning of the fourth book) which for ſome time delays the deſtruction of *Troy*; while his ſoft nature and indulgence for his children makes him continue a war which ruins him. Theſe are the two principal points of *Priam*'s character, though there are ſeveral leſſer particularities, among which we may obſerve the curioſity and inquiſitive humour of old age, which gives occaſion to the following epiſode.

The Gods theſe armies and this force employ,
The hoſtile Gods conſpire the fate of *Troy*.
But lift thy eyes, and ſay, What *Greek* is he
(Far as from hence theſe aged orbs can ſee)

℣. 219. *And ſay, What chief is he?*] This view of the *Grecian* leaders from the walls of *Troy*, is juſtly looked upon as an Epiſode of great beauty, as well as a maſterpiece of conduct in *Homer*; who by this means acquaints the readers with the figure and qualifications of each hero in a more lively and agreeable manner. Several great Poets have been engaged by the beauty of this paſſage to an imitation of it. In the ſeventh book of *Statius*, *Phorbas* ſtanding with *Antigone* on the tower of *Thebes*, ſhews her the forces as they were drawn up, and deſcribes their commanders, who were neighbouring princes of *Bœotia*. It is alſo imitated by *Taſſo* in his third book, where *Erminia* from the walls of *Jeruſalem* points out the chief warriours to the King; though the latter part is perhaps copied too cloſely and minutely; for he deſcribes *Godfrey* to be of a port that beſpeaks him a Prince, the next of ſomewhat a lower ſtature, a third renowned for his wiſdom, and then another is diſtinguiſhed by the largeneſs of his cheſt and breadth of his ſhoulders: which are not only the very particulars, but in the very order of *Homer's*.

But however this manner of introduction has been admired, there have not been wanting ſome exceptions to a particular or two. *Scaliger* aſks, how it happens that *Priam*, after nine years ſiege, ſhould be yet unacquainted with the faces of the *Grecian* leaders? This was an old cavil, as appears by the *Scholia* that paſs under the name of *Didymus*, where it is very well anſwered, that *Homer* has juſt before taken care to tell us the heroes had put off their armour on this occaſion of the truce, which had concealed their perſons till now. Others have objected to *Priam's* not knowing *Ulyſſes*, who (as it appears afterwards) had been at *Troy* on an embaſſy. The anſwer

Around whoſe brow ſuch martial graces ſhine,
So tall, ſo awful, and almoſt divine?
Tho' ſome of larger ſtature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He ſeems a Monarch, and his country's pride.
Thus ceas'd the King, and thus the fair reply'd.
Before thy preſence, Father, I appear . . .
With conſcious ſhame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I dy'd, e'er to theſe walls I fled,
Falſe to my country, and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
Falſe to them all, to *Paris* only kind!
For this I mourn, till grief or dire diſeaſe
Shall waſte the form whoſe crime it was to pleaſe!

is, that this might happen either from the dimneſs of *Priam*'s ſight, or defect of his memory, or from the change of *Ulyſſes*'s features ſince that time.

℣. 227. *Before thy preſence.*] *Helen* is ſo overwhelmed with grief and ſhame, that ſhe is unable to give a direct anſwer to *Priam* without firſt humbling herſelf before him, acknowledging her crime, and teſtifying her repentance. And ſhe no ſooner anſwers by naming *Agamemnon*, but her ſorrows renew at the name; *He was once my brother, but I am now a wretch unworthy to call him ſo.*

The King of Kings, *Atrides*, you ſurvey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of ſway:
My brother once, before my days of ſhame;
And oh! that ſtill he bore a brother's name!
With wonder *Priam* view'd the God-like man,
Extoll'd the happy Prince, and thus began.
O bleſt *Atrides!* born to proſp'rous fate,
Succeſsful Monarch of a mighty ſtate!
How vaſt thy empire? Of yon' matchleſs train
What numbers loſt, what numbers yet remain?
In *Phrygia* once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when *Otreus* fill'd the throne,

. . . . . .

℣. 236. *Great in the war, and great in arts of ſway.*] This was the verſe which *Alexander* the Great preferred to all others in *Homer*, and which he propoſed as the pattern of his own actions, as including whatever can be deſired in a Prince. *Plut. Orat. de fort. Alex.* 1.

℣. 240. *Extoll'd the happy Prince.*] It was very natural for *Priam* on this occaſion, to compare the declining condition of his kingdom with the flouriſhing ſtate of *Agamemnon*'s, and to oppoſe his own miſery (who had loſt moſt of his ſons and his braveſt warriours) to the felicity of the other, in being yet maſter of ſo gallant an army. After this the humour of old age breaks out, in the narration of what armies he had formerly ſeen, and bore a part in the command of; as well as what feats of valour he had then performed. Beſides which, this praiſe of the *Greeks* from the mouth of an enemy, was no ſmall encomium of *Homer*'s countrymen.

When God-like *Mygdon* led their troops of horſe;
And I, to join them, rais'd the *Trojan* force:
Againſt the manlike *Amazons* we ſtood,
And *Sangar*'s ſtream ran purple with their blood.
But far inferiour thoſe, in martial grace
And ſtrength of numbers, to this *Grecian* race.

This ſaid, once more he view'd the warriour-train:
What's he, whoſe arms lie ſcatter'd on the plain?
Broad is his breaſt, his ſhoulders larger ſpread,
Tho' great *Atrides* overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct ſmall;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The ſtately Ram thus meaſures o'er the ground,
And, maſter of the flock, ſurveys them round.

Then *Helen* thus. Whom your diſcerning eyes
Have ſingled out, is *Ithacus* the wiſe:

ỳ. 258. *From rank to rank he moves.*] The vigilance and inſpection of *Ulyſſes* were very proper marks to diſtinguiſh him, and agree with his character of a wiſe man, no leſs than the grandeur and majeſty before deſcribed are conformable to that of *Agamemnon*, as the ſupreme ruler; whereas we find *Ajax* afterwards taken notice of only for his bulk, as a heavy Hero without parts or authority. This decorum is obſervable.

A barren iſland boaſts his glorious birth;
His fame for wiſdom fills the ſpacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myſelf, O King! have ſeen that wond'rous man;
When truſting *Jove* and hoſpitable laws,
To *Troy* he came, to plead the *Grecian* cauſe;
(Great *Menelaüs* urg'd the ſame requeſt)
My houſe was honour'd with each royal gueſt:
I knew their perſons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.

℣. 271. *I knew their perſons*, &c.] In this view of the leaders of the army, it had been an overſight in *Homer* to have taken no notice of *Menelaus*, who was not only one of the principal of them, but was immediately to engage the obſervation of the reader in the ſingle combat. On the other hand, it had been a high indecorum to have made *Helena* ſpeak of him. He has therefore put his praiſes into the mouth of *Antenor*; which was alſo a more artful way than to have preſented him to the eye of *Priam* in the ſame manner with the reſt: it appears from hence, what a regard he has had both to decency and variety, in the conduct of his poem.

This paſſage concerning the different eloquence of *Menelaus* and *Ulyſſes* is inexpreſſibly juſt and beautiful. The cloſe *Laconick* conciſeneſs of the one, is finely oppoſed to the copious, vehement, and penetrating oratory of the other; which is ſo exquiſitely deſcribed in the ſimile of the ſnow falling *faſt*, and ſinking *deep*. For it is in this the beauty of the compariſon conſiſts, according to *Quintilian*, *l.* xii. *c.* 10. *In Ulyſſe facundiam & magnitudinem junxit, cui orationem nivibus hybernis copiâ verborum atque impetu parem tribuit.* We may ſet in the

Erect, the *Spartan* most engag'd our view;
Ulysses seated, greater rev'rence drew.
When *Atreus'* son harangu'd the list'ning train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.

same light with these the character of *Nestor's* eloquence, which consisted in softness and persuasiveness, and is therefore (in contradistinction to this of *Ulysses*) compared to honey which drops gently and slowly; a manner of speech extremely natural to a benevolent old man, such as *Nestor* is represented. *Ausonius* has elegantly distinguished these three kinds of oratory in the following verses.

"*Dulcem* in *paucis* ut Plisthenidem
"Et *torrentem* ceu Dulichii
"*Ningida* dicta:
"Et *mellitæ* nectare vocis
"Dulcia fatu verba canentem
"Nestora regem."

ỳ. 278. *He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.*] *Chapman*, in his notes on this place and on the second book, has described *Menelaus* as a character of ridicule and simplicity. He takes advantage from the word λιγέως here made use of, to interpret that of the *shrillness* of his voice, which was applied to the acuteness of his sense: he observes, that this sort of voice is the mark of a fool; that *Menelaus* coming to his brother's feast uninvited in the second book, has occasioned a proverb of folly; that the excuse *Homer* himself makes for it (because his brother might forget to invite him through much business) is purely ironical; that the epithet ἀρήφιλος, which is often applied to him, should not be translated *warlike*, but one who

But when *Ulyſſes* roſe, in thought profound,
His modeſt eyes he fix'd upon the ground,

had *an affectation of loving war:* in ſhort, that he was a weak Prince, played upon by others, ſhort in ſpeech, and of a bad pronunciation, valiant only by fits, and ſometimes ſtumbling upon good matter in his ſpeeches, as may happen to the moſt ſlender capacity. This is one of the myſteries which that tranſlator boaſts to have found in *Homer*. But as it is no way conſiſtent with the art of the Poet, to draw the perſon in whoſe behalf he engages the world, in ſuch a manner as no regard ſhould be conceived for him; we muſt endeavour to reſcue him from this miſrepreſentation. Firſt then, the preſent paſſage is taken by antiquity in general to be applied not to his pronunciation, but his eloquence. So *Auſonius* in the foregoing citation, and *Cicero de claris oratoribus: Menelaum ipſum dulcem illum quidem tradit Homerus, ſed pauca loquentem.* And *Quintilian, l.* xii. *c.* 10. *Homerus brevem cum animi jucunditate, & propriam (id enim eſt* non errare verbis) *& carentem ſupervacuis, eloquentiam Menelao dedit,* &c. Secondly, though his coming uninvited may have occaſioned a jeſting proverb, it may naturally be accounted for on the principle of *brotherly love*, which ſo viſibly characteriſes both him and *Agamemnon* throughout the poem. Thirdly, ἀμφίφρων may import a love of war, but not an ungrounded affectation. Upon the whole, his character is by no means contemptible, though not of the moſt ſhining nature. He is called indeed in the xviith *Iliad* μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής, *a ſoft warriour*, or one whoſe ſtrength is of the ſecond rate; and ſo his brother thought him, when he preferred nine before him to fight with *Hector* in the viith book. But on the other hand, his courage gives him a conſiderable figure in conquering *Paris*, defending the body of *Patroclus*, reſcuing *Ulyſſes*, wounding *Helenus*, killing *Euphorbus*, &c. He is full of reſentment for his private injuries, which brings him to the war with a ſpirit of revenge in the ſecond book, makes him blaſpheme *Jupiter* in the third, when *Paris* eſcapes him, and curſe the *Grecians* in the ſeventh,

As one unſkill'd or dumb, he ſeem'd to ſtand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor ſtretch'd his ſcepter'd hand;
But, when he ſpeaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of deſcending ſnows,
The copious accents fall, with eaſy art;
Melting they fall, and ſink into the heart!

when they heſitate to accept *Hector*'s challenge. But this alſo is qualified with a compaſſion for thoſe who ſuffer in his cauſe, which he every where manifeſts upon proper occaſions; and with an induſtry to gratify others, as when he obeys *Ajax* in the ſeventeenth book, and goes upon his errand to find *Antilochus*, with ſome other condeſcenſions of the like nature. Thus his character is compoſed of qualities which give him no uneaſy ſuperiority over others while he wants their aſſiſtance, and mingled with ſuch as make him amiable enough to obtain it.

℣. 280, *His modeſt eyes*, &c.] This behaviour of *Ulyſſes* is copied by *Ovid*, *Met.* 13.

"Aſtitit atque oculos parum tellure moratos
"Suſtulit"——————

What follows in the *Greek* tranſlated word for word runs thus: *He ſeemed like a fool, you would have thought him in a rage, or a madman.* How oddly this would appear in our language, I appeal to thoſe who have read *Ogilby*. The whole period means no more than to deſcribe that behaviour which is commonly remarked in a modeſt and ſenſible man, who ſpeaks in publick: his diffidence and reſpect give him at his firſt riſing a ſort of confuſion, which is not indecent, and which ſerves but the more to heighten the ſurprize and eſteem of thoſe who hear him.

Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep ſurprize;
Our ears refute the cenſure of our eyes.
The King then aſk'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant ſtrength endu'd,
Whoſe brawny ſhoulders, and whoſe ſwelling cheſt,
And lofty ſtature far exceed the reſt?
Ajax the great (the beauteous Queen reply'd)
Himſelf a hoſt: the *Grecian* ſtrength and pride.
See! bold *Idomeneus* ſuperiour tow'rs
Amidſt yon' circle of his *Cretan* pow'rs,
Great as a God! I ſaw him once before,
With *Menelaüs*, on the *Spartan* ſhore.
The reſt I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,
Whom long my eyes have ſought, but ſought in vain:
Caſtor and *Pollux*, firſt in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horſe.
My brothers theſe; the ſame our native ſhore,
One houſe contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the Chiefs, from warlike toils at eaſe,
For diſtant *Troy* refus'd to ſail the ſeas:

Perhaps their ſwords ſome nobler quarrel draws,
Aſham'd to combat in their ſiſter's cauſe.
So ſpoke the fair, nor knew her brothers doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native ſhore,
Silent they ſlept, and heard of wars no more.
Meantime the heralds, thro' the crouded town,
Bring the rich wine and deſtin'd victims down.
Idæus' arms the golden goblets preſt,
Who thus the venerable King addreſt.
Ariſe, O father of the *Trojan* ſtate!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To ſeal the truce, and end the dire debate.

℣. 309. *Perhaps their ſwords.*] This is another ſtroke of *Helen*'s concern: the ſenſe of her crime is perpetually afflicting her, and awakes upon every occaſion. The lines that follow, wherein *Homer* gives us to underſtand that *Caſtor* and *Pollux* were now dead, are finely introduced, and in the ſpirit of poetry; the muſe is ſuppoſed to know every thing, paſt and to come, and to ſee things diſtant as well as preſent.

℣. 315. *Meantime the heralds*, &c.] It may not be unpleaſing to the reader to compare the deſcription of the ceremonies of the league in the following part, with that of *Virgil* in the twelfth book. The preparations, the proceſſion of the Kings, and their congreſs, are much more ſolemn and poetical in the latter; the oath and adjurations are equally noble in both.

Paris thy ſon, and *Sparta*'s King advance,
In meaſur'd liſts to toſs the weighty lance;
And who his rival ſhall in arms ſubdue,
His be the dame, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league our toils may ceaſe,
And *Troy* poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
So ſhall the *Greeks* review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous ſteeds, for beauty more.
With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white courſers to the car:
He mounts the ſeat, *Antenor* at his ſide;
The gentle ſteeds thro' *Scæa*'s gates they guide:
Next from the car deſcending on the plain,
Amid the *Grecian* hoſt and *Trojan* train
Slow they proceed: the ſage *Ulyſſes* then
Aroſe, and with him roſe the King of Men.
On either ſide a ſacred herald ſtands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the *Grecian* Lord
His cutlace ſheath'd beſide his pond'rous ſword;

From the ſign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the Princes ſhare;
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and ſpreads his lifted hands.
O firſt and greateſt pow'r! whom all obey,
Who high on *Ida*'s holy mountain ſway,
Eternal *Jove!* and you bright orb that roll
From eaſt to weſt, and view from pole to pole!
Thou mother *Earth!* and all ye living *Floods!*
Infernal *Furies*, and *Tartarean* Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd Kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
Hear, and be witneſs. If, by *Paris* ſlain,
Great *Menelaüs* preſs the fatal plain;

℣. 342. *The curling hair.*] We have here the whole ceremonial of the ſolemn oath, as it was obſerved anciently by the nations our Author deſcribes. I muſt take this occaſion of remarking that we might ſpare ourſelves the trouble of reading moſt books of *Grecian antiquities*, only by being well verſed in *Homer*. They are generally bare tranſcriptions of him, but with this unneceſſary addition, that after having quoted any thing in verſe, they ſay the ſame over again in proſe. The *Antiquitates Homericæ* of *Feithius* may ſerve as an inſtance of this. What my Lord *Bacon* obſerves of authors in general, is particularly applicable to theſe of Antiquities, that they write for oſtentation not for inſtruction, and that their works are perpetual repetitions.

The Dame and treaſures let the *Trojan* keep,
And *Greece* returning plow the watry deep.
If by my brother's lance the *Trojan* bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let *Ilion* juſtly pay,
And ev'ry age record the ſignal day.
This if the *Phrygians* ſhall refuſe to yield,
Arms muſt revenge, and *Mars* decide the field.

℣. 361. *And ev'ry age record the ſignal day.*] Ἔτι κ᾽ ἰσσομένοισι μετ᾽ ἀνθρώποισι φίλοιο. This ſeems the natural ſenſe of the line, and not as Madam *Dacier* renders it, *The tribute ſhall be paid to the poſterity of the* Greeks *for ever.* I think ſhe is ſingle in that explication, the majority of the interpreters taking it to ſignify that the victory of the *Grecians* and this pecuniary acknowledgment *ſhould be recorded to all poſterity.* If it means any more than this, at leaſt it cannot come up to the ſenſe Madam *Dacier* gives it; for a nation put under perpetual tribute is rather enſlaved, than received to friendſhip and alliance, which are the terms of *Agamemnon* ſpeech. It ſeems rather to be a fine, demanded as a recompence for the expences of the war, which being made over to the *Greeks*, ſhould *remain to their poſterity for ever*; that is, to ſay, which they ſhould never be moleſted for, or which ſhould never be re-demanded in any age as a caſe of injury. The phraſe is the ſame we uſe at this day, when any purchaſe or grant is at once made over to a man *and his heirs for ever.* With this will agree the *Scholiaſt*'s note, which tells us the mulct was reported to have been half the goods then in the beſieged city.

With that the Chief the tender victims ſlew,
And in the duſt their bleeding bodies threw:
The vital ſpirit iſſu'd at the wound,
And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.
From the ſame urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the pow'rs divine.
While thus their pray'rs united mount the ſky;
Hear mighty *Jove!* and hear ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who firſt the league confound,
Shed like this wine, diſtain the thirſty ground;
May all their conſorts ſerve promiſcuous luſt,
And all their race be ſcatter'd as the duſt!
Thus either hoſt their imprecations join'd,
Which *Jove* refus'd, and mingled with the wind.
The rites now finiſh'd, rev'rend *Priam* roſe,
And thus expreſs'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.

℣. 364. *The Chief the tender victims ſlew.*] One of the grand objections which the ignorance of ſome moderns has raiſed againſt *Homer*, is what they call a defect in the manners of his heroes. They are ſhocked to find his Kings employed in ſuch offices as ſlaughtering of beaſts, *&c.* But they forget that ſacrificing was the moſt ſolemn act of religion, and that King of old in moſt nations were alſo Chief-prieſts. This, among other objections of the ſame kind, the reader may ſee anſwered in the Preface.

Ye *Greeks* and *Trojans*, let the chiefs engage,
But ſpare the weakneſs of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me ſhun,
Nor view the danger of ſo dear a ſon.
Whoſe arms ſhall conquer, and what Prince ſhall fall,
Heav'n only knows, for heav'n diſpoſes all.
This ſaid, the hoary King no longer ſtay'd,
But on his car the ſlaughter'd victims laid;
Then ſeiz'd the reins his gentle ſteeds to guide,
And drove to *Troy*, *Antenor* at his ſide.
Bold *Hector* and *Ulyſſes* now diſpoſe
The liſts of combat, and the ground incloſe;
Next to decide by ſacred lots prepare,
Who firſt ſhall launch his pointed ſpear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like theſe are heard thro' all the bands.
Immortal *Jove*, high heav'n's ſuperiour lord,
On lofty *Ida*'s holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate

And ſhades eternal! let diviſion ceaſe,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.
With eyes averted *Hector* haſtes to turn
The lots of fight, and ſhakes the brazen urn.
Then, *Paris*, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the firſt to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies ſat the combat to ſurvey,
Beſide each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the liſts the gen'rous courſers neigh.
The beauteous warriour now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright:
The purple cuiſhes claſp his thighs around,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with ſilver buckles bound:
Lycaon's cors'let his fair body dreſt,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his ſofter breaſt;
A radiant baldric, o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
His youthful face a poliſh'd helm o'erſpread;
The waving horſe-hair nodded on his head;
His figur'd ſhield, a ſhining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin ſhakes.

With equal ſpeed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The *Spartan* hero ſheaths his limbs in arms.
Now round the liſts th' admiring armies ſtand,
With jav'lins fix'd, the *Greek* and *Trojan* band.
Amidſt the dreadful vale, the Chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and ſhake the threat'ning lance.
The *Trojan* firſt his ſhining jav'lin threw;
Full on *Atrides'* ringing ſhield it flew,
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his maſſy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but firſt prefers his pray'rs.
Give me, great *Jove!* to puniſh lawleſs luſt,
And lay the *Trojan* gaſping in the duſt:
Deſtroy th' aggreſſor, aid my righteous cauſe,
Avenge the breach of hoſpitable laws!
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendſhip's holy name.

ỳ. 433. *Give me, great* Jove.] *Homer* puts a prayer in the mouth of *Menelaus*, but none in *Paris's*: *Menelaus* is the perſon injured and innocent, and may therefore apply to God for juſtice; but *Paris*, who is the criminal, remains ſilent. *Spondanus.*

He said, and pois'd in air the jav'lin sent,
Thro' *Paris'* shield the forceful weapon went,
His cors'let pierces, and his garment rends,
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary *Trojan* bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
But fierce *Atrides* wav'd his sword, and strook
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
The raging warriour to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
Then is it vain in *Jove* himself to trust?
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?

ỳ. 447. *The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand, Broke short*—] This verse is cut, to express the thing it describes, the snapping short of the sword. 'Tis the observation of *Eustathius* on this line of the original, that we do not only see the action, but imagine we hear the sound of the breaking sword in that of the words. Τριχθά τε καὶ τετραχθὰ διατρυφὲν ἔκπεσε χειρός. And that *Homer* designed it, may appear from his having twice put in the Θῆτα (which was a letter unnecessary) to cause this harshness in the verse. As this beauty could not be preserved in our language, it is endeavoured in the translation to supply it with something parallel.

When crimes provoke us, heav'n ſucceſs denies;
The dart falls harmleſs, and the faulchion flies.
Furious he ſaid, and tow'rd the *Grecian* crew
(Seiz'd by the creſt) th' unhappy warriour drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong,
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd *Atrides'* joy,
But *Venus* trembled for the Prince of *Troy*:
Unſeen ſhe came, and burſt the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The caſque, enrag'd, amidſt the *Greeks* he threw;
The *Greeks* with ſmiles the poliſh'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirſt of vengeance, at his rival's heart,
The Queen of Love her favour'd champion ſhrouds
(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Rais'd from the field the panting youth ſhe led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleaſing ſweets his fainting ſenſe renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.

Meantime the brighteſt of the female kind,
The matchleſs *Helen*, o'er the walls reclin'd;
To her, beſet with *Trojan* beauties, came
In borrow'd form the * laughter-loving dame.
(She ſeem'd an ancient Maid, well-ſkill'd to cull
The ſnowy fleece, and wind the twiſted wool.)
The Goddeſs ſoftly ſhook her ſilken veſt,
That ſhed perfumes, and whiſp'ring thus addreſt.

Haſte, happy nymph! for thee thy *Paris* calls,
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
Fair as a God! with odours round him ſpread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:

†. 479. *The Goddeſs ſoftly ſhook*, &c.] *Venus* having conveyed *Paris* in ſafety to his chamber, goes to *Helena*, who had been ſpectator of his defeat, in order to draw her to his love. The better to bring this about, ſhe firſt takes upon her the moſt proper form in the world, that of a favourite ſervant-maid, and awakens her paſſion by repreſenting to her the beautiful figure of his perſon. Next, aſſuming her own ſhape, ſhe frightens her into a compliance, notwithſtanding all the ſtruggles of *ſhame*, *fear*, and *anger*, which break out in her ſpeech to the Goddeſs. This machine is allegorical, and means no more than the power of *love* triumphing over all the conſiderations of *honour*, *eaſe*, and *ſafety*. It has an excellent effect as to the poem, in preſerving ſtill in ſome degree our good opinion of *Helena*, whom we look upon with compaſſion, as conſtrained by a ſuperiour power, and whoſe ſpeech tends to juſtify her in the eye of the reader.

* *Venus.*

Not like a warriour parted from the foe,
But ſome gay dancer in the publick ſhow.
She ſpoke, and *Helen*'s ſecret ſoul was mov'd;
She ſcorn'd the champion, but the man ſhe lov'd.
Fair *Venus*' neck, her eyes that ſparkled fire,
And breaſt, reveal'd the Queen of ſoft deſire.
Struck with her preſence, ſtrait the lively red
Forſook her cheek; and, trembling, thus ſhe ſaid.
Then is it ſtill thy pleaſure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new nations muſt I croſs the main,
Or carry wars to ſome ſoft *Aſian* plain?
For whom muſt *Helen* break her ſecond vow?
What other *Paris* is thy darling now?
Left to *Atrides*, (victor in the ſtrife)
An odious conqueſt and a captive wife,

℣. 487. *She ſpoke, and* Helen's *ſecret ſoul was mov'd.*] Nothing is more fine than this; the firſt thought of *Paris*'s beauty overcomes (unawares to herſelf) the contempt ſhe had that moment conceived of him upon his overthrow. This motion is but natural, and before ſhe perceives the Deity. When the affections of a woman have been thoroughly gained, though they may be alienated for a while, they ſoon return upon her. Homer *knew* (ſays Madam *Dacier*) *what a woman is capable of, who had once loved.*

Hence let me ſail: and if thy *Paris* bear
My abſence ill, let *Venus* eaſe his care.
A hand-maid goddeſs at his ſide to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly ſtate,
Be fix'd for ever to the *Trojan* ſhore,
His ſpouſe, or ſlave; and mount the ſkies no more.
For me, to lawleſs love no longer led,
I ſcorn the coward, and deteſt his bed;
Elſe ſhould I merit everlaſting ſhame,
And keen reproach, from ev'ry *Phrygian* dame:
Ill ſuits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguiſh, and too wild my woe.

Then thus incens'd, the *Paphian* Queen replies;

Obey the pow'r from whom thy glories riſe:

ỳ. 507. *For me, to lawleſs love no longer led, I ſcorn the coward.*] We have here another branch of the female character, which is, to be ruled in their attaches by *ſucceſs*. *Helen* finding the victory belonged to *Menelaus*, accuſes herſelf ſecretly of having forſaken him for the other, and immediately entertains a high opinion of the man ſhe had once deſpiſed. One may add, that the fair ſex are generally admirers of courage, and naturally friends to great ſoldiers. *Paris* was no ſtranger to this diſpoſition of them, and had formerly endeavoured to give his miſtreſs that opinion of him; as appears from her reproach of him afterwards.

Should *Venus* leave thee, ev'ry charm muſt fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languiſh in thy eye.
Ceaſe to provoke me, leſt I make thee more
The world's averſion, than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then, the ſad victim of the publick rage.
At this, the faireſt of her ſex obey'd,
And veil'd her bluſhes in a ſilken ſhade;
Unſeen, and ſilent, from the train ſhe moves,
Led by the Goddeſs of the Smiles and Loves.
Arriv'd, and enter'd at the Palace-gate,
The maids officious round their miſtreſs wait;
Then all diſperſing, various taſks attend;
The Queen and Goddeſs to the Prince aſcend.
Full in her *Paris'* ſight, the Queen of Love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of *Jove*;

℣. 515. *Should* Venus *leave thee, ev'ry charm muſt fly.*] This was the moſt dreadful of all threats, loſs of beauty and of reputation. *Helen*, who had been proof to the perſonal appearance of the Goddeſs, and durſt even reproach her with bitterneſs juſt before, yields to this, and obeys all the dictates of love.

Where, as he view'd her charms, ſhe turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to ſay.

Is this the Chief, who loſt to ſenſe of ſhame
Late fled the field, and yet ſurvives his fame?
Oh hadſt thou dy'd beneath the righteous ſword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my Lord!
The boaſter *Paris* oft' deſir'd the day
With *Sparta*'s King to meet in ſingle fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke *Atrides*, and renew the fight:
Yet *Helen* bids thee ſtay, leſt thou unſkill'd
Should'ſt fall an eaſy conqueſt on the field.

The Prince replies; Ah ceaſe, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;

℣. 531. *She turn'd away her glowing eyes.*] This interview of the two lovers, placed oppoſite to each other, and overlooked by *Venus*, *Paris* gazing on *Helena*, ſhe turning away her eyes, ſhining at once with anger and love, are particulars finely drawn, and painted up to all the life of nature. *Euſtathius* imagines ſhe looked aſide in the conſciouſneſs of her own weakneſs, as apprehending that the beauty of *Paris* might cauſe her to relent. Her burſting out into paſſion and reproaches while ſhe is in this ſtate of mind, is no ill picture of frailty: *Venus* (as Madam *Dacier* obſerves) does not leave her, and fondneſs will immediately ſucceed to theſe reproaches.

℣. 543. *Ah ceaſe, divinely fair.*] This anſwer of *Paris* is the only one he could poſſibly have made with any ſucceſs in

This day the foe prevail'd by *Pallas'* pow'r;
We yet may vanquiſh in a happier hour:
There want not Gods to favour us above:
But let the buſineſs of our life be love:
Theſe ſofter moments let delights employ,
And kind embraces ſnatch the haſty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from *Sparta's* ſhore
My forc'd, my willing heav'nly prize I bore,

his circumſtance. There was no other method to reconcile her to him, but that which is generally moſt powerful with the ſex, and which *Homer* (who was learned every way) here makes uſe of.

ỳ. 551. *Not thus I lov'd thee.*] However *Homer* may be admired for his conduct in this paſſage, I find a general outcry againſt *Paris* on this occaſion. *Plutarch* has led the way in his treatiſe of reading Poets, by remarking it as a moſt heinous act of incontinence in him, to go to bed to his Lady in the *day-time*. Among the commentators the moſt violent is the moral expoſitor *Spondanus*, who will not ſo much as allow him to ſay a civil thing to *Helen*. *Mollis, effœminatus, & ſpurcus ille adulter, nihil de libidine ſuâ imminutum dicit, ſed nunc magis eâ corripi quàm unquam aliàs, ne quidem cùm primùm eam ipſi dedit (Latini ita rectè exprimunt τὸ μίσγεσθαι in re venereâ) in inſula* Cranaë. *Cùm alioqui homines primi concubitûs ſoleant eſſe ardentiores.* I could not deny the reader the diverſion of this remark, nor *Spondanus* the glory of his zeal, who was but two-and-twenty when it was written. Madam *Dacier* is alſo very ſevere upon *Paris*, but for a reaſon more natural to a Lady: ſhe is of opinion that the paſſion of the lover would ſcarce have been ſo exceſſive as he here deſcribes it, but for fear of loſing his miſtreſs immediately, as foreſeeing the *Greeks*

When firſt entranc'd in *Cranaë*'s iſle I lay,
Mix'd with thy ſoul, and all diſſolv'd away!

would demand her. One may anſwer to this lively remark, that *Paris* having nothing to ſay for himſelf, was obliged to teſtify an uncommon ardour for his Lady, at a time when compliments were to paſs inſtead of reaſons. I hope to be excuſed, if (in revenge for her remark upon our ſex) I obſerve upon the behaviour of *Helen* throughout this book, which gives a pretty natural picture of the manners of theirs. We ſee her firſt in tears, repentant, covered with confuſion at the ſight of *Priam*, and ſecretly inclined to return to her former ſpouſe. The diſgrace of *Paris* encreaſes her diſlike of him; ſhe rails, ſhe reproaches, ſhe wiſhes his death; and after all, is prevailed upon by one kind compliment, and yields to his embraces. Methinks when this Lady's obſervation and mine are laid together, the beſt that can be made of them is to conclude, that ſince both the ſexes have their frailties, it would be well for each to forgive the other.

It is worth looking backward, to obſerve the *allegory* here carried on with reſpect to *Helen*, who lives through this whole book in a whirl of paſſions, and is agitated by turns with ſentiments of honour and love. The Goddeſſes made uſe of, to caſt the appearance of fable over the ſtory, are *Iris* and *Venus*. When *Helen* is called to the tower to behold her former friends, *Iris* the meſſenger of *Juno* (the Goddeſs of Honour) is ſent for her; and when invited to the bed-chamber of *Paris*, *Venus* is to beckon her out of the company. The forms they take to carry on theſe different affairs, are properly choſen: the one aſſuming the perſon of the daughter of *Antenor*, who preſſed moſt for her being reſtored to *Menelaus*; the other the ſhape of an old maid, who was privy to the intrigue with *Paris* from the beginning. And in the conſequences, as the one inſpires the love of her former empire, friends and country; ſo the other inſtils the dread of being caſt off by all if ſhe forſook her ſecond choice, and cauſes the return of her tender-

Thus having ſpoke, th' enamour'd *Phrygian* boy
Ruſh'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him *Helen* follow'd ſlow with baſhful charms,
And claſp'd the blooming Hero in her arms.

While theſe to love's delicious rapture yield,
The ſtern *Atrides* rages round the field:

neſs to *Paris*. But if ſhe has a ſtruggle for Honour, ſhe is in a bondage to love; which gives the ſtory its turn that way, and makes *Venus* oftner appear than *Iris*. There is in one place a lover to be protected, in another a love-quarrel to be made up, in both which the Goddeſs is kindly officious. She conveys *Paris* to *Troy* where he had eſcaped the enemy; which may ſignify his love for his miſtreſs, that hurried him away to juſtify himſelf before her. She ſoftens and terrifies *Helen*, in order to make up the breach between them: and even when that affair is finiſhed, we do not find the Poet diſmiſſes her from the chamber, whatever privacies the lovers had a mind to: in which circumſtance he ſeems to draw aſide the veil of his Allegory, and to let the reader at laſt into the meaning of it, That the Goddeſs of Love has been all the while nothing more than the Paſſion of it.

ỳ. 553. *When firſt entranc'd in* Cranaë's *iſle*.] It is in the original Νήσῳ δ' ἐν Κραναῇ ἐμίγην Φιλότητι, καὶ εὐνῇ. The true ſenſe of which is expreſſed in the tranſlation. I cannot but take notice of a ſmall piece of Prudery in Madam *Dacier*, who is exceeding careful of *Helen*'s character. She turns this paſſage as if *Paris* had only her *conſent to be her huſband* in this iſland. *Pauſanias* explains this line in another manner, and tells us it was here that *Paris* had firſt the enjoyment of her; that in gratitude for his happineſs he built a Temple of *Venus Migonitis*, the mingler or coupler, and that the neighbouring coaſt where it was erected was called *Migonian* from μιγῆναι, *à miſcendo*. *Pauſ. Laconicis*.

So ſome fell lion whom the woods obey,
Roars thro' the defart, and demands his prey.
Paris he ſeeks, impatient to deſtroy,
But ſeeks in vain along the troops of *Troy*;
Ev'n thoſe had yielded to a foe ſo brave
The recreant warriour, hateful as the grave.
Then ſpeaking thus, the King of Kings aroſe;
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, all our gen'rous foes!
Hear and atteſt! from heav'n with conqueſt crown'd,
Our brother's arms the juſt ſucceſs have found;
Be therefore now the *Spartan* wealth reſtor'd,
Let *Argive Helen* own her lawful Lord;
Th' appointed fine let *Ilion* juſtly pay,
And age to age record this ſignal day.
He ceas'd; his army's loud applauſes riſe,
And the long ſhout runs echoing thro' the ſkies.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the firſt Battle.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan *war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and* Jupiter *ſends down* Minerva *to break the Truce. She perſuades* Pandarus *to aim an arrow at* Menelaus, *who is wounded, but cured by* Machaon. *In the mean time ſome of the* Trojan *Troops attack the* Greeks. Agamemnon *is diſtinguiſhed in all the parts of a good General; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the Leaders, ſome by praiſes, and others by reproofs.* Neſtor *is particularly celebrated for his military diſcipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are ſlain on both ſides.*

The ſame day continues through this, as through the laſt book (as it does alſo through the two following, and almoſt to the end of the ſeventh book.) The ſcene *is wholly in the field before* Troy.

THE

*FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

AND now *Olympus'* ſhining gates unfold;
The Gods, with *Jove*, aſſume their Thrones of Gold:

* It was from the beginning of this book that *Virgil* has taken that of his tenth *Æneid*, as the whole tenour of the ſtory in this and the laſt book is followed in his twelfth. The truce and the ſolemn oath, the breach of it by a dart thrown by *Tolumnius*, *Juturna's* inciting the *Latines* to renew the war, the wound of *Æneas*, his ſpeedy cure, and the battle enſuing, all theſe are manifeſtly copied from hence. The ſolemnity, ſurpriſe, and variety of theſe circumſtances ſeemed to him of importance enough, to build the whole cataſtrophe of his work upon them; though in *Homer* they are but openings to the general action, and ſuch as in their warmth are ſtill ex-

Immortal *Hebè*, freſh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the pow'rs employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended *Troy*.

When *Jove*, diſpos'd to tempt *Saturnia*'s ſpleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial Queen.
Two pow'rs divine the ſon of *Atreus* aid,
Imperial *Juno*, and the martial maid;
But high in heav'n they ſit, and gaze from far,
The tame ſpectators of his deeds of war.

ceeded by all that follow them. They are choſen, we grant, by *Virgil* with great judgment, and concludes his Poem with a becoming majeſty: yet the finiſhing his ſcheme with that which is but the cooleſt part of *Homer*'s action, tends in ſome degree to ſhew the diſparity of the poetical fire in theſe two authors.

℣. 3. *Immortal* Hebè.] The Goddeſs of Youth is introduced as an attendant upon the banquets of the Gods, to ſhew that the divine Beings enjoy an eternal youth, and that their life is a felicity without end. *Dacier.*

℣. 9. *Two pow'rs divine.*] *Jupiter*'s reproaching theſe two Goddeſſes with neglecting to aſſiſt *Menelaus*, proceeds (as M. *Dacier* remarks) from the affection he bore to *Troy*: ſince if *Menelaus* by their help had gained a complete victory, the ſiege had been raiſed, and the city delivered. On the contrary, *Juno* and *Minerva* might ſuffer *Paris* to eſcape, as the method to continue the war to the total deſtruction of *Troy*. And accordingly a few lines after we find them complotting together, and contriving a new ſcene of miſeries to the *Trojans*.

Not thus fair *Venus* helps her favour'd knight,
The Queen of Pleaſures ſhares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and conſtant in her care
Saves in the moment of the laſt deſpair.
Her act has reſcu'd *Paris'* forfeit life,
Tho' great *Atrides* gain'd the glorious ſtrife.

ỳ. 18. *Tho' great* Atrides *gain'd the glorious ſtrife.*] *Jupiter* here makes it a queſtion, Whether the foregoing combat ſhould determine the controverſy, or the peace be broken? His putting it thus, *that* Paris *is not killed, but* Menelaus *has the victory*, gives a hint for a diſpute, whether the conditions of the treaty were valid or annulled; that is to ſay, whether the controverſy was to be determined by the *victory* or by the *death* of one of the combatants. Accordingly it has been diſputed whether the articles were really binding to the *Trojans* or not? *Plutarch* has treated the queſtion in his *Sympoſiacks*, *l.* ix. *qu.* 13. The ſubſtance is this. In the firſt propoſal of the challenge *Paris* mentions only the victory, *And who his rival ſhall in arms ſubdue:* nor does *Hector* who carries it ſay any more. However *Menelaus* underſtands it of the death by what he replies: *Fall he that muſt beneath his rival's arms, And live the reſt* — *Iris* to *Helen* ſpeaks only of the former; an *Idæus* to *Priam* repeats the ſame words. But in the ſolemn oath *Agamemnon* ſpecifies the latter, *If by* Paris *ſlain* — and *If by my brother's arms the* Trojan *bleed. Priam* alſo underſtands it of both, ſaying at his leaving the field, *What Prince ſhall fall, heav'n only knows* — (I do not cite the *Greek* becauſe the *Engliſh* has preſerved the ſame nicety.) *Paris* himſelf confeſſes he has loſt the victory, in his ſpeech to *Helen*, which he would hardly have done, had the whole depended on that alone: And laſtly *Menelaus* (after the conqueſt is clearly his by the flight of *Paris*) is ſtill ſearching round the field to kill him, as if all were of no effect without the death of his adverſary. It appears from hence that the *Trojans* had no ill

Then ſay, ye Pow'rs! what ſignal iſſue waits
To crown this deed, and finiſh all the Fates?
Shall heav'n by peace the bleeding kingd
ſpare,
Or rouze the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the Gods for human good provid
Atrides ſoon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still *Priam*'s walls in peaceful honours grow,
And thro' his gates the crouding nations flov
Thus while he ſpoke, the Queen of hea
enrag'd,
And Queen of war, in cloſe conſult engag'd:
Apart they ſit, their deep deſigns employ,
And meditate the future woes of *Troy*.
Tho' ſecret anger ſwell'd *Minerva*'s breaſt,
The prudent Goddeſs yet her wrath ſuppreſt;

pretence to break the treaty, ſo that *Homer* ought not to
been directly accuſed of making *Jupiter* the author of pe
in what follows, which is one of the chief of *Plato*'s objec
againſt him.

ver. 31. *Tho' ſecret anger ſwell'd* Minerva's *breaſt.*] *Spo
nus* takes notice that *Minerva*, who in the firſt book hac
ſtrained the anger of *Achilles*, had now an opportunity of
erting the ſame conduct in reſpect to herſelf. We may b
the parallel cloſe, by obſerving that ſhe had before her

But *Juno*, impotent of paſſion, broke
Her ſullen ſilence, and with fury ſpoke.
Shall then, O tyrant of th' æthereal reign!
My ſchemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?
Have I, for this, ſhook *Ilion* with alarms,
Aſſembled nations, ſet two worlds in arms?
To ſpread the war, I flew from ſhore to ſhore;
Th' immortal courſers ſcarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But *Jove* himſelf the faithleſs race defends:
Loth as thou art to puniſh lawleſs luſt,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjuſt.
The Sire whoſe thunder ſhakes the cloudy ſkies,
Sighs from his inmoſt ſoul, and thus replies;
Oh laſting rancour! oh inſatiate hate
To *Phrygia*'s Monarch, and the *Phrygian* ſtate!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of *Jove*,
Can wretched mortals harm the pow'rs above?

like manner, a ſuperiour, who had provoked her by ſharp expreſſions, and whoſe counſels ran againſt her ſentiments. In all which the Poet takes care to preſerve her ſtill in the practice of that *Wiſdom* of which ſhe was Goddeſs.

That *Troy* and *Troy*'s whole race thou would'ſt confound,
And yon' fair ſtructures level with the ground?
Haſte, leave the ſkies, fulfil thy ſtern deſire,
Burſt all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let *Priam* bleed! if yet you thirſt for more,
Bleed all his ſons, and *Ilion* float with gore,
To boundleſs vengeance the wide realm be giv'n,
'Till vaſt deſtruction glut the Queen of Heav'n!
So let it be, and *Jove* his peace enjoy,
When heav'n no longer hears the name of *Troy*.
But ſhould this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whoſe guilt demands their fate,

ỳ. 55. *Let* Priam *bleed*, &c.] We find in *Perſius*'s ſatyrs the name of *Labeo*, as an ill poet who made a miſerable tranſlation of the *Iliad*; one of whoſe verſes is ſtill preſerved, and happens to be that of this place,

"Crudum manduces Priamum, Priamique piſinnos."

It may ſeem from this, that his tranſlation was ſervilely literal (as the old *Scholiaſt* on *Perſius* obſerves). And one cannot but take notice that *Ogilby*'s and *Hobbes*'s in this place are not unlike *Labeo*'s.

Both King and people thou would'ſt eat alive.
And eat up *Priam* and his children all.

ỳ. 61. *But ſhould this arm prepare to wreak our hate*
On thy lov'd realms ——]

Homer in this place has made *Jupiter* to prophecy the deſtruction of *Mycenæ* the favoured city of *Juno*, which happened a

Preſume not thou the lifted bolt to ſtay,
Remember *Troy*, and give the vengeance way.
For know, of all the num'rous towns that riſe
Beneath the rolling ſun, and ſtarry ſkies,
Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy;
None ſtands ſo dear to *Jove* as ſacred *Troy*.
No mortals merit more diſtinguiſh'd grace
Than god-like *Priam*, or than *Priam*'s race.
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguiſh'd fire.

At this the Goddeſs roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the Thund'rer fix'd them, and replies:
Three towns are *Juno*'s on the *Grecian* plains,
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycenæ, *Argos*, and the *Spartan* wall;
Theſe thou may'ſt raze, nor I forbid their fall:

little before the time of our author. *Strab. l.* viii. *The* Trojan *war being over, and the kingdom of* Agamemnon *deſtroyed,* Mycenæ *daily decreaſed after the return of the* Heraclidæ: *for theſe becoming maſters of* Peloponneſus, *caſt out the old inhabitants; ſo that they who poſſeſſed* Argos *overcame* Mycenæ *alſo, and contracted both into one body. A ſhort time after,* Mycenæ *was deſtroyed by the* Argives, *and not the leaſt remains of it are now to be found.*

'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime's ſufficient that they ſhare my love.
Of pow'r ſuperiour why ſhould I complain?
Reſent I may, but muſt reſent in vain.
Yet ſome diſtinction *Juno* might require,
Sprung with thyſelf from one celeſtial Sire,
A Goddeſs born to ſhare the realms above,
And ſtyl'd the conſort of the thund'ring *Jove*;
Nor thou a wife and ſiſter's right deny;
Let both conſent, and both by turns comply;
So ſhall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
And heav'n ſhall act as we direct the way.
See ready *Pallas* waits thy high commands,
To raiſe in arms the *Greek* and *Phrygian* bands;
Their ſudden friendſhip by her arts may ceaſe,
And the proud *Trojans* firſt infringe the peace.
The Sire of men, and Monarch of the ſky,
Th' advice approv'd, and bade *Minerva* fly,

℣. 96. *Th' advice approv'd.*] This is one of the places for which *Homer* is blamed by *Plato*, who introduces *Socrates* reprehending it in his dialogue of the Republick. And indeed if it were granted that the *Trojans* had no right to break this treaty, the preſent machine where *Juno* is made to propoſe perjury, *Jupiter* to allow it, and *Minerva* to be commiſſioned

Diſſolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithleſs act of *Troy*.
Fir'd with the charge, ſhe headlong urg'd her flight,
And ſhot like light'ning from *Olympus'* height.
As the red comet, from *Saturnius* ſent
To fright the nations with a dire portent,
(A fatal ſign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling ſailors on the wintry main)
With ſweeping glories glides along in air,
And ſhakes the ſparkles from its blazing hair:

to haſten the execution of it, would be one of the hardeſt to be reconciled to reaſon in the whole Poem. Unleſs even then one might imagine, that *Homer*'s heaven is ſometimes no more than an ideal world of abſtracted beings; and ſo every motion which riſes in the mind of man is attributed to the quality to which it belongs, with the name of the Deity, who is ſuppoſed to preſide over that quality, ſuperadded to it: in this ſenſe the preſent allegory is eaſy enough. *Pandarus* thinks it *prudence* to gain honour and wealth at the hands of the *Trojans* by deſtroying *Menelaus*. This ſentiment is alſo incited by a notion of *glory*, of which *Juno* is repreſented as Goddeſs. *Jupiter* who is ſuppoſed to know the thoughts of men, permits the action which he is not author of; but ſends a prodigy at the ſame time to give warning of a coming miſchief; and accordingly we find both armies deſcanting upon the ſight of it in the following lines.

Between both armies thus, in open ſight,
Shot the bright Goddeſs in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hoſts admire
The pow'r deſcending, and the heav'ns on fire!
The Gods (they cry'd) the Gods this ſignal ſent,
And fate now labours with ſome vaſt event:
Jove ſeals the league, or bloodier ſcenes prepares;
Jove, the great Arbiter of peace and wars!

They ſaid, while *Pallas* thro' the *Trojan* throng,
(In ſhape a mortal) paſs'd diſguis'd along.
Like bold *Laödocus*, her courſe ſhe bent,
Who from *Antenor* trac'd his high deſcent.
Amidſt the ranks *Lycaön*'s ſon ſhe found,
The warlike *Pandarus*, for ſtrength renown'd;

℣. 120. Pandarus *for ſtrength renown'd.*] *Homer*, ſays *Plutarch* in his treatiſe of the *Pythian Oracle*, makes not the Gods to uſe all perſons indifferently as their ſecond agents, but each according to the powers he is endued with by art or nature. For a proof of this, he puts us in mind how *Minerva*, when ſhe would perſuade the *Greeks*, ſeeks for *Ulyſſes*; when ſhe would break the truce, for *Pandarus*; and when ſhe would conquer, for *Diomed*. If we conſult the *Scholia* upon this inſtance, they give ſeveral reaſons why *Pandarus* was particularly proper for the occaſion. The Goddeſs went not to the *Trojans*, becauſe they hated *Paris*, and (as we are told in the end of the foregoing book) would rather have given him up, than have done an ill Action for him: ſhe therefore looks among

Whoſe ſquadrons, led from black *Æſepus'* flood,
With flaming ſhields in martial circle ſtood.
To him the Goddeſs: *Phrygian!* can'ſt thou hear
A well-tim'd counſel with a willing ear?
What praiſe were thine, could'ſt thou direct thy dart,
Amidſt his triumph, to the *Spartan*'s heart?
What gifts from *Troy*, from *Paris* would'ſt thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the *Grecian* glory ſlain?
Then ſeize th' occaſion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breaſt, and may that aim ſucceed!
But firſt, to ſpeed the ſhaft, addreſs thy vow
To *Lycian Phœbus* with the ſilver bow,
And ſwear the firſtlings of thy flock to pay
On *Zelia*'s altars, to the God of day.
He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd,
His poliſh'd bow with haſty raſhneſs ſeiz'd.

the allies, and finds *Pandarus* who was of a nation noted for perfidiouſneſs, and had a ſoul avaricious enough to be capable of engaging in this treachery for the hopes of a reward from *Paris*: as appears by his being ſo covetous as not to bring horſes to the ſiege for fear of the expence or loſs of them; as he tells *Æneas* in the fifth book.

'Twas form'd of horn, and ſmooth'd with artful toil,
A mountain goat reſign'd the ſhining ſpoil,
Who pierc'd long ſince beneath his arrows bled;
The ſtately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And ſixteen palms his brow's large honours ſpread:
The workman join'd, and ſhap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This, by the *Greeks* unſeen, the warriour bends,
Screen'd by the ſhields of his ſurrounding friends.

℣. 141. *Sixteen palms.*] Both the horns together made this length; and not each, as Madam *Dacier* renders it. I do not object it as an improbability, that the horns were of ſixteen palms each; but that this would be an extravagant and unmanageable ſize for a bow, is evident.

℣. 144. *This, by the* Greeks *unſeen, the warriour bends.*] The Poet having held us through the foregoing book, in expectation of a peace, makes the conditions be here broken after ſuch a manner, as ſhould oblige the *Greeks* to act through the war with that irreconcileable fury, which affords him the opportunity of exerting the full fire of his own genius. The ſhot of *Pandarus* being therefore of ſuch conſequence (and as he calls it, the ἔρμα ὀδυνάων, the *foundation of future woes*) it was thought fit not to paſs it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow, but to give it a deſcription ſome way correſponding to its importance. For this, he ſurrounds it with a train of circumſtances; the hiſtory of the bow, the bending it, the covering *Pandarus* with ſhields, the choice of the arrow, the prayer, and poſture of the ſhooter, the ſound of the ſtring, and flight of the ſhaft; all moſt beautifully and

There meditates the mark; and couching low,
Fits the ſharp arrow to the well-ſtrung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he choſe,
Fated to wound, and cauſe of future woes.
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Cloſe to his breaſt he ſtrains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing;
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring
ſtring.

livelily painted. It may be obſerved too, how proper a time it was to expatiate in theſe particulars; when the armies being unemployed, and only one man acting, the poet and his readers had leiſure to be the ſpectators of a ſingle and deliberate action. I think it will be allowed, that the little circumſtances which are ſometimes thought too redundant in *Homer*, have a wonderful beauty in this place. *Virgil* has not failed to copy it, and with the greateſt happineſs imaginable.

" Dixit, & auratâ volucrem Threïſſa ſagittam
" Deprompſit pharetrâ, cornuque infenſa tetendit,
" Et duxit longè, donec curvata coirent
" Inter ſe capita, & manibus jam tangeret æquis,
" Lævâ aciem ferri, dextrâ nervoque papillam.
" Extemplò teli ſtridorem auraſque ſonantes
" Audiit unà Aruns, hæſitque in corpore ferrum."

But thee, *Atrides!* in that dang'rous hour
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian pow'r.
Pallas aſſiſts, and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its deſtin'd courſe:
So from her babe, when ſlumber ſeals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
Juſt where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corſlet lin'd,

ỳ. 160. Pallas *aſſiſts, and (weaken'd in its force) Diverts the weapon* ——] For ſhe only deſigned, by all this action, to increaſe the glory of the *Greeks* in the taking of *Troy*: yet ſome Commentators have been ſo ſtupid, as to wonder that *Pallas* ſhould be employed firſt in the wounding of *Menelaus*, and after in the protecting him.

ỳ. 163. *Wafts th' envenom'd fly.*] This is one of thoſe humble compariſons which *Homer* ſometimes uſes to diverſify his ſubject, but a very exact one in its kind, and correſponding in all its parts. The care of the Goddeſs, the unſuſpecting ſecurity of *Menelaus*, the eaſe with which ſhe diverts the danger, and the danger itſelf, are all included in this ſhort compaſs. To which may be added, that if the providence of heavenly powers to their creatures is expreſt by the love of a mother to her child, if men in regard to them are but as heedleſs ſleeping infants, and if thoſe dangers which may ſeem great to us, are by them as eaſily warded off as the ſimile implies; there will appear ſomething ſublime in this conception, however little or low the image may be thought at firſt ſight in reſpect to a hero. A higher compariſon would but have tended to leſſen the diſparity between the Gods and man, and the juſtneſs of the ſimile had been loſt, as well as the grandeur of the ſentiment,

She turn'd the ſhaft, which hiſſing from above,
Paſs'd the broad belt, and thro' the corſlet drove;
The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
And raz'd the ſkin, and drew the purple gore.
As when ſome ſtately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding ſteed,

℣. 170. *As when ſome ſtately trappings*, &c.] Some have judged the circumſtances of this ſimile to be ſuperfluous, and think it foreign to the purpoſe to take notice, that this ivory was intended for the boſſes of a bridle, was laid up for a Prince, or that a woman of *Caria* or *Mæonia* dyed it. *Euſtathius* was of a different opinion, who extols this paſſage for the variety it preſents, and the learning it includes: we learn from hence that the *Lydians* and *Carians* were famous in the firſt times for their ſtaining in purple, and that the women excelled in works of ivory. As alſo that there were certain ornaments which only Kings and Princes were privileged to wear. But without having recourſe to antiquities to juſtify this particular, it may be alledged, that the ſimile does not conſiſt barely in the colours; it was but little to tell us, that the blood of *Menelaus* appearing on the whiteneſs of his ſkin, vied with the purple ivory; but this implies, that the honourable wounds of a hero are the beautiful dreſs of war, and become him as much as the moſt gallant ornaments in which he takes the field. *Virgil*, 'tis true, has omitted the circumſtance in his imitation of this compariſon, *Æn.* xii.

" Indum ſanguineo veluti violaverit oſtro
" Si quis ebur" ———

But in this he judges only for himſelf, and does not condemn *Homer*. It was by no means proper that his ivory ſhould have been a piece of martial accoutrement, when he applied it ſo differently, transferring it from the wounds of a hero to the bluſhes of the fair *Lavinia*.

A nymph in *Caria* or *Mæonia* bred,
Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red;
With equal luſtre various colours vie,
The ſhining whiteneſs, and the *Tyrian* dye:
So, great *Atrides!* ſhow'd thy ſacred blood,
As down thy ſnowy thigh diſtill'd the ſtreaming flood.
With horrour ſeiz'd, the King of Men deſcry'd
The ſhaft infix'd, and ſaw the guſhing tide:
Nor leſs the *Spartan* fear'd, before he found
The ſhining barb appear above the wound.
Then, with a ſigh, that heav'd his manly breaſt,
The royal brother thus his grief expreſt,
And graſp'd his hand; while all the *Greeks* around
With anſwering ſighs return'd the plaintive ſound.

ỳ. 177. *As down thy ſnowy thigh.*] *Homer* is very particular here, in giving the picture of the blood running in a long trace, lower and lower, as will appear from the words themſelves.

Τοῖοί τοι Μενέλαε μιάνθην αἵματι μηροὶ
Εὐφυέες, κνῆμαί τ', ἠδὲ σφυρὰ κάλ' ὑπένερθε.

The tranſlator has not thought fit to mention every one of theſe parts, firſt the thigh, then the leg, then the foot, which might be tedious in *Engliſh:* but the Author's deſign being only to image the ſtreaming of the blood, it ſeemed equivalent to make it trickle through the length of an *Alexandrine* line.

Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The ſolemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hoſtile train,
To fight for *Greece*, and conquer, to be ſlain?
The race of *Trojans* in thy ruin join,
And faith is ſcorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Thoſe hands we plighted, and thoſe oaths we ſwore,
Shall all be vain: when heav'n's revenge is ſlow,
Jove but prepares to ſtrike the fiercer blow.
The day ſhall come, that great avenging day,
Which *Troy*'s proud glories in the duſt ſhall lay,

ỳ. 186. *Oh dear as life*, &c.] This incident of the wound of *Menelaus* gives occaſion to *Homer* to draw a fine deſcription of fraternal love in *Agamemnon*. On the firſt ſight of it, he is ſtruck with amaze and confuſion, and now breaks out in tenderneſs and grief. He firſt accuſes himſelf as the cauſe of this misfortune, by having conſented to expoſe his brother to the ſingle combat, which had drawn on this fatal conſequence. Next he inveighs againſt the *Trojans* in general for their perfidiouſneſs, as not yet knowing that it was the act of *Pandarus* only. He then comforts himſelf with the confidence that the Gods will revenge him upon *Troy*; but doubts by what hands this puniſhment may be inflicted, as fearing the death of *Menelaus* will force the *Greeks* to return with ſhame to their country. There is no contradiction in all this, but on the other ſide a great deal of nature, in the confuſed ſentiments of *Agamemnon* on the occaſion, as they are very well explained by *Spondanus*.

When *Priam*'s pow'rs and *Priam*'s ſelf ſhall fall,
And one prodigious ruin ſwallow all.
I ſee the God, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I ſee th' Eternal all his fury ſhed,
And ſhake his *Ægis* o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjur'd Princes wait;
But thou, alas! deſerv'ſt a happier fate.
Still muſt I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my ſhare of praiſe?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartleſs *Greeks* no more
Shall dream of conqueſts on the hoſtile ſhore;
Troy ſeiz'd of *Helen*, and our glory loſt,
Thy bones ſhall moulder on a foreign coaſt:
While ſome proud *Trojan* thus inſulting cries,
(And ſpurns the duſt where *Menelaüs* lies)

℣. 212. *While ſome proud* Trojan, *&c.*] *Agamemnon* here calls to mind how, upon the death of his brother, the ineffectual preparations and actions againſt *Troy* muſt become a deriſion to the world. This is in its own nature a very irritating ſentiment, though it were never ſo careleſsly expreſt; but the Poet has found out a peculiar air of aggravation, in making him bring all the conſequences before his eyes, in a picture of their *Trojan* enemies gathering round the tomb of the unhappy *Menelaus*, elated with pride, inſulting the dead,

" Such are the trophies *Greece* from *Ilion* brings,
" And ſuch the conqueſts of her King of
" Kings!
" Lo his proud veſſels ſcatter'd o'er the main,
" And unreveng'd, his mighty brother ſlain."
Oh! e'er that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's
ſhame.

He ſaid: a leader's and a brother's fears
Poſſeſs his ſoul, which thus the *Spartan* chears:
Let not thy words the warmth of *Greece* abate;
The feeble dart is guiltleſs of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My vary'd belt repell'd the flying wound.

and throwing out diſdainful expreſſions and curſes againſt him and his family. There is nothing which could more effectually repreſent a ſtate of anguiſh, than the drawing ſuch an image as this, which ſhews a man increaſing his preſent unhappineſs by the proſpect of a future train of misfortunes.

℣. 222. *Let not thy words the warmth of* Greece *abate.*] In *Agamemnon*, *Homer* has ſhewn an example of a tender nature and fraternal affection, and now in *Menelaus* he gives us one of a generous warlike patience and preſence of mind. He ſpeaks of his own caſe with no other regard, but as this accident of his wound may tend to the diſcouragement of the ſoldiers; and exhorts the General to beware of dejecting their ſpirits from the proſecution of the war. *Spondanus.*

To whom the King. My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may heav'n thy life defend!
Now ſeek ſome ſkilful hand, whoſe pow'rful art
May ſtanch th' effuſion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be ſwift, and bid *Machaön* bring
His ſpeedy ſuccour to the *Spartan* King;
Pierc'd with a winged ſhaft (the deed of *Troy*)
The *Grecian*'s ſorrow, and the *Dardan*'s joy.
With haſty zeal the ſwift *Talthybius* flies;
Thro' the thick files he darts his ſearching eyes,
And finds *Machaön*, where ſublime he ſtands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: *Machaön*, to the King repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by ſome *Lycian* or *Dardanian* bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.
The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man;
Swift to his ſuccour thro' the ranks he ran:
The dauntleſs King yet ſtanding firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around.
Where to the ſteely point the reed was join'd,
The ſhaft he drew, but left the head behind.

Straight the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd,
He loos'd; the corſlet from his breaſt unbrac'd;
Then ſuck'd the blood, and ſov'reign balm infus'd,
Which *Chiron* gave, and *Æſculapius* us'd.
While round the Prince the *Greeks* employ their care,
The *Trojans* ruſh tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you ſeen the King of Men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or ſurpriz'd with fear;
But fond of glory with ſevere delight,
His beating boſom claim'd the riſing fight.
No longer with his warlike ſteeds he ſtay'd,
Or preſs'd the car with poliſh'd braſs inlay'd:

ỳ. 253. *The* Trojans *ruſh tumultuous to the war.*] They advanced to the enemy in the belief that the ſhot of *Pandarus* was made by order of the Generals. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 256. *Nor had you ſeen.*] The Poet here changes his narration, and turns himſelf to the reader in an *Apoſtrophe*. *Longinus* in his 22d chapter, commends this figure, as cauſing a reader to become a ſpectator, and keeping his mind fixed upon the action before him. The Apoſtrophe (ſays he) *renders us more awakened, more attentive, and more full of the things deſcribed.* Madam *Dacier* will have it, that it is the Muſe who addreſſes herſelf to the Poet in the ſecond perſon: 'tis no great matter which, ſince it has equally its effect either way.

But left *Eurymedon* the reins to guide;
The fiery courſers ſnorted at his ſide.
On foot thro' all the martial ranks he moves,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe reproves. 265

℣. 264. *Thro' all the martial ranks he moves*, &c.] In the following review of the army, which takes up a great part of this book, we ſee all the ſpirit, art, and induſtry of a compleat General; together with the proper *characters* of thoſe leaders whom he incites. *Agamemnon* conſiders at this ſudden exigence, that he ſhould firſt addreſs himſelf to all in general; he divides his diſcourſe to the brave and the fearful, uſing arguments which ariſe from confidence or deſpair, paſſions which act upon us moſt forcibly: to the brave, he urges their ſecure hopes of conqueſt, ſince the Gods muſt puniſh perjury; to the timorous, their inevitable deſtruction, if the enemy ſhould burn their ſhips. After this he flies from rank to rank, applying himſelf to each ally with particular artifice: he careſſes *Idomeneus* as an old friend, who had promiſed not to forſake him; and meets with an anſwer in that hero's true character, ſhort, honeſt, hearty, and ſoldier-like. He praiſes the *Ajaxes* as warriours whoſe examples fired the army; and is received by them without any reply, as they were men who did not profeſs ſpeaking. He paſſes next to *Neſtor*, whom he finds talking to his ſoldiers as he marſhalled them; here he was not to part without a compliment on both ſides: he wiſhes him the ſtrength he had once in his youth, and is anſwered with an account of ſomething which the old hero had done in his former days. From hence he goes to the troops which lay fartheſt from the place of action; where he finds *Meneſtheus* and *Ulyſſes*, not entirely unprepared, nor yet in motion, as being ignorant of what had happened. He reproves *Ulyſſes* for this, with words agreeable to the hurry he is in, and receives an anſwer which ſuits not ill with the twofold character of a wiſe and a valiant man: hereupon *Agamemnon* appears preſent to

Brave men! he cries (to ſuch who boldly dare
Urge their ſwift ſteeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with *Greece*, and let us truſt in *Jove*.
'Tis not for us, but guilty *Troy* to dread,
Whoſe crimes ſit heavy on her perjur'd head;
Her ſons and matrons *Greece* ſhall lead in chains,
And her dead warriours ſtrow the mournful plains.
Thus with new ardour he the brave inſpires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires.
Shame to your country, ſcandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deſerve to find!
Why ſtand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.

himſelf, and excuſes his haſty expreſſions. The next he meets is *Diomed*, whom he alſo rebukes for backwardneſs, but after another manner, by ſetting before him the example of his father. Thus is *Agamemnon* introduced, praiſing, terrifying, exhorting, blaming, excuſing himſelf, and again relapſing into reproofs; a lively picture of a great mind in the higheſt emotion. And at the ſame time the variety is ſo kept up, with a regard to the different characters of the leaders, that our thoughts are not tired with running along with him over all his army.

Still muſt ye wait the foes, and ſtill retire,
'Till yon' tall veſſels blaze with *Trojan* fire?
Or truſt ye, *Jove* a valiant foe ſhall chace,
To ſave a trembling, heartleſs, daſtard race? 285
This ſaid, he ſtalk'd with ample ſtrides along;
To *Crete*'s brave monarch and his martial throng;
High at their head he ſaw the chief appear,
And bold *Meriones* excite the rear.
At this the King his gen'rous joy expreſt, 290
And claſp'd the warriour to his armed breaſt.
Divine *Idomeneus!* what thanks we owe
To worth like thine? what praiſe ſhall we beſtow?
To thee the foremoſt honours are decreed,
Firſt in the fight, and ev'ry graceful deed. 295
For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls
Reſtore our blood, and raiſe the warriours ſouls,

ỳ. 296. *For this, in banquets.*] The ancients uſually in their feaſts divided to the gueſts by equal portions, except when they took ſome particular occaſion to ſhew diſtinction, and give the preference to any one perſon. It was then looked upon as the higheſt mark of honour to be allotted the beſt portion of meat and wine, and to be allowed an exemption from the laws of the feaſt, in drinking wine unmingled and without ſtint. This cuſtom was much more ancient than the time of the *Trojan* war, and we find it practiſed in the banquet

Tho' all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd are thy goblets crown'd.
Be ſtill thyſelf; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.
To whom the *Cretan* thus his ſpeech addreſt;
Secure of me, O King! exhort the reſt:
Fix'd to thy ſide, in ev'ry toil I ſhare,
Thy firm aſſociate in the day of war.
But let the ſignal be this moment giv'n;
To mix in fight is all I aſk of heav'n.
The field ſhall prove how perjuries ſucceed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.
Charm'd with this heat, the King his courſe purſues,
And next the troops of either *Ajax* views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A ſwain ſurveys the gath'ring ſtorm below;

given by *Joſeph* to his brethren in *Ægypt*, *Gen.* xliii. ℣. *ult.* *And he ſent meſſes to them from before him, but* Benjamin's *meſs was five times ſo much as any of theirs.* *Dacier.*

Slow from the main the heavy vapours riſe,
Spread in dim ſtreams, and ſail along the ſkies,
'Till black as night the ſwelling tempeſt ſhows,
The cloud condenſing as the Weſt-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending ſtorm, and drives his flock
To the cloſe covert of an arching rock.
Such, and ſo thick, the embattl'd ſquadrons ſtood,
With ſpears erect, a moving iron wood;
A ſhady light was ſhot from glimm'ring ſhields,
And their brown arms obſcur'd the duſky fields.
O heroes! worthy ſuch a dauntleſs train,
Whoſe godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the King) who raiſe your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands.
Ah would the Gods but breathe in all the reſt
Such ſouls as burn in your exalted breaſt!
Soon ſhould our arms with juſt ſucceſs be crown'd,
And *Troy*'s proud walls lie ſmoaking on the ground.
Then to the next the Gen'ral bends his courſe;
(His heart exults, and glories in his force)

There rev'rend *Neſtor* ranks his *Pylian* bands,
And with inſpiring eloquence commands;
With ſtricteſt order ſets his train in arms,
The chiefs adviſes, and the ſoldiers warms.
Alaſtor, *Chromius*, *Hæmon* round him wait,
Bias the good, and *Pelagon* the great.
The horſe and chariots to the front aſſign'd,
The foot (the ſtrength of war) he rang'd behind;

℣. 336. *There rev'rend* Neſtor *ranks his* Pylian *bands.*] This is the Prince whom *Homer* chiefly celebrates for martial diſcipline; of the reſt he is content to ſay they were valiant, and ready to fight: the years, long obſervation and experience of *Neſtor*, rendered him the fitteſt perſon to be diſtinguiſhed on this account. The diſpoſition of his troops in this place (together with what he is made to ſay, that their forefathers uſed the ſame method) may be a proof that the art of war was well known in *Greece* before the time of *Homer*. Nor indeed can it be imagined otherwiſe, in an age when all the world made their acquiſitions by force of arms only. What is moſt to be wondered at, is, that they had not the uſe of *cavalry*, all men engaging either on *foot*, or from *chariots* (a particular neceſſary to be known by every reader of *Homer*'s battles.) In theſe chariots there were always two perſons, one of whom only fought, the other was wholly employed in managing the Horſes. Madam *Dacier*, in her excellent preface to *Homer*, is of opinion, that there were no horſemen till near the time of *Saul*, threeſcore years after the ſiege of *Troy*; ſo that although Cavalry were in uſe in *Homer*'s days, yet he thought himſelf obliged to regard the cuſtoms of the age of which he writ, rather than thoſe of his own.

The middle ſpace ſuſpected troops ſupply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly:
He gives command to curb the fiery ſteed,
Nor cauſe confuſion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the reſt let none too raſhly ride;
No ſtrength nor ſkill, but juſt in time, be try'd:
The charge once made, no warriour turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm, embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field ſhall caſt
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haſte;

℣. 344. *The middle ſpace ſuſpected troops ſupply.*] This artifice of placing thoſe men whoſe behaviour was moſt to be doubted, in the middle (ſo as to put them under a neceſſity of engaging even againſt their inclinations) was followed by *Hannibal* in the battle of *Zama*; as is obſerved and praiſed by *Polybius*, who quotes this verſe on that occaſion, in acknowledgment of *Homer*'s ſkill in military diſcipline. That our Author was the firſt maſter of that art in *Greece*, is the opinion of *Ælian*, *Tactic. c.* 1. *Frontinus* gives us another example of *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*'s following this inſtruction of *Homer*. *Vide Stratag. lib.* ii. *c.* 3. So *Ammianus Marcellinus*, *l.* xiv. *Imperator catervis peditum infirmis, medium inter acies ſpacium, ſecundùm Homericam diſpoſitionem, præſtituit.*

℣. 352. *He whom the fortune of the field ſhall caſt*
From forth his chariot, mount the next — &c.

The words in the original are capable of four different ſignifications, as *Euſtathius* obſerves. The firſt is, that whoever in fighting upon his chariot ſhall win a chariot from his enemy, he ſhall continue to fight, and not retire from the engagement

Nor ſeek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with jav'lins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent courſe,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preſerv'd their force,

to ſecure his prize. The ſecond, that if any one be thrown out of his chariot, he who happens to be neareſt ſhall hold forth his javelin to help him up into his own. The third is directly the contrary to the laſt, that if any one be caſt from his chariot, and would mount up into another man's, that other ſhall puſh him back with his javelin, and not admit him, for fear of interrupting the combat. The fourth is the ſenſe which is followed in the tranſlation, as ſeeming much the moſt natural, that every one ſhould be left to govern his own chariot, and the other who is admitted, fight only with the javelin. The reaſon of this advice appears by the ſpeech of *Pandarus* to *Æneas* in the next book: *Æneas* having taken him up in his chariot to go againſt *Diomed*, compliments him with the choice either to fight, or to manage the reins, which was eſteemed an office of honour. To this *Pandarus* anſwers, that it is more proper for *Æneas* to guide his own horſes; leſt they not feeling their accuſtomed maſter, ſhould be ungovernable, and bring them into danger.

Upon occaſion of the various and contrary ſignifications of which theſe words are ſaid to be capable, and which *Euſtathius* and *Dacier* profeſs to admire as an excellence; Monſ. *de la Motte*, in his late diſcourſe upon *Homer*, very juſtly animadverts, that if this be true, it is a grievous fault in *Homer*. For what can be more abſurd than to imagine, that the orders given in a battle ſhould be delivered in ſuch ambiguous terms, as to be capable of many meanings? Theſe double interpretations muſt proceed not from any deſign in the Author, but purely from the ignorance of the moderns in the *Greek* tongue: it being impoſſible for any one to poſſeſs the dead languages to ſuch a degree, as to be certain of all the graces and negli-

By laws like theſe immortal conqueſts made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in aſhes laid.
So ſpoke the maſter of the martial art,
And touch'd with tranſport great *Atrides'* heart.
Oh! hadſt thou ſtrength to match thy brave deſires,
And nerves to ſecond what thy ſoul inſpires!
But waſting years that wither human race,
Exhauſt thy ſpirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'ſt thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.
Thus to th' experienc'd Prince *Atrides* cry'd;
He ſhook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.
Well might I wiſh, could mortal wiſh renew
That ſtrength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when *Ereuthalion* ſlain
Beneath this arm fell proſtrate on the plain.
But heav'n its gifts not all at once beſtows,
Theſe years with wiſdom crowns, with action thoſe:

gences; or to know preciſely how far the licences and boldneſſes of expreſſion were happy, or forced. But Criticks, to be thought learned, attribute to the Poet all the random ſenſes that amuſe them, and imagine they ſee in a ſingle word a whole heap of things, which no modern language can expreſs; ſo are oftentimes charmed with nothing but the confuſion of their own ideas.

The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The ſolemn council beſt becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I reſign,
Let ſage advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He ſaid. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found *Meneſtheus* on the duſty ſhore,
With whom the firm *Athenian* Phalanx ſtands;
And next *Ulyſſes*, with his ſubject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew ſo far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the ſounds of war;
The tumult late begun, they ſtood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The King, who ſaw their ſquadrons yet unmov'd,
With haſty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd.
Can *Peteus'* ſon forget a warriour's part,
And fears *Ulyſſes*, ſkill'd in ev'ry art?

℣. 384. *Remote their forces lay.*] This is a reaſon why the troops of *Ulyſſes* and *Meneſtheus* were not yet in motion. Though another may be added in reſpect to the former, that it did not conſiſt with the wiſdom of *Ulyſſes* to fall on with his forces till he was well aſſured. Though courage be no inconſiderable part of his character, yet it is always joined with great caution. Thus we ſee him ſoon after in the very heat of battle, when his friend was juſt ſlain before his eyes, firſt looking carefully about him, before he would throw his ſpear to revenge him.

Why ſtand you diſtant, and the reſt expect
To mix in combat which yourſelves neglect?
From you 'twas hoped among the firſt to dare
The ſhock of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are called, before the reſt,
To ſhare the pleaſures of the genial feaſt:
And can you, chiefs! without a bluſh ſurvey
Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray?
Say, is it thus thoſe honours you requite?
The firſt in banquets, but the laſt in fight.
Ulyſſes heard: the hero's warmth o'erſpread
His cheek with bluſhes; and ſevere, he ſaid:
Take back th' unjuſt reproach! Behold we ſtand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy ſoul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickeſt fight.
Then give thy warriour-chief a warriour's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'ſt to view.
Struck with his gen'rous wrath the King replies;
Oh great in action, and in council wiſe!
With ours, thy care and ardour are the ſame,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.

Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the tranſport of a martial mind.
Haſte to the fight, ſecure of juſt amends;
The Gods that make, ſhall keep the worthy, friends.
He ſaid, and paſs'd where great *Tydides* lay,
His ſteeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
(The warlike *Sthenelus* attends his ſide)
To whom with ſtern reproach the monarch cry'd;
Oh ſon of *Tydeus!* (he, whoſe ſtrength could tame
The bounding ſteed, in arms a mighty name)
Can'ſt thou, remote, the mingling hoſts deſcry,
With hands unactive, and a careleſs eye?
Not thus thy Sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still firſt in front the matchleſs Prince appear'd:
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!
I ſaw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs
A peaceful gueſt, he ſought *Mycenæ*'s tow'rs;

℣. 430. *I ſaw him once, when*, &c.] This long narration concerning the hiſtory of *Tydeus*, is not of the nature of thoſe for which *Homer* has been blamed with ſome colour of juſtice: it is not a cold ſtory, but a warm reproof, while the particularizing the actions of the father is made the higheſt incentive to the ſon. Accordingly the air of this ſpeech

Armies he aſk'd, and armies had been giv'n,
Not we deny'd, but *Jove* forbade from heav'n;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrours of the *Theban* war.
Next, ſent by *Greece* from where *Aſopus* flows,
A fearleſs envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebe's hoſtile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntleſs he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feaſting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all thoſe chiefs around;
Dar'd and ſubdu'd, before their haughty lord;
For *Pallas* ſtrung his arm, and edg'd his ſword.
Stung with the ſhame, within the winding way,
To bar his paſſage fifty warriours lay;
Two heroes led the ſecret ſquadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy *Lycophon*;
Thoſe fifty ſlaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He ſpar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such *Tydeus* was, and ſuch his martial fire;
Gods! how the ſon degen'rates from the ſire?

ought to be inſpirited above the common narrative ſtyle. As for the ſtory itſelf, it is finely told by *Statius* in the ſecond book of the *Thebais*.

No words the Godlike *Diomed* return'd,
But heard reſpectful, and in ſecret burn'd:
Not ſo fierce *Capaneus'* undaunted ſon,
Stern as his ſire, the boaſter thus begun.
What needs, O monarch, this invidious praiſe,
Ourſelves to leſſen, while our ſires you raiſe?
Dare to be juſt, *Atrides!* and confeſs
Our valour equal, tho' our fury leſs.
With fewer troops we ſtorm'd the *Theban* wall,
And happier ſaw the ſev'nfold city fall.

℣. 452. *No words the godlike* Diomed *return'd.*] "When "*Diomed* is reproved by *Agamemnon*, he holds his peace in "reſpect to his General; but *Sthenelus* retorts upon him with "boaſting and inſolence. It is here worth obſerving in what "manner *Agamemnon* behaves himſelf; he paſſes by *Sthenelus* "without affording any reply; whereas juſt before, when *U-*"*lyſſes* teſtified his reſentment, he immediately returned him "an anſwer. For as it is a mean and ſervile thing, and un-"becoming the majeſty of a Prince, to make apologies to "every man in juſtification of what he has ſaid or done; ſo "to treat all men with equal neglect is mere pride and exceſs "of folly. We alſo ſee of *Diomed*, that though he refrains "from ſpeaking in this place, when the time demanded ac-"tion; he afterwards expreſſes himſelf in ſuch a manner, as "ſhews him not to have been inſenſible of this unjuſt rebuke: "*(in the ninth book)* when he tells the King, he was the firſt "who had dar'd to reproach him with want of courage." *Plutarch of reading the Poets.*

℣. 460. *We ſtorm'd the* Theban *wall.*] The firſt *Theban* war, of which *Agamemnon* ſpoke in the preceding lines, was

In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;
The ſons ſubdu'd, for heav'n was on their ſide.
Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,
Our glories darken their diminiſh'd name.
To him *Tydides* thus. My friend forbear,
Suppreſs thy paſſion, and the King revere:
His high concern may well excuſe this rage,
Whoſe cauſe we follow, and whoſe war we wage;
His the firſt praiſe, were *Ilion*'s tow'rs o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief diſgrace his own.
Let him the *Greeks* to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.
He ſpoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms reſound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd *Tydides* ruſhing to the war.

ſeven and twenty years before the war of *Troy*. *Sthenelus* here ſpeaks of the ſecond *Theban* war, which happened ten years after the firſt: when the ſons of the ſeven captains conquered the city, before which their fathers were deſtroyed. *Tydeus* expired gnawing the head of his enemy, and *Capaneus* was thunder-ſtruck while he blaſphemed *Jupiter*. *Vid. Stat. Thebaid.*

As when the winds, aſcending by degrees,
Firſt move the whitening ſurface of the ſeas,

℣. 478. *As when the winds.*] Madam *Dacier* thinks it may ſeem ſomething odd, that an army going to conquer, ſhould be compared to the waves going to break themſelves againſt the ſhore; and would ſolve the appearing abſurdity by imagining the Poet laid not the ſtreſs ſo much upon this circumſtance, as upon the ſame waves aſſaulting a rock, lifting themſelves over its head, and covering it with foam as the *trophy of their victory* (as ſhe expreſſes it). But to this it may be anſwered, That neither did the *Greeks* get the better in this battle, nor will a compariſon be allowed entirely beautiful, which inſtead of illuſtrating its ſubject, ſtands itſelf in need of ſo much illuſtration and refinement, to be brought to agree with it. The paſſage naturally bears this ſenſe: *As when, upon the riſing of the wind, the waves roll after one another to the ſhore; at firſt there is a diſtant motion in the ſea, then they approach to break with noiſe on the ſtrand, and laſtly riſe ſwelling over the rocks, and toſs their foam above their heads: ſo the* Greeks, *at firſt, marched in order one after another ſilently to the fight.* — Where the Poet breaks off from proſecuting the compariſon, and by a *prolepſis*, leaves the reader to carry it on, and image to himſelf the future tumult, rage, and force of the battle, in oppoſition to that ſilence in which he deſcribes the troops at preſent, in the lines immediately enſuing. What confirms this expoſition is, that *Virgil* has made uſe of the ſimile in the ſame ſenſe in the ſeventh *Æneid.*

" Fluctus uti primo cœpit cùm albeſcere vento,
" Paulatim ſeſe tollit mare & altiùs undas
" Erigit; inde imo conſurgit ad æthera fundo."

℣. 478. *As when the winds*, &c.] This is the firſt battle in *Homer*, and it is worthy obſervation with what grandeur it is deſcribed, and raiſed by one circumſtance above another, till all is involved in horrour and tumult: the foregoing ſimile of the winds, riſing by degrees into a general tempeſt, is an

The billows float in order to the ſhore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
'Till, with the growing ſtorm, the deeps ariſe,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the ſkies.
So to the fight the thick *Battalions* throng,
Shields urg'd on ſhields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and ſilent move the num'rous bands;
No ſound, no whiſper but the Chief's commands,
Thoſe only heard; with awe the reſt obey,
As if ſome God had ſnatch'd their voice away.
Not ſo the *Trojans*; from their hoſt aſcends
A gen'ral ſhout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd ſtand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales inceſſant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills:

image of the progreſs of his own ſpirit in this deſcription. We ſee firſt an innumerable army moving in order, and are amuſed with the pomp and ſilence; then wakened with the noiſe and clamour; next they join; the adverſe Gods are let down among them; the imaginary perſons of *Terrour*, *Flight*, *Diſcord*, ſucceed to reinforce them; then all is undiſtinguiſhed fury, and a confuſion of Horrours, only that at different openings we behold the diſtinct deaths of ſeveral heroes, and then are involved again in the ſame confuſion.

Such clamours roſe from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the ſound.
Each hoſt now joins, and each a God inſpires,
Theſe *Mars* incites, and thoſe *Minerva* fires.
Pale *Flight* around, and dreadful *Terrour* reign;
And *Diſcord* raging bathes the purple plain;
Diſcord! dire ſiſter of the ſlaught'ring pow'r,
Small at her birth, but riſing ev'ry hour,

℣. 502. *Diſcord! dire ſiſter*, &c.] This is the paſſage ſo highly extolled by *Longinus*, as one of the moſt ſignal inſtances of the noble ſublimity of this author: where it is ſaid, that the image here drawn of Diſcord, *whoſe head touched the heavens*, and *whoſe feet were on earth*, may as juſtly be applied to the vaſt reach and elevation of the Genius of *Homer*. But Monſ. *Boileau* informs us, that neither the quotation nor theſe words were in the original of *Longinus*, but partly inſerted by *Gabriel de Petra*. However, the beſt encomium is, that *Virgil* has taken it word for word, and applied it to the perſon of *Fame*.

" Parva metu primò, mox ſeſe attollit in auras,
" Ingrediturque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit."

Ariſtides had formerly blamed *Homer* for admitting *Diſcord* into heaven, and *Scaliger* takes up the criticiſm to throw him below *Virgil*. *Fame* (he ſays) is properly feigned to hide her head in the clouds, becauſe the grounds and authors of rumours are commonly unknown. As if the ſame might not be alledged for *Homer*, ſince the grounds and authors of *Diſcord* are often no leſs ſecret. *Macrobius* has put this among the paſſages where he thinks *Virgil* has fallen ſhort in his imitation of *Homer*, and brings theſe reaſons for his opinion:

While ſcarce the ſkies her horrid head can bound,
She ſtalks on earth, and ſhakes the world around; 505

Homer repreſents *Diſcord* to riſe from ſmall beginnings, and afterwards in her increaſe to reach the heavens; *Virgil* has ſaid this of *Fame*, but not with equal propriety; for the ſubjects are very different: *Diſcord*, though it reaches to war and devaſtation, is ſtill *Diſcord*; nor ceaſes to be what it was at firſt: but *Fame*, when it grows to be univerſal, is *Fame* no longer, but becomes knowledge and certainty; for who calls any thing *Fame* which is known from earth to heaven? Nor has *Virgil* equalled the ſtrength of *Homer*'s hyperbole; for one ſpeaks of *heaven*, the other only of the *clouds*. *Macrob. Sat. l.* v. *c.* 13. *Scaliger* is very angry at this laſt period, and by miſtake blames *Gellius* for it, in whom there is no ſuch thing. His words are ſo inſolently dogmatical, that barely to quote them is to anſwer them, and the only anſwer which ſuch a ſpirit of criticiſm deſerves. *Clamant quòd Maro de Famâ dixit eam inter nubila caput condere, cùm tamen Homerus unde ipſe accepit, in cœlo caput Eridis conſtituit. Jam tibi pro me reſpondeo. Non ſum imitatus, nolo imitari: non placet, non eſt verum, Contentionem ponere caput in cœlo. Ridiculum eſt, fatuum eſt, Homericum eſt, græculum eſt.* Poet. *l.* v. *c.* 3.

This fine verſe was alſo criticiſed by Monſ. *Perault*, who accuſes it as a forced and extravagant hyperbole. M. *Boileau* anſwers, That hyperboles as ſtrong are daily uſed even in common diſcourſe, and that nothing is in effect more ſtrictly true than that *Diſcord* reigns over all the earth, and in heaven itſelf; that is to ſay, among the Gods of *Homer*. It is not (continues this excellent critick) the deſcription of a giant, as this cenſor would pretend, but a juſt allegory; and as he makes *Diſcord* an allegorical perſon, ſhe may be of what ſize he pleaſes without ſhocking us; ſince it is what we regard only as an idea and creature of the fancy, and not as a material ſubſtance that has any being in nature. The expreſſion

The nations bleed, where-e'er her ſteps ſhe turns,
The groan ſtill deepens, and the combat burns.
Now ſhield with ſhield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy ſquadrons drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
And ſhrilling ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;

in the *Pſalms*, that the *impious man is lifted up as a cedar of* Libanus, does by no means imply that the impious man was a giant as tall as cedar. Thus far *Boileau*; and upon the whole we may obſerve, that it ſeems not only the fate of great geniuſes to have met with the moſt malignant criticks, but of the fineſt and nobleſt paſſages in them to have been particularly pitched upon for impertinent criticiſms. Theſe are the divine boldneſſes, which in their very nature provoke ignorance and ſhort-ſightedneſs to ſhew themſelves; and which whoever is capable of attaining, muſt alſo certainly know, that they will be attacked by ſuch, as cannot reach them.

ỳ. 508. *Now ſhield with ſhield*, &c.] The verſes which follow in the original are perhaps excelled by none in *Homer*; and that he had himſelf a particular fondneſs for them, may be imagined from his inſerting them again in the ſame words in the eighth book. They are very happily imitated by *Statius*, *lib.* vii.

"Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
"Enſe minax enſis, pede pes, & cuſpide cuſpis, &c."

With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Ruſh to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
Roar thro' a thouſand channels to the main;
The diſtant ſhepherd trembling hears the ſound:
So mix both hoſts, and ſo their cries rebound.
The bold *Antilochus* the ſlaughter led,
The firſt who ſtruck a valiant *Trojan* dead:

℣. 516. *As torrents roll.*] This compariſon of rivers meeting and roaring, with two armies mingling in battle, is an image of that nobleneſs, which (to ſay no more) was worthy the invention of *Homer*, and the imitation of *Virgil*.

" Aut ubi decurſu rapido de montibus altis,
" Dant ſonitum ſpumoſi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
" Quiſque ſuum populatus iter; — Stupet inſcius alto
" Accipiens ſonitum ſaxi de vertice paſtor."

The word *populatus* here has a beauty which one muſt be inſenſible not to obſerve. *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil*'s, and *Macrobius Homer*'s, without any reaſons on either ſide, but only one critick's poſitive word againſt another's. The reader may judge between them.

℣. 522. *The bold* Antilochus.] *Antilochus* the ſon of *Neſtor* is the firſt who begins the engagement. It ſeems as if the old hero having done the greateſt ſervice he was capable of at his years, in diſpoſing the troops in the beſt order (as we have ſeen before) had taken care to ſet his ſon at the head of them, to give him the glory of beginning the battle.

At great *Echepolus* the lance arrives,
Raz'd his high creſt, and thro' his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And ſhades eternal ſettle o'er his eyes.
So ſinks a tow'r, that long aſſaults had ſtood
Of force and fire; its walls beſmear'd with blood.
Him, the bold * Leader of th' *Abantian* throng
Seiz'd to deſpoil, and dragg'd the corpſe along:
But while he ſtrove to tug th' inſerted dart,
Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank, unguarded by his ample ſhield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and ſpurns the field;
The nerves, unbrac'd, ſupport his limbs no more;
The ſoul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and *Greeks* now gather round the ſlain;
The war renews, the warriours bleed again;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

* *Elphenor.*

℣. 540. *As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage.*] This ſhort compariſon in the *Greek* conſiſts only of two words, Ἀνκοὶ ὥς, which *Scaliger* obſerves upon as too abrupt. But may it not be anſwered that ſuch a place as this, where all things are in confuſion, ſeems not to admit of any ſimile, except of

In blooming youth fair *Simoïſius* fell,
Sent by great *Ajax* to the ſhades of hell:
Fair *Simoïſius*, whom his mother bore,
Amid the flocks on ſilver *Simois'* ſhore:
The Nymph deſcending from the hills of *Ide*,
To ſeek her parents on his flow'ry ſide,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
And thence from *Simois* nam'd the lovely boy.
Short was his date! by dreadful *Ajax* ſlain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in watry ground
Rais'd high the head, with ſtately branches crown'd,

one which ſcarce exceeds a metaphor in length? When two heroes are engaged, there is a plain view to be given us of their actions, and there a long ſimile may be of uſe, to raiſe and enliven them by parallel circumſtances; but when the troops fall in promiſcuouſly upon one another, the confuſion excludes diſtinct or particular images; and conſequently compariſons of any length would be leſs natural.

℣. 542. *In blooming youth fair* Simoïſius *fell.*] This Prince received his name from the river *Simoïs*, on whoſe banks he was born. It was the cuſtom of the eaſtern people to give names to their children derived from the moſt remarkable accidents of their birth. The holy ſcripture is full of examples of this kind. It is alſo uſual in the Old Teſtament to compare Princes to trees, cedars, &c. as *Simoïſius* is here reſembled to a poplar. *Dacier.*

℣. 552. *So falls a poplar.*] *Euſtathius* in *Macrobius* prefers to this ſimile that of *Virgil* in the ſecond *Æneid.*

(Fell'd by ſome artiſt with his ſhining ſteel,
To ſhape the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, ſmooth, and largely ſpread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a ſubject to the wind and rain,
And ſcorch'd by ſuns, it withers on the plain.

" Ac veluti in ſummis antiquam montibus ornum,
" Cùm ferro acciſam crebriſque bipennibus inſtant
" Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa uſque minatur,
" Et tremefacta comam concuſſo vertice nutat;
" Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta ſupremùm
" Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulſa ruinam."

Mr. *Hobbes*, in the preface to his tranſlation of *Homer*, has diſcourſed upon this occaſion very judiciouſly. *Homer* (ſays he) intended no more in this place than to ſhew how comely the body of *Simoïſius* appeared as he lay dead upon the bank of *Scamander*, ſtrait and tall, with a fair head of hair, like a ſtrait and high poplar with the boughs ſtill on; and not at all to deſcribe the manner of his falling, which (when a man is wounded through the breaſt as he was with a ſpear) is always ſudden. *Virgil*'s is the deſcription of a great tree falling when many men together hew it down. He meant to compare the manner how *Troy* after many battles, and after the loſs of many cities, conquered by the many nations under *Agamemnon* in a long war, was thereby weakened, and at laſt overthrown, with a great tree hewn round about, and then falling by little and little leiſurely. So that neither theſe two deſcriptions, nor the two compariſons, can be compared together. The image of a man lying on the ground is one thing; the image of falling (eſpecially of a kingdom) is another. This therefore gives no Advantage to *Virgil* over *Homer*. Thus Mr. *Hobbes*,

Thus pierc'd by *Ajax*, *Simoïſius* lies
Stretch'd on the ſhore, and thus neglected dies.
At *Ajax Antiphus* his jav'lin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And *Leucus*, lov'd by wiſe *Ulyſſes*, ſlew.
He drops the corpſe of *Simoïſius* ſlain,
And ſinks a breathleſs carcaſs on the plain.
This ſaw *Ulyſſes*, and with grief enrag'd
Strode where the foremoſt of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his ſpear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his ſight the *Trojans* backward drew,
And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.
A Chief ſtood nigh, who from *Abydos* came,
Old *Priam*'s ſon, *Democoön* was his name;
The weapon enter'd cloſe above his ear,
Cold thro' his temples glides the whizzing ſpear;
With piercing ſhrieks the youth reſigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the ſhades of death;
Pond'rous he falls; his clanging arms reſound;
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.

Seiz'd with affright the boldeſt foes appear;
Ev'n godlike *Hector* ſeems himſelf to fear;
Slow he gave way, the reſt tumultuous fled;
The *Greeks* with ſhouts preſs on, and ſpoil the dead;
But *Phœbus* now from *Ilion*'s tow'ring height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans be bold, and force with force oppoſe;
Your foaming ſteeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with ſteel;
Your weapons enter, and your ſtrokes they feel.
Have ye forgot what ſeem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce *Achilles* fights no more.

℣. 585. *But* Phœbus *now.*] *Homer* here introduces *Apollo* on the ſide of the *Trojans:* he had given them the aſſiſtance of *Mars* at the beginning of this battle; but *Mars* (which ſignifies courage without conduct) proving too weak to reſiſt *Minerva* (or courage with conduct) which the Poet repreſents as conſtantly aiding his *Greeks*; they want ſome prudent management to rally them again: he therefore brings in a *Wiſdom* to aſſiſt *Mars*, under the appearance of *Apollo*.

℣. 592. Achilles *fights no more.*] *Homer* from time to time puts his readers in mind of *Achilles*, during his abſence from the war; and finds occaſions of celebrating his valour with the higheſt praiſes. There cannot be a greater encomium than this, where *Apollo* himſelf tells the *Trojans* they have nothing to fear, ſince *Achilles* fights no longer againſt them. *Dacier.*

Apollo thus from *Ilion*'s lofty tow'rs
Array'd in terrours, rouz'd the *Trojan* pow'rs:
While War's fierce Goddeſs fires the *Grecian* foe,
And ſhouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great *Diores* fell, by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illuſtrious line.
A broken rock the force of *Pirus* threw,
(Who from cold *Ænus* led the *Thracian* crew)
Full on his ankle dropt the pond'rous ſtone,
Burſt the ſtrong nerves, and craſh'd the ſolid bone:
Supine he tumbles on the crimſon ſands,
Before his helpleſs friends, and native bands,
And ſpreads for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe ruſh'd furious as he pants for breath,
And thro' his navel drave the pointed death:
His guſhing entrails ſmoak'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came iſſuing from the wound.
His lance bold *Thoas* at the conqu'ror ſent,
Deep in his breaſt above the pap it went,
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quiv'ring in his heaving boſom ſtood;

'Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' *Ætolian* warriour tugg'd his weighty ſpear:
Then ſudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
And gaſh'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
The corpſe now breathleſs on the bloody plain,
To ſpoil his arms the victor ſtrove in vain;
The *Thracian* bands againſt the victor preſt;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breaſt.
Stern *Thoas*, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In ſullen fury ſlowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two Heroes; one the pride of *Thrace*,
And one the Leader of the *Epian* race;
Death's ſable ſhade at once o'ercaſt their eyes,
In duſt the vanquiſh'd, and the victor lies.
With copious ſlaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had ſome brave Chief this martial ſcene beheld,
By *Pallas* guarded thro' the dreadful field;

ỳ. 630. *Had ſome brave Chief.*] The turning off in this place from the actions of the field, to repreſent to us a man with ſecurity and calmneſs walking through it, without being able to reprehend any thing in the whole action; this is not only a fine praiſe of the battle, but as it were a breathing-place to the poetical ſpirit of the author, after having

Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And ſwords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art with wonder had he ſeen,
And counted Heroes where he counted Men. 635
So fought each hoſt, with thirſt of glory fir'd,
And crouds on crouds triumphantly expir'd.

rapidly run along with the heat of the engagement: he ſeems like one who having got over a part of his journey, ſtops upon an eminence to look back upon the ſpace he has paſſed, and concludes the book with an agreeable pauſe or reſpite.

The reader will excuſe our taking notice of ſuch a trifle, as that it was an old ſuperſtition, that this fourth book of the *Iliad*'s being laid under the head, was a cure for the *Quartan Ague*. *Serenus Sammonicus*, a celebrated phyſician in the time of the younger *Gordian*, and preceptor to that Emperor, has gravely preſcribed it among other receipts in his medicinal precepts, *Præc.* 50.

" Mæoniæ Iliados quartum ſuppone timenti."

I believe it will be found a true obſervation, that there never was any thing ſo abſurd or ridiculous, but has at one time or other been written even by ſome author of reputation: a reflection it may not be improper for writers to make, as being at once ſome mortification to their vanity, and ſome comfort to their infirmity.

AN ESSAY ON HOMER's Battles.

PERHAPS it may be neceſſary in this place, at the opening of *Homer*'s Battles, to premiſe ſome obſervations upon them in general. I ſhall firſt endeavour to ſhew the *Conduct* of the Poet herein, and next collect ſome *Antiquities*, that tend to a more diſtinct underſtanding of thoſe deſcriptions which make ſo large a part of the Poem.

One may very well apply to *Homer* himſelf, what he ſays of his Heroes at the end of the fourth book, that whoſoever ſhould be guided through his battles by *Minerva*, and pointed to every ſcene of them, would ſee nothing through the whole but ſubjects of ſurprize

and applauſe. When the reader reflects that no leſs than the compaſs of twelve books is taken up in theſe, he will have reaſon to wonder by what methods our author could prevent deſcriptions of ſuch a length from being tedious. It is not enough to ſay, that though the ſubject itſelf be the ſame, the actions are always different; that we have now diſtinct combats, now promiſcuous fights, now ſingle duels, now general engagements; or that the ſcenes are perpetually varied; we are now in the fields, now at the fortification of the *Greeks*, now at the ſhips, now at the gates of *Troy*, now at the river *Scamander*: but we muſt look farther into the art of the poet, to find the reaſons of this aſtoniſhing variety.

We may firſt obſerve that diverſity in the *deaths* of his *warriours*, which he has ſupplied by the vaſteſt fertility of invention. Theſe he diſtinguiſhes ſeveral ways: ſometimes by the *characters* of the Men, their *age*, *office*, *profeſſion*, *nation*, *family*, &c. One is a blooming *youth*, whoſe father diſſuaded him from the war; one is a *Prieſt*, whoſe piety could not ſave him; one is a *ſportſman*, whom *Diana* taught in vain; one is the native of a far-diſtant *country*, who is never to return; one is deſcended from a *noble line*, which ends in his death; one is made remarkable by his *boaſting*; another by his *beſeeching*; and another, who is diſtinguiſhed no way elſe, is marked by his *Habit*, and the ſingularity of his armour.

Sometimes he varies theſe deaths by the ſeveral *poſtures* in which his Heroes are repreſented either fighting or falling. Some of theſe are ſo exceedingly *exact*, that one may gueſs from the very poſition of the combatant, whereabouts the wound will light: others ſo very *peculiar* and *uncommon*, that they could only be the effect of an imagination which had ſearched through all the ideas of nature. Such is that picture of *Mydon* in the fifth book, whoſe arm being numbed by a blow on the elbow, drops the reins that trail on the ground; and then being ſuddenly ſtruck on the temples, falls headlong from the chariot in a ſoft and deep place; where he ſinks up to the ſhoulders in the ſands, and continues a while fixed by the weight of his armour, with his legs quivering in the air, till he is trampled down by his horſes.

Another cauſe of this variety is the difference of the *wounds* that are given in the *Iliad*: they are by no means like the wounds deſcribed by moſt other poets, which are commonly made in the ſelf-ſame obvious places: the heart and head ſerve for all thoſe in general who underſtand no anatomy, and ſometimes for variety they kill men by wounds that are no where mortal but in their poems. As the whole human body is the ſubject of theſe, ſo nothing is more neceſſary to him who would deſcribe them well, than a thorough knowledge of its ſtructure, even though

the poet is not profeſſedly to write of them as an anatomiſt; in the ſame manner as an exact ſkill in anatomy is neceſſary to thoſe Painters that would excel in drawing the naked, though they are not to make every muſcle as viſible as in a book of chirurgery. It appears from ſo many paſſages in *Homer* that he was perfectly maſter of this ſcience, that it would be needleſs to cite any in particular. One may only obſerve, that if we thoroughly examine all the wounds he has deſcribed, though ſo infinite in number, and ſo many ways diverſified, we ſhall hardly find one which will contradict this obſervation.

I muſt juſt add a remark, That the various periphraſes and circumlocutions by which *Homer* expreſſes the ſingle act of *dying*, have ſupplied *Virgil* and the ſucceeding Poets with all their manners of phraſing it. Indeed he repeats the ſame verſe on that occaſion more often than they

——— τὸν δὲ ϛχότος ὄσσε ἐκάλυψε ———

Ἀράϐησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ, &c. But though it muſt be owned he had more frequent occaſions for a line of this kind than any Poet, as no other has deſcribed half ſo many deaths, yet one cannot aſcribe this to any ſterility of expreſſion, but to the genius of his times, that delighted in thoſe reiterated verſes. We find repetitions of the ſame ſort affected by the ſacred writers, ſuch as *He was gathered to his people*; *He ſlept with his fathers*; and the like. And upon the whole they

have a certain antiquated harmony, not unlike the burthen of a ſong, which the ear is willing to ſuffer, and as it were reſts upon.

As the perpetual horrour of combats, and a ſucceſſion of images of death, could not but keep the imagination very much on the ſtretch; *Homer* has been careful to contrive ſuch reliefs and pauſes, as might divert the mind to ſome other ſcene, without loſing ſight of his principal object. His *compariſons* are the more frequent on this account; for a *compariſon* ſerves this end the moſt effectually of any thing, as it is at once correſpondent to, and differing from the ſubject. Thoſe criticks who fancy that the uſe of compariſons diſtracts the attention, and draws it from the firſt image which ſhould moſt employ it, (as that we loſe the idea of the *battle* itſelf, while we are led by a ſimile to that of a *deluge* or a *ſtorm:*) thoſe, I ſay, may as well imagine we loſe the thought of the ſun, when we ſee his reflection in the water, where he appears more diſtinctly, and is contemplated more at eaſe, than if we gazed directly at his beams. For it is with the eye of the imagination as it is with our corporeal eye, it muſt ſometimes be taken off from the object in order to ſee it the better. The ſame criticks that are diſpleaſed to have their fancy diſtracted (as they call it) are yet ſo inconſiſtent with themſelves as to object to *Homer* that his ſimiles are too much alike, and

are too often derived from the ſame animal. But is it not more reaſonable (according to their own notion) to compare the ſame man always to the ſame animal, than to ſee him ſometimes a ſun, ſometimes a tree, and ſometimes a river? Though *Homer* ſpeaks of the ſame creature, he ſo diverſifies the circumſtances and accidents of the compariſons, that they always appear quite different. And to ſay truth, it is not ſo much the animal or the thing, as the action or poſture of them that employs our imagination: two different animals in the ſame action are more like to each other, than one and the ſame animal is to himſelf, in two different actions. And thoſe who in reading *Homer* are ſhocked that it is always a *lion*, may as well be angry that it is always a *man*.

What may ſeem more exceptionable, is his inſerting the ſame compariſons, in the ſame words at length, upon different occaſions; by which management he makes one ſingle image afford many ornaments to ſeveral parts of the Poem. But may not one ſay *Homer* is in this like a ſkilful improver, who places a beautiful ſtatue in a well-diſpoſed garden ſo as to anſwer ſeveral viſtas, and by that artifice one ſingle figure ſeems multiplied into as many objects as there are openings from whence it may be viewed?

What farther relieves and ſoftens theſe deſcriptions of battles, is the Poet's wonderful art

of introducing many pathetick circumſtances about the deaths of the Heroes, which raiſe a different movement in the mind from what thoſe images naturally inſpire, I mean compaſſion and pity; when he cauſes us to look back upon the loſt riches, poſſeſſions, and hopes of thoſe who die: when he tranſports us to their native countries and paternal ſeats, to ſee the griefs of their aged fathers, the deſpair and tears of their widows, or the abandoned condition of their orphans. Thus when *Proteſilaus* falls, we are made to reflect on the lofty Palaces he left half finiſhed; when the ſons of *Phænops* are killed, we behold the mortifying diſtreſs of their wealthy father, who ſaw his eſtate divided before his eyes, and taken in truſt for ſtrangers. When *Axylus* dies, we are taught to compaſſionate the hard fate of that generous and hoſpitable man, whoſe houſe was the houſe of all men, and who deſerved that glorious elogy of *The friend of human kind.*

It is worth taking notice too, what uſe *Homer* every where makes of each little accident or circumſtance that can naturally happen in a battle, thereby to caſt a variety over his action; as well as of every turn of mind or emotion a Hero can poſſibly feel, ſuch as reſentment, revenge, concern, confuſion, *&c.* The former of theſe makes his work reſemble a large hiſtory-piece, where even the leſs important figures and actions have

yet ſome convenient place or corner to be ſhewn in; and the latter gives it all the advantages of tragedy, in thoſe various turns of paſſion that animate the ſpeeches of his Heroes, and render his whole Poem the moſt *Dramatick* of any Epick whatſoever.

It muſt alſo be obſerved, that the conſtant *machines* of the *Gods* conduce very greatly to vary theſe long battles, by a continual change of the ſcene from earth to heaven. *Homer* perceived them too neceſſary for this purpoſe, to abſtain from the uſe of them even after *Jupiter* had enjoined the Deities not to act on either ſide. It is remarkable how many methods he has found to draw them into every book; where if they dare not aſſiſt the warriours, at leaſt they are very helpful to the poet.

But there is nothing that more contributes to the variety, ſurpriſe, and *Eclat* of *Homer*'s battles, or is more perfectly admirable in itſelf, than that artful manner of taking meaſure, or (as one may ſay) *gaging* his Heroes by each other, and thereby elevating the character of one perſon, by the oppoſition of it to that of ſome other whom he is made to excel. So that he many times deſcribes one only to image another, and raiſes one only to raiſe another. I cannot better exemplify this remark, than by giving an inſtance in the character of *Diomed* that lies before me. Let us obſerve by what a ſcale of oppoſitions he

elevates this Hero, in the fifth book, firſt to excel all human valour, and after to rival the Gods themſelves. He diſtinguiſhes him firſt from the *Grecian* Captains in general, each of whom he repreſents conquering a ſingle *Trojan*, while *Diomed* conſtantly encounters two at once; and while they are engaged each in his diſtinct poſt, he only is drawn fighting in every quarter, and ſlaughtering on every ſide. Next he oppoſes him to *Pandarus*, next to *Æneas*, and then to *Hector*. So of the Gods, he ſhews him firſt againſt *Venus*, then *Apollo*, then *Mars*, and laſtly in the eighth book againſt *Jupiter* himſelf in the midſt of his thunders. The ſame conduct is obſervable more or leſs in regard to every perſonage of his work.

This ſubordination of the Heroes is one of the cauſes that make each of his battles riſe above the other in greatneſs, terrour, and importance, to the end of the Poem. If *Diomed* has performed all theſe wonders in the firſt combats, it is but to raiſe *Hector*, at whoſe appearance he begins to fear. If in the next battles *Hector* triumphs not only over *Diomed*, but over *Ajax* and *Patroclus*, ſets fire to the fleet, wins the armour of *Achilles*, and ſingly eclipſes all the Heroes; in the midſt of all his glory, *Achilles* appears, and *Hector* flies, and is ſlain.

The manner in which his Gods are made to act, no leſs advances the gradation we are ſpeaking of. In the firſt battles they are ſeen only in

ſhort and ſeparate excurſions: *Venus* aſſiſts *Paris*; *Minerva*, *Diomed*; or *Mars*, *Hector*. In the next, a clear ſtage is left for *Jupiter*, to diſplay his omnipotence, and turn the fate of armies alone. In the laſt, all the powers of heaven are engaged and banded into regular parties, Gods encountering Gods, *Jove* encouraging them with his thunders, *Neptune* raiſing his tempeſts, heaven flaming, earth trembling, and *Pluto* himſelf ſtarting from the throne of hell.

II. I am now to take notice of ſome cuſtoms of *antiquity* relating to the *arms* and *art military* of thoſe times, which are proper to be known, in order to form a right notion of our author's deſcriptions of war.

That *Homer* copied the manners and cuſtoms of the age he writ of, rather than of that he lived in, has been obſerved in ſome inſtances. As that he no where repreſents *cavalry* or *trumpets* to have been uſed in the *Trojan* wars, though they apparently were in his own time. It is not therefore impoſſible but there may be found in his works ſome deficiencies in the art of war, which are not to be imputed to his ignorance, but to his judgment.

Horſes had not been brought into *Greece* long before the ſiege of *Troy*. They were originally Eaſtern animals, and if we find at that very period ſo great a number of them reckoned up in

the wars of the *Iſraelites*, it is the leſs a wonder, conſidering they came from *Aſia*. The practice of riding them was ſo little known in *Greece* a few years before, that they looked upon the *Centaurs* who firſt uſed it, as monſters compounded of men and horſes. *Neſtor* in the firſt *Iliad* ſays, he had ſeen theſe *Centaurs* in his youth, and *Polypætes* in the ſecond is ſaid to have been born on the day that his father expelled them from *Pelion* to the deſarts of *Æthica*. They had no other uſe of horſes than to draw their chariots in battle; ſo that whenever *Homer* ſpeaks of *fighting from an horſe, taming an horſe*, or the like, it is conſtantly to be underſtood of fighting from a chariot, or taming horſes to that ſervice. This (as we have ſaid) was a piece of decorum in the Poet; for in his own time they were arrived to ſuch a perfection in horſemanſhip, that in the fifteenth *Iliad*, ℣. 822. we have a *ſimile* taken from an extraordinary feat of activity, where one man manages four horſes at once, and leaps from the back of one to another at full ſpeed.

If we conſider in what high eſteem among warriours theſe noble animals muſt have been at their firſt coming into *Greece*, we ſhall the leſs wonder at the frequent occaſions *Homer* has taken to deſcribe and celebrate them. It is not ſo ſtrange to find them ſet almoſt upon a level with men, at the time when an *horſe* in the prizes was of equal value with a *captive*.

The *chariots* were in all probability very low. For we frequently find in the *Iliad*, that a perſon who ſtands erect on a chariot is killed (and ſometimes by a ſtroke on the head) by a foot-ſoldier with a ſword. This may farther appear from the eaſe and readineſs with which they alight or mount on every occaſion; to facilitate which, the chariots were made open behind. That the wheels were but ſmall, may be gueſſed from a cuſtom they had of taking them off and ſetting them on, as they were laid by, or made uſe of. *Hebe* in the fifth book puts on the wheels of *Juno*'s chariot, when ſhe calls for it in haſte: and it ſeems to be with alluſion to the ſame practice that it is ſaid in *Exodus*, ch. xiv. *The Lord took off their chariot-wheels, ſo that they drove them heavily.* The ſides were alſo low; for whoever is killed in his chariot throughout the poem, conſtantly falls to the ground, as having nothing to ſupport him. That the whole machine was very ſmall and light, is evident from a paſſage in the tenth *Iliad*, where *Diomed* debates whether he ſhall draw the chariot of *Rheſus* out of the way, or carry it on his ſhoulders to a place of ſafety. All the particulars agree with the repreſentations of the chariots on the moſt ancient *Greek* coins; where the tops of them reach not ſo high as the backs of the horſes, the wheels are yet lower, and the heroes who ſtand in them are

ſeen from the knee upwards *. This may ſerve to ſhew thoſe Criticks are under a miſtake, who blame *Homer* for making his warriours ſometimes retire behind their chariots, as if it were a piece of cowardice: which was as little diſgraceful then, as it is now to alight from one's horſe in a battle, on any neceſſary emergency.

There were generally two perſons in each Chariot, one of whom was wholly employed in guiding the horſes. They uſed indifferently two, three, or four horſes: from hence it happens, that ſometimes when a horſe is killed, the hero continues the fight with the two or more that remain; and at other times a warriour retreats upon the loſs of one; not that he has leſs courage than the other, but that he has fewer horſes.

Their *ſwords* were all broad cutting ſwords, for we find they never ſtab but with their ſpears. The *ſpears* were uſed two ways, either to puſh with, or to caſt from them, like the miſſive javelins. It ſeems ſurpriſing, that a man ſhould throw a dart or ſpear with ſuch force, as to pierce through both ſides of the armour and the body (as is often deſcribed in *Homer*). For if the ſtrength of the men was gigantick, the armour muſt have been ſtrong in proportion. Some ſolution might be given for this, if we imagined

* *See the collection of* Goltzius, &c.

the armour was generally braſs, and the weapons pointed with iron; and if we could fancy that *Homer* called the ſpears and ſwords *brazen*, in the ſame manner that he calls the reins of a bridle *ivory*, only from the ornaments about them. But there are paſſages where the point of the ſpear is expreſsly ſaid to be of braſs, as in the deſcription of that of *Hector* in *Iliad* vi. *Pauſanias*, *Laconicis*, takes it for granted, that the arms, as well offenſive as defenſive, were braſs. He ſays the ſpear of *Achilles* was kept in his time in the temple of *Minerva*, the top and point of which were of braſs; and the ſword of *Meriones*, in that of *Æſculapius* among the *Nicomedians*, was intirely of the ſame metal. But be it as it will, there are examples even at this day of ſuch a prodigious force in caſting darts, as almoſt exceeds credibility. The *Turks* and *Arabs* will pierce through thick planks with darts of hardened wood; which can only be attributed to their being bred (as the ancients were) to that exerciſe, and to the ſtrength and agility acquired by a conſtant practice of it.

We may aſcribe to the ſame cauſe their power of caſting *ſtones* of a vaſt weight, which appears a common practice in theſe battles. Thoſe are in a great errour, who imagine this to be only a fictitious embelliſhment of the Poet, which was one of the exerciſes of war among the ancient

Greeks and *Orientals*. * St. *Jerome* tells us, it was an old cuſtom in *Palæſtine*, and in uſe in his own time, to have round ſtones of a great weight kept in the caſtles and villages, for the youth to try their ſtrength with. And the cuſtom is yet extant in ſome parts of *Scotland*, where ſtones for the ſame purpoſe are laid at the gates of great houſes, which they call *putting-ſtones*.

Another conſideration which will account for many things that may ſeem uncouth in *Homer*, is the reflection that before the uſe of *fire-arms* there was infinitely more ſcope for the *perſonal valour* than in the modern battles. Now whenſoever the perſonal ſtrength of the combatants happened to be unequal, the declining a ſingle combat could not be ſo diſhonourable as it is in this age, when the arms we make uſe of put all men on a level. For a ſoldier of far inferiour ſtrength may manage a rapier or fire-arms ſo expertly, as to be an overmatch to his adverſary. This may appear a ſufficient excuſe for what in the modern conſtruction might ſeem cowardice in *Homer*'s heroes, when they avoid engaging with others, whoſe bodily ſtrength exceeds their

* Mos eſt in urbibus Palæſtinæ, & uſque hodie per omnem Judæam vetus conſuetudo ſervatur, ut in viculis, oppidis, & caſtellis, rotundi ponantur lapides graviſſimi ponderis, ad quos juvenes exercere ſe ſolent, & eos pro varietate virium ſublevare, alii ad genua, alii ad umbilicum, alii ad humeros, alii ad caput; nonnulli ſuper verticem, rectis junctiſque manibus, magnitudinem virium demonſtrantes, pondus attollunt.

own. The maxims of valour in all times were founded upon reaſon, and the cowardice ought rather in this caſe to be imputed to him who braves his inferiour. There was alſo more *leiſure* in their battles before the knowledge of fire-arms; and this in a good degree accounts for thoſe *harangues* his heroes make to each other in the time of combat.

There was another practice frequently uſed by theſe ancient warriours, which was to ſpoil an enemy of his arms after they had ſlain him; and this cuſtom we ſee them frequently purſuing with ſuch eagerneſs, as if they looked on their victory not complete till this point was gained. Some modern Criticks have accuſed them of avarice on account of this practice, which might probably ariſe from the great value and ſcarceneſs of armour in that early time and infancy of war. It afterwards became a point of honour, like gaining a ſtandard from the enemy. *Moſes* and *David* ſpeak of the pleaſure of obtaining many ſpoils. They preſerved them as monuments of victory, and even religion at laſt became intereſted herein, when thoſe ſpoils were conſecrated in the temples of the tutelar Deities of the conqueror.

The reader may eaſily ſee, I ſet down theſe heads juſt as they occur to my memory, and only as hints to farther obſervations; which any one who is converſant in *Homer* cannot fail

to make, if he will but think a little in the ſame track.

It is no part of my deſign to enquire what progreſs had been made in the *art of war* at this early period: the bare peruſal of the *Iliad* will beſt inform us of it. But what I think tends more immediately to the better comprehenſion of theſe deſcriptions, is to give a ſhort view of the *ſcene* of war, the *ſituation* of *Troy*, and thoſe places which *Homer* mentions, with the proper *field* of each battle: putting together, for this purpoſe, thoſe paſſages in my Author that give any light to this matter.

The ancient city of *Troy* ſtood at a greater diſtance from the ſea, than thoſe ruins which have ſince been ſhewn for it. This may be gathered from *Iliad* v. ϗ. (of the original) 791. where it is ſaid, that the *Trojans* never durſt ſally out of the *walls* of their town, till the retirement of *Achilles*; but afterwards combated the *Grecians* at their very ſhips, *far from the city*. For had *Troy* ſtood (as *Strabo* obſerves) ſo nigh the *ſea-ſhore*, it had been madneſs in the *Greeks* not to have built any fortification before their fleet till the tenth year of the ſiege, when the enemy was ſo near them: and on the other hand, it had been cowardice in the *Trojans* not to have attempted any thing all that time, againſt an army that lay unfortified and unintrenched. Beſides, the intermediate ſpace had been too ſmall

to afford a field for ſo many various adventures and actions of war. The places about *Troy* particularly mentioned by *Homer* lie in this order.

1. The *Scæan gate:* this opened to the field of battle, and was that through which the *Trojans* made their excurſions. Cloſe to this ſtood the *beech-tree*, ſacred to *Jupiter*; which *Homer* generally mentions with it.

2. The *hill* of *wild fig-trees.* It joined to the walls of *Troy* on one ſide, and extended to the highway on the other. The firſt appears from what *Andromache* ſays in *Iliad* vi. ℣. 432. that *the walls were in danger of being ſcaled from this hill*; and the laſt from *Il.* xxii. ℣. 145, *&c.*

3. The *two ſprings* of *Scamander.* Theſe were a little higher on the ſame highway. (*Ibid.*)

4. *Callicolone*, the name of a pleaſant hill, that lay near the river *Simois*, on the other ſide of the town. *Il.* xx. ℣. 53.

5. *Bateia*, or the ſepulchre of *Myrinne*, ſtood a little before the city in the plain. *Il.* ii. ℣. 318. *of the Catalogue.*

6. The *monument* of *Ilus:* near the middle of the plain. *Il.* xi. ℣. 166.

7. The tomb of *Æſyetes*, commanded the proſpect of the fleet, and that part of the ſea-coaſt. *Il.* ii. ℣. 301. of *the Catalogue.*

It ſeems by the 368th verſe of the ſecond *Iliad*, that the *Grecian* army was drawn up under the

ſeveral leaders by the banks of *Scamander*, on that ſide towards the ſhips: in the mean time that of *Troy*, and the auxiliaries, was ranged in order at *Myrinne*'s ſepulchre. *Ibid.* ℣. 320. *of the catal.* The place of the *firſt Battle*, where *Diomed* performs his exploits, was near the joining of *Simois* and *Scamander*; for *Juno* and *Pallas* coming to him, alight at the confluence of thoſe rivers. *Il.* v. ℣. 773. and that the *Greeks* had not yet paſt the ſtream, but fought on that ſide next the fleet, appears from ℣. 791. of the ſame book, where *Juno* ſays *the* Trojans *now brave them at their very ſhips.* But in the beginning of the ſixth book, the place of battle is ſpecified to be between the rivers of *Simois* and *Scamander*; ſo that the *Greeks* (though *Homer* does not particularize when, or in what manner) had then croſſed the ſtream toward *Troy*.

The engagement in the eighth book is evidently cloſe to the *Grecian* fortification on the ſhore. That night *Hector* lay at *Ilus*'s tomb in the field, as *Dolon* tells us *Lib.* x. ℣. 415. And in the eleventh book the battle is chiefly about *Ilus*'s tomb.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, about the fortification of the *Greeks*, and in the fifteenth at the *ſhips*.

In the ſixteenth, the *Trojans* being repulſed by *Patroclus*, they engage between the fleet, the river, and the *Grecian* wall: ſee ℣. 396. *Patroclus*

ſtill advancing, they fight at the Gates of *Troy*, ℣. 700. In the ſeventeenth, the fight about the body of *Patroclus* is under the *Trojan* wall, ℣. 403. His body being carried off, *Hector* and *Æneas* purſue the *Greeks* to the fortification, ℣. 769. And in the eighteenth, upon *Achilles*'s appearing, they retire and encamp without the fortification.

In the twentieth, the fight is ſtill on that ſide next the ſea; for the *Trojans* being purſued by *Achilles*, paſs over the *Scamander* as they run toward *Troy:* ſee the beginning of book xxi. The following battles are either in the river itſelf, or between that and the city, under whoſe walls *Hector* is killed in the twenty-ſecond book, which puts an end to the battles of the *Iliad*.

N. B. *The verſes above are cited according to the number of lines in the* Greek.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Acts of *Diomed*.

DIOMED, *aſſiſted by* Pallas, *performs wonders in this day's battle.* Pandarus *wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddeſs cures him, enables him to diſcern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting* Venus. Æneas *joins* Pandarus *to oppoſe him,* Pandarus *is killed, and* Æneas *in great danger but for the Aſſiſtance of* Venus; *who, as ſhe is removing her ſon from the fight, is wounded on the hand by* Diomed. Apollo *ſeconds her in his reſcue, and at length carries off* Æneas *to* Troy, *where he is healed in the Temple of* Pergamus. Mars *rallies the* Trojans, *and aſſiſts* Hector *to make a ſtand. In the mean time* Æneas *is reſtored to the field, and they overthrow ſeveral of the* Greeks; *among the reſt* Tlepolemus *is ſlain by* Sarpedon. Juno *and* Minerva *deſcend to reſiſt* Mars; *the latter incites* Diomed *to go againſt that God; he wounds him, and ſends him groaning to Heaven.*

The firſt battle continues through this book. The ſcene *is the ſame as in the former.*

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

BUT *Pallas* now *Tydides'* ſoul inſpires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the *Greeks* his deathleſs fame to raiſe,
And crown her Hero with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe.

℣. 1. *But* Pallas, *now*, &c.] As in every juſt hiſtory-picture there is one principal figure, to which all the reſt refer and are ſubſervient; ſo in each battle of the *Iliad* there is one principal perſon, that may properly be called the Hero of that day or action. This conduct preſerves the unity of the piece, and keeps the imagination from being diſtracted and confuſed with a wild number of independent figures, which have no

High on his helm celeſtial lightnings play,
His beamy ſhield emits a living ray;

ſubordination to each other. To make this probable, *Homer* ſuppoſes theſe extraordinary meaſures of courage to be the immediate gift of the Gods; who beſtow them ſometimes upon one, ſometimes upon another, as they think fit to make them the inſtruments of their deſigns; an opinion conformable to true theology. Whoever reflects upon this, will not blame our Author for repreſenting the ſame heroes brave at one time, and diſpirited at another; juſt as the Gods aſſiſt, or abandon them, on different occaſions.

v. 1. Tydides.] That we may enter into the ſpirit and beauty of this book, it will be proper to ſettle the true *character* of *Diomed*, who is the hero of it. *Achilles* is no ſooner retired, but *Homer* raiſes his other *Greeks* to ſupply his abſence; like ſtars that ſhine each in his due revolution, till the principal hero riſes again, and eclipſes all others. As *Diomed* is the firſt in this office, he ſeems to have more of the character of *Achilles* than any beſides. He has naturally an exceſs of boldneſs, and too much fury in his temper; forward and intrepid like the other, and running after Gods or men promiſcuouſly as they offer themſelves. But what difference his character is, that he is ſoon reclaimed by advice, hears thoſe that are more experienced, and in a word, obeys *Minerva* in all things. He is aſſiſted by the patroneſs of wiſdom and arms, as he is eminent both for prudence and valour. That which characteriſes his prudence, is a quick ſagacity and preſence of mind in all emergencies, and an undiſturbed readineſs in the very article of danger. And what is particular in his valour is agreeable to theſe qualities, his actions being always performed with remarkable dexterity, activity, and diſpatch. As the gentle and manageable turn of his mind ſeems drawn with an oppoſition to the boiſterous temper of *Achilles*, ſo his bodily excellencies ſeem deſigned as in contraſt to thoſe of *Ajax*, who appears with great ſtrength, but heavy and unwieldy. As he is forward to act in the field,

Th' unweary'd blaze inceſſant ſtreams ſupplies,
Like the red ſtar that fires th' autumnal ſkies.

ſo he is ready to ſpeak in the council: but 'tis obſervable that his councils ſtill incline to war, and are blaſted rather on the ſide of bravery than caution. Thus he adviſes to reject the propoſals of the *Trojans* in the ſeventh book, and not to accept of *Helen* herſelf, though *Paris* ſhould offer her. In the ninth he oppoſes *Agamemnon*'s propoſition to return to *Greece*, in ſo ſtrong a manner, as to declare he will ſtay and continue the ſiege himſelf if the General ſhould depart. And thus he hears without concern *Achilles*'s refuſal of a reconciliation, and doubts not to be able to carry on the war without him. As for his private character, he appears a gallant lover of hoſpitality in his behaviour to *Glaucus* in the ſixth book; a lover of wiſdom in his aſſiſtance of *Neſtor* in the eighth; and his choice of *Ulyſſes* to accompany him in the tenth; upon the whole, an open ſincere friend, and a generous enemy.

The wonderful actions he performes in this battle, ſeem to be the effect of a noble reſentment at the reproach he had received from *Agamemnon* in the foregoing book, to which theſe deeds are the anſwer. He becomes immediately the ſecond hero of *Greece*, and dreaded equally with *Achilles* by the *Trojans*. At the firſt ſight of him his enemies make a queſtion, whether he is a man or a God. *Æneas* and *Pandarus* go againſt him, whoſe approach terrifies *Sthenelus*, and the apprehenſion of ſo great a warriour marvellouſly exalts the intrepidity of *Diomed*. *Æneas* himſelf is not ſaved but by the interpoſing of a Deity: he purſues and wounds that Deity, and *Æneas* again eſcapes only by the help of a ſtronger power, *Apollo*. He attempts *Apollo* too, retreats not till the God threatens him in his own voice, and even then retreats but a few Steps. When he ſees *Hector* and *Mars* himſelf in open arms againſt him, he had not retired though he was wounded, but in obedience to *Minerva*; and then retires, with his face toward them. But as ſoon as ſhe permits him to engage with that God, he conquers, and ſends him groaning to heaven.

When freſh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And bath'd in Ocean, ſhoots a keener light. 10

What invention and what conduct appears in this whole epiſode? What boldneſs in raiſing a character to ſuch a pitch, and what judgment in raiſing it by ſuch degrees; while the moſt daring flights of poetry are employed to move our admiration, and at the ſame time the juſteſt and cloſeſt allegory, to reconcile thoſe flights to moral truth and probability? It may be farther remarked, that the high degree to which *Homer* elevates this character, enters into the principal deſign of his whole poem; which is to ſhew, that the greateſt perſonal qualities and forces are of no effect, when union is wanting among the chief rulers, and that nothing can avail till they are reconciled ſo as to act in concert.

℣. 5. *High on his helm celeſtial light'nings play.*] This beautiful paſſage gave occaſion to *Zoilus* for an inſipid piece of raillery, who aſked how it happened that the hero eſcaped burning by theſe fires that continually broke from his armour? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that there are ſeveral examples in hiſtory, of fires being ſeen to break forth from human bodies, as preſages of greatneſs and glory. Among the reſt, *Plutarch*, in the life of *Alexander*, deſcribes his helmet much in this manner. This is enough to warrant the fiction, and were there no ſuch example, the ſame author ſays very well, that the imagination of a Poet is not to be confined to ſtrict phyſical truths. But all objections may eaſily be removed, if we conſider it as done by *Minerva*, who had determined this day to raiſe *Diomed* above all the heroes, and cauſed this apparition to render him formidable. The power of a God makes it not only allowable, but highly noble, and greatly imagined by *Homer*; as well as correſpondent to a miracle in holy ſcripture, where *Moſes* is deſcribed with a glory ſhining on his face at his deſcent from mount *Sinai*, a parallel which *Spondanus* has taken notice of.

Virgil was too ſenſible of the beauty of this paſſage, not to imitate it, and it muſt be owned he has ſurpaſſed his original.

Such glories *Pallas* on the chief beſtow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward ſhe drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickeſt rage.
The Sons of *Dares* firſt the combat ſought,
A wealthy prieſt, but rich without a fault;
In *Vulcan*'s fane the father's days were led,
The ſons to toils of glorious battle bred;

" Ardet apex capiti, criſtiſque ac vertice flamma
" Funditur, & vaſtos umbo vomit aureus ignes.
" Non ſecus ac liquidâ ſi quando nocte cometæ
" Sanguinei lugubre rubent: aut Sirius ardor,
" Ille ſitum morboſque ferens mortalibus ægris,
" Naſcitur, & lævo contriſtat lumine cœlum."

Æn. x. ℣. 270.

In *Homer*'s compariſon there is no other circumſtance alluded to but that of remarkable brightneſs: whereas *Virgil*'s compariſon, beſide this, ſeems to foretel the immenſe ſlaughter his hero was to make, by comparing him firſt to a comet, which is vulgarly imagined a prognoſtick, if not the real cauſe, of much miſery to mankind; and again to the dog-ſtar, which appearing with the greateſt brightneſs in the latter end of ſummer, is ſuppoſed the occaſion of all the diſtempers of that ſickly ſeaſon. And methinks the objection of *Macrobius* to this place is not juſt, who thinks the ſimile unſeaſonably applied by *Virgil* to *Æneas*, becauſe he was yet on his ſhip, and had not begun the battle. One may anſwer, that this miraculous appearance could never be more proper than at the firſt ſight of the hero, to ſtrike terror into the enemy, and to prognoſticate his approaching victory.

Theſe ſingled from their troops the fight maintain,
Theſe from their ſteeds, *Tydides* on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near;
And firſt bold *Phegeus* caſt his ſounding ſpear,
Which o'er the warriour's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its erring force.
Not ſo, *Tydides*, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breaſt, and ſtretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unuſual fear, *Idæus* fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.

℣. 27. Idæus *fled, Left the rich chariot.*] It is finely ſaid by M. *Dacier*, that *Homer* appears perhaps greater by the criticiſms that have been paſt upon him, than by the praiſes which have been given him. *Zoilus* had a cavil at this place; he thought it ridiculous in *Idæus* to deſcend from his chariot to fly, which he might have done faſter by the help of his horſes. Three things are ſaid in anſwer to this: Firſt, that *Idæus* knowing the paſſion which *Diomed* had for horſes, might hope the pleaſure of ſeizing theſe would retard him from purſuing him. Next, that *Homer* might deſign to repreſent in this action of *Idæus* the common effect of fear, which diſturbs the underſtanding to ſuch a degree, as to make men abandon the ſureſt means to ſave themſelves. And then, that *Idæus* might have ſome advantage of *Diomed* in ſwiftneſs, which he had reaſon to confide in. But I fancy one may add another ſolution, which will better account for this paſſage. *Homer's* word is ἔστη, which I believe would be better tranſlated *non perſeveravit*, than *non ſuſtinuit defendere fratrem interfectum*:

And had not *Vulcan* lent celeſtial aid,
He too had ſunk to death's eternal ſhade;
But in a ſmoky cloud the God of fire
Preſerv'd the ſon, in pity to the ſire.
The ſteeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Encreas'd the ſpoils of gallant *Diomed*.
Struck with amaze, and ſhame, the *Trojan* crew
Or ſlain, or fled, the ſons of *Dares* view;
When by the blood-ſtain'd hand *Minerva* preſt
The God of battles, and this ſpeech addreſt.
Stern pow'r of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and ſhake the lofty wall!

and then the ſenſe will be clear, that *Idæus* made an effort to ſave his brother's body, which proving impracticable, he was obliged to fly with the utmoſt precipitation. One may add, that his alighting from his chariot was not that he could run faſter on foot, but that he could ſooner eſcape by mixing with the croud of common ſoldiers. There is a particular exactly of the ſame nature in the book of *Judges*, ch. iv. ℣. 15. where *Siſera* alights to fly in the ſame manner.

℣. 40. *Who bathe in blood.*] It may ſeem ſomething unnatural, that *Pallas*, at a time when ſhe is endeavouring to work upon *Mars* under the appearance of benevolence and kindneſs, ſhould make uſe of terms which ſeem ſo full of bitter reproaches; but theſe will appear very properly applied to this warlike Deity. For perſons of this martial character, who ſcorning equity and reaſon, carry all things by force, are

Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty *Jove* decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heav'n's avenging Sire.

Her words allay th' impetuous warriour's heat,
The God of arms and martial Maid retreat;
Remov'd from fight, on *Xanthus'* flow'ry bounds
They ſat, and liſten'd to the dying ſounds.

Meantime, the *Greeks* the *Trojan* race purſue,
And ſome bold chieftain ev'ry leader ſlew:

better pleaſed to be celebrated for their power than their virtue. Statues are raiſed to the conquerors, that is, the deſtroyers of nations, who are complimented for excelling in the arts of ruin. *Demetrius* the ſon of *Antigonus* was celebrated by his flatterers with the title of *Poliorcetes*, a term equivalent to one here made uſe of.

ỳ. 46. *The God of arms and martial Maid retreat.*] The retreat of *Mars* from the *Trojans* intimates that courage forſook them: it may be ſaid then, that *Minerva*'s abſence from the *Greeks* will ſignify that wiſdom deſerted them alſo. It is true ſhe does deſert them, but it is at a time when there was more occaſion for gallant actions than for wiſe counſels. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 49. *The* Greeks *the* Trojan *race purſue.*] *Homer* always appears very zealous for the honour of *Greece*, which alone might be a proof of his being of that country, againſt the opinion of thoſe who would have him of other nations.

It is obſervable through the whole Iliad, that he endeavours every where to repreſent the *Greeks* as ſuperiour to the *Trojans* in valour and the art of war. In the beginning of the

Firſt *Odius* falls, and bites the bloody ſand,
His death ennobled by *Atrides'* hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car addreſt,
The ſpeedy javelin drove from back to breaſt.
In duſt the mighty *Halizonian* lay,
His arms reſound, the ſpirit wings its way.

third book he deſcribes the *Trojans* ruſhing on to the battle in a barbarous and confuſed manner, with loud ſhouts and cries, while the *Greeks* advance in the moſt profound ſilence and exact order. And in the latter part of the fourth book, where the two armies march to the engagement, the *Greeks* are animated by *Pallas*, while *Mars* inſtigates the *Trojans*; the Poet attributing by this plain allegory to the former a well-conducted valour, to the latter raſh ſtrength and brutal force: ſo that the abilities of each nation are diſtinguiſhed by the characters of the Deities who aſſiſt them. But in this place, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, the Poet being willing to ſhew how much the *Greeks* excelled their enemies, when they engaged only with their proper force, and when each ſide was alike deſtitute of divine aſſiſtance, takes occaſion to remove the Gods out of the battle, and then each *Grecian* chief gives ſignal inſtances of valour ſuperiour to the *Trojans*.

A modern Critick obſerves, that this conſtant ſuperiority of the *Greeks* in the art of war, valour, and number, is contradictory to the main deſign of the poem, which is to make the return of *Achilles* appear neceſſary for the preſervation of the *Greeks*; but this contradiction vaniſhes, when we reflect, that the affront given *Achilles* was the occaſion of *Jupiter's* interpoſing in favour of the *Trojans*. Wherefore the anger of *Achilles* was not pernicious to the *Greeks* purely becauſe it kept him inactive, but becauſe it occaſioned *Jupiter* to afflict them in ſuch a manner, as made it neceſſary to appeaſe *Achilles*, in order to render *Jupiter* propitious.

Thy fate was next, O *Phæſtus!* doom'd to feel
The great *Idomeneus'* portended ſteel;
Whom *Borus* ſent (his ſon and only joy)
From fruitful *Tarne* to the fields of *Troy*.
The *Cretan* jav'lin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his ſhoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlaſting ſhades his eyes ſurround.
Then dy'd *Scamandrius*, expert in the chace,
In woods and wilds to wound the ſavage race;
Diana taught him all her ſilvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here *Diana's* arts he tries,
The fatal lance arreſts him as he flies;
From *Menelaüs'* arm the weapon ſent,
Thro' his broad back and heaving boſom went:

℣. 63. *Back from the car he tumbles.*] It is in poetry as in painting, the poſtures and attitudes of each figure ought to be different: *Homer* takes care not to draw two perſons in the ſame poſture; one is tumbled from his chariot, another is ſlain as he aſcends it, a third as he endeavours to eſcape on foot, a conduct which is every where obſerved by the Poet, *Euſtathius*.

Down ſinks the warriour with a thund'ring ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Next artful *Phereclus* untimely fell;
Bold *Merion* ſent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's ſkill, O *Phereclus*, was thine,
The graceful fabrick and the fair deſign;
For lov'd by *Pallas*, *Pallas* did impart
To him the ſhipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of *Paris* roſe,
The fatal cauſe of all his country's woes;
But he, the myſtick will of heav'n unknown,
Nor ſaw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapleſs artiſt, while confus'd he fled,
The ſpear of *Merion* mingled with the dead.

℣. 75. *Next artful* Phereclus.] This character of *Phereclus* is finely imagined, and preſents a noble moral in an uncommon manner. There ran a report, that the *Trojans* had formerly received an oracle, commanding them to follow huſbandry, and not apply themſelves to navigation. *Homer* from hence takes occaſion to feign, that the ſhipwright, who preſumed to build the fleet of *Paris* when he took his fatal voyage to *Greece*, was overtaken by the divine vengeance ſo long after as in this battle. One may take notice too in this, as in many other places, of the remarkable diſpoſition *Homer* ſhews to *Mechanicks*; he never omits an opportunity either of deſcribing a piece of workmanſhip, or of celebrating an artiſt.

Thro' his right hip with forceful fury caſt,
Between the bladder and the bone it paſt:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitleſs cries,
And death in laſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
From *Meges'* force the ſwift *Pedæus* fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whoſe gen'rous ſpouſe, *Theano*, heav'nly fair,
Nurs'd the young ſtranger with a mother's care.

℣. 93. *Whoſe gen'rous ſpouſe*, Theano.] *Homer* in this remarkable paſſage commends the fair *Theano* for breeding up a baſtard of her huſband's with the ſame tenderneſs as her own Children. This lady was a woman of the firſt quality, and (as it appears in the ſixth *Iliad*) the high Prieſteſs of *Minerva*: ſo that one cannot imagine the education of this child was impoſed upon her by the authority or power of *Antenor*; *Homer* himſelf takes care to remove any ſuch derogatory notion, by particularizing the motive of this unuſual piece of humanity to have been to pleaſe her huſband, χαριζομένη πόσει ᾧ. Nor ought we to leſſen this commendation by thinking the wives of thoſe times in general were more complaiſant than thoſe of our own. The ſtories of *Phœnix*, *Clytæmneſtra*, *Medea*, and many others, are plain inſtances how highly the keeping of miſtreſſes was reſented by the married ladies. But there was a difference between the *Greeks* and *Aſiaticks* as to their notions of marriage: for it is certain the latter allowed plurality of wives; *Priam* had many lawful ones, and ſome of them Princeſſes who brought great dowries. *Theano* was an *Aſiatick*, and that is the moſt we can grant; for the ſon ſhe nurſed ſo carefully was apparently not by a wife, but by a miſtreſs; and her paſſions were naturally the ſame with thoſe of the *Grecian* women. As to the degree of regard then ſhewn

How vain thoſe cares! when *Meges* in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal ſpear;
Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd *Hypſenor*, gen'rous and divine,
Sprung from the brave *Dolopion*'s mighty line,

to the baſtards, they were carefully enough educated, though not (like this of *Antenor*) as the lawful iſſue, nor admitted to an equal ſhare of inheritance. *Megapenthes* and *Nicoſtratus* were excluded from the inheritance of *Sparta*, becauſe they were born of bond-women, as *Pauſanias* ſays. But *Neoptolemus*, a natural ſon of *Achilles* by *Deïdamia*, ſucceeded in his father's kingdom, perhaps with reſpect to his mother's quality, who was a Princeſs. Upon the whole, however that matter ſtood, *Homer* was very favourable to baſtards, and has paid them more compliments than one in his works. If I am not miſtaken, *Ulyſſes* reckons himſelf one in the *Odyſſeys*. *Agamemnon* in the eighth *Iliad* plainly accounts it no diſgrace, when charmed with the noble exploits of young *Teucer*, and praiſing him in the rapture of his heart, he juſt then takes occaſion to mention his illegitimacy as a kind of panegyrick upon him. The reader may conſult the paſſage, ℣. 284 of the original, and ℣. 337 of the tranſlation. From all this I ſhould not be averſe to believe, that *Homer* himſelf was a baſtard, as *Virgil* was, of which I think this obſervation a better proof, than what is ſaid for it in the common lives of him.

℣. 99. — — — Hypſenor, *gen'rous and divine,*
Sprung from the brave Dolopion's *mighty line,*
Who near ador'd Scamander *made abode;*
Prieſt of the ſtream, and honour'd as a God.]

From the number of circumſtances put together here, and in many other paſſages, of the parentage, place of abode, pro-

Who near ador'd *Scamander* made abode,
Prieſt of the ſtream, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidſt the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad ſhoulders fell the forceful brand,
Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which ſtain'd with ſacred blood the blushing ſand.
Down ſunk the Prieſt: the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate ſuppreſs'd his breath.
Thus toil'd the chiefs, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
In ev'ry quarter fierce *Tydides* rag'd,
Amid the *Greek*, amid the *Trojan* train,
Rapt thro' the ranks he thunders o'er the plain;

feſſion, and quality of the perſons our Author mentions; I think it is plain he compoſed his poem from ſome records or traditions of the actions of the times preceding, and complied with the truth of hiſtory. Otherwiſe theſe particular deſcriptions of genealogies and other minute circumſtances would have been an affectation extremely needleſs and unreaſonable. This conſideration will account for ſeveral things that ſeem odd or tedious, not to add that one may naturally believe he took theſe occaſions of paying a compliment to many great men and families of his patrons, both in *Greece* and *Aſia*.

℣. 108. *Down ſunk the prieſt.*] *Homer* makes him die upon the cutting off his arm, which is an inſtance of his ſkill; for the great flux of blood that muſt follow ſuch a wound, would be the immediate cauſe of death.

Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents ſwift and ſtrong
Deluge whole fields, and ſweep the trees along,
Thro' ruin'd moles the ruſhing wave reſounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and burſts the lofty bounds;
The yellow harveſts of the ripen'd year,
And flatted vineyards, one ſad waſte appear!

℣. 116. *Thus from high hills the torrents ſwift and ſtrong.*] This whole paſſage (ſays *Euſtathius*) is extremely beautiful. It deſcribes the hero carried by an enthuſiaſtick valour into the midſt of his enemies, and ſo mingled with their ranks as if himſelf were a *Trojan*. And the ſimile wonderfully illuſtrates this fury, proceeding from an uncommon infuſion of courage from heaven, in reſembling it not to a conſtant river, but a torrent riſing from an extraordinary burſt of rain. This ſimile is one of thoſe that draws along with it ſome foreign circumſtances: we muſt not expect from *Homer* thoſe minute reſemblances in every branch of a compariſon, which are the pride of modern ſimiles. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeneſs, be preſerv'd; he affects, as to the reſt, rather to preſent the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. He is ſure to make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under parts; like thoſe free Painters who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very inſignificant ſtrokes, that give form and ſpirit to all the piece. For the preſent compariſon, *Virgil* in the ſecond *Æneid* has inſerted an imitation of it, which I cannot think equal to this, though *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil*'s to all our author's ſimilitudes from rivers put together.

While *Jove* deſcends in fluicy ſheets of rain,
And all the labours of Mankind are vain.
So rag'd *Tydides*, boundleſs in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all *Troy* retire.
With grief the * leader of the *Lycian* band
Saw the wide waſte of his deſtructive hand:
His bended bow againſt the chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirſty arrow flew,
Whoſe forky point the hollow breaſt-plate tore,
Deep in his ſhoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:
The ruſhing ſtream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.
Hither ye *Trojans*, hither drive your ſteeds!
Lo! by our hand the braveſt *Grecian* bleeds.

" Non ſic aggeribus ruptis cùm ſpumeus amnis
" Exiit, oppoſitaſque evicit gurgite moles,
" Fertur in arva furens cumulo, campoſque per omnes
" Cum ſtabulis armenta trahit" ———

Not with ſo fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid courſe withſtood;
Bears down the dams with unreſiſted ſway,
And ſweeps the cattle and the cots away. *Dryden.*

* *Pandarus.*

Not long the deathful dart he can ſuſtain;
Or *Phœbus* urg'd me to theſe fields in vain.
So ſpoke he, boaſtful; but the winged dart
Stopt ſhort of life, and mock'd the ſhooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of *Sthenelus* requir'd;
Swift from his ſeat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the guſhing wound;
When thus the King his guardian pow'r addreſt,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his veſt.
O progeny of *Jove!* unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my Godlike Sire deſerv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
Now, Goddeſs, now, thy ſacred ſuccour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the *Trojan* Knight,
Whoſe arrow wounds the chief thou guard'ſt in fight;

℣. 139. *The dart ſtopt ſhort of life.*] *Homer* ſays it did not kill him, and I am at a loſs why M. *Dacier* tranſlates it, *The wound was ſlight*; when juſt after the arrow is ſaid to have pierced *quite through*, and ſhe herſelf there turns it, *Perçoit l'eſpaule d'outre en outre.* Had it been ſo ſlight, he would not have needed the immediate aſſiſtance of *Minerva* to reſtore his uſual vigour, and enable him to continue the fight.

And lay the boaſter grov'ling on the ſhore,
That vaunts theſe eyes ſhall view the light no more.
Thus pray'd *Tydides*, and *Minerva* heard;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid ſpirits chear'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating boſom claim'd the promis'd fight.
Be bold (ſhe cry'd) in ev'ry combat ſhine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Ruſh to the fight, and ev'ry foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy ſoul:
Strength ſwells thy boiling breaſt, infus'd by me,
And all thy Godlike father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal miſts I purge thy eyes,
And ſet to view the warring Deities.

℣. 164. *From mortal miſts I purge thy eyes.*] This fiction of *Homer* (ſays M. *Dacier*) is founded upon an important truth of religion, not unknown to the Pagans, that God only can open the eyes of men, and enable them to ſee what they cannot diſcover by their own capacity. There are frequent examples of this in the Old Teſtament. God opens the eyes of *Hagar* that ſhe might ſee the fountain, in *Geneſ.* xxi. ℣. 19. So *Numbers* xxii. ℣. 31. *The Lord opened the eyes of* Balaam, *and he ſaw the Angel of the Lord ſtanding in his way, and his ſword drawn in his hand.* A paſſage much reſembling this of our author. *Venus* in *Virgil*'s ſecond *Æneid* performs the ſame office to *Æneas*, and ſhews him the Gods who were engaged in the deſtruction of *Troy*,

Theſe ſee thou ſhun, thro' all th' embattled plain,
Nor raſhly ſtrive where human force is vain.
If *Venus* mingle in the martial band,
Her ſhalt thou wound: ſo *Pallas* gives command.
With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The Hero ruſh'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidſt the field a brindled lion falls;

" Aſpice; namque omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
" Mortales hebetat viſus tibi, & humida circum
" Caligat, nubem eripiam ——
" Apparent diræ facies inimicaque Trojæ
" Numina magna Deûm." ——

Milton ſeems likewiſe to have imitated this, where he makes *Michael* open *Adam*'s eyes to ſee the future revolutions of the world, and fortunes of his poſterity, *book* xi.

— — He purg'd with euphraſie and rue
The viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee,
And from the well of life three drops diſtill'd.

This diſtinguiſhing ſight of *Diomed* was given him only for the preſent occaſion and ſervice, in which he was employed by *Pallas*. For we find in the ſixth book that upon meeting *Glaucus*, he is ignorant whether that Hero be a Man or a God.

If chance ſome ſhepherd with a diſtant dart
The ſavage wound, he rouſes at the ſmart,
He foams, he roars; the ſhepherd dares not ſtay,
But trembling leaves the ſcatt'ring flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with leſs fury ſtern *Tydides* flew;
And two brave leaders at an inſtant ſlew:
Aſtynous breathleſs fell, and by his ſide
His people's paſtor, good *Hypenor*, dy'd;
Aſtynous' breaſt the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's ſhoulder his broad falchion cleaves.
Thoſe ſlain he left; and ſprung with noble rage
Abas and *Polyidus* to engage;
Sons of *Eurydamas*, who wiſe and old,
Could fates foreſee, and myſtick dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the ſad father try'd his arts in vain;

No myſtick dream could make their fates appear,
Tho' now determin'd by *Tydides'* ſpear.
Young *Xanthus* next, and *Thoön* felt his rage;
The joy and hope of *Phænops'* feeble age;
Vaſt was his wealth, and theſe the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:

ỳ. 194. *No myſtick dream.*] This line in the original, Τοῖς οὐκ ἐρχομένοις ὁ γέρων ἐκρίνατ' ὀνείρους, contains as puzzling a paſſage for the conſtruction as I have met with in *Homer*. Moſt interpreters join the negative particle οὐκ with the verb ἐκρίνατο, which may receive theſe three different meanings: that *Eurydamas* had not interpreted the dreams of his children when they went to the wars, or that he had foretold them by their dreams they ſhould never return from the wars, or that he ſhould now no more have the ſatisfaction to interpret their dreams at their return. After all, this conſtruction ſeems forced, and no way agreeable to the general idiom of the *Greek* language, or to *Homer*'s ſimple diction in particular. If we join οὐκ with ἐρχομένοις, I think the moſt obvious ſenſe will be this; *Diomed* attacks the two ſons of *Eurydamas* an old interpreter of dreams; his children not returning, the Prophet ſought by his dreams to know their fate; however they fall by the hands of *Diomed*. This interpretation ſeems natural and poetical, and tends to move compaſſion, which is almoſt conſtantly the deſign of the Poet, in his frequent ſhort digreſſions concerning the circumſtances and relations of dying perſons.

To ſtrangers now deſcends his heapy ſtore,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.
Two ſons of *Priam* in one Chariot ride,
Glitt'ring in arms, and combat ſide by ſide.
As when the lordly lion ſeeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidſt them with a furious bound,
Bends their ſtrong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their ſeats the brother-chiefs are torn,
Their ſteeds and chariot to the navy borne.
With deep concern divine *Æneas* view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends purſu'd,

℣. 202. *To ſtrangers now deſcends his wealthy ſtore.*] This is a circumſtance, than which nothing could be imagined more tragical, conſidering the character of the father. *Homer* ſays the truſtees of the remote collateral relations ſeized the eſtate before his eyes (according to a cuſtom of thoſe times) which to a covetous old man muſt be the greateſt of miſeries.

℣. 212. *Divine* Æneas.] It is here *Æneas* begins to act; and if we take a view of the whole Epiſode of this Hero in *Homer*, where he makes but an under-part, it will appear that *Virgil* has kept him perfectly in the ſame character in his Poem, where he ſhines as the firſt Hero. His piety and his valour, though not drawn at ſo full a length, are marked no leſs in the original than in the copy. It is the manner of *Homer* to expreſs very ſtrongly the character of each of his perſons in the firſt ſpeech he is made to utter in the Poem. In this of

Thro' the thick ſtorm of ſinging ſpears he flies,
Exploring *Pandarus* with careful eyes.

Æneas, there is a great air of *piety* in thoſe ſtrokes, *Is he ſome God who puniſhes* Troy *for having neglected his ſacrifices?* And then that ſentence, *The anger of heaven is terrible.* When he is in danger afterwards, he is ſaved by the heavenly aſſiſtance of two Deities at once, and his wounds cured in the holy temple of *Pergamus* by *Latona* and *Diana*. As to his valour, he is ſecond only to *Hector*, and in perſonal bravery as great in the *Greek* author as in the *Roman*. He is made to exert himſelf on emergencies of the firſt importance and hazard, rather than on common occaſions: he checks *Diomed* here in the midſt of his fury; in the thirteenth book defends his friend *Deiphobus* before it was his turn to fight, being placed in one of the hindmoſt ranks (which *Homer*, to take off all objections to his valour, tells us happened becauſe *Priam* had an animoſity to him, though he was one of the braveſt of the army). He is one of thoſe who reſcue *Hector* when he is overthrown by *Ajax* in the fourteenth book. And what alone were ſufficient to eſtabliſh him a firſt-rate Hero, he is the firſt that dares reſiſt *Achilles* himſelf at his return to the fight in all his rage for the loſs of *Patroclus*. He indeed avoids encountering two at once in the preſent book; and ſhews upon the whole a ſedate and deliberate courage, which if not ſo glaring as that of ſome others, is yet more juſt. It is worth conſidering how thoroughly *Virgil* penetrated into all this, and ſaw into the very idea of *Homer*; ſo as to extend and call forth the whole figure in its full dimenſions and colours, from the ſlighteſt hints and ſketches which were but caſually touched by *Homer*, and even in ſome points too, where they were rather left to be underſtood, than expreſſed. And this, by the way, ought to be conſidered by thoſe criticks who object to *Virgil*'s Hero the want of that ſort of courage which ſtrikes us ſo much in *Homer*'s *Achilles*. *Æneas* was not the creature of *Virgil*'s imagination, but one whom the world was already acquainted with, and expected to ſee continued in the ſame

At length he found *Lycaon*'s mighty ſon;
To whom the chief of *Venus*' race begun.
Where, *Pandarus*, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchleſs ſkill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,
And boaſted glory of the *Lycian* name?
Oh pierce that mortal! if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or God incens'd, who quits the diſtant ſkies
To puniſh *Troy* for ſlighted ſacrifice;
(Which oh avert from our unhappy ſtate!
For what ſo dreadful as celeſtial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate *Jove* with pray'r;
If man, deſtroy; if God, intreat to ſpare.
To him the *Lycian*. Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is *Diomed* the bold:
Such courſers whirl him o'er the duſty field,
So tow'rs his helmet, and ſo flames his ſhield.

character; and one perhaps was choſen for the Hero of the *Latin* Poem, not only as he was the founder of the *Roman* empire, but as this more calm and regular character better agreed with the temper and genius of the Poet himſelf.

If 'tis a God, he wears that Chief's diſguiſe;
Or if that Chief, ſome guardian of the ſkies
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unſeen the fruſtrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The ſtroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell;
And, but ſome God, ſome angry God withſtands,
His fate was due to theſe unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I ſought the war,
Nor join'd ſwift horſes to the rapid car.
Ten poliſh'd chariots I poſſeſs'd at home,
And ſtill they grace *Lycaon*'s princely dome:

℣. 242. *Skill'd in the bow*, &c.] We ſee through this whole diſcourſe of *Pandarus* the character of a vain-glorious paſſionate Prince, who being ſkilled in the uſe of the bow, was highly valued by himſelf and others for this excellence; but having been ſucceſsleſs in two different trials of his ſkill, he is raiſed into an outragious paſſion, which vents itſelf in vain threats on his guiltleſs bow. *Euſtathius* on this paſſage relates a ſtory of a *Paphlagonian* famous like him for his archery, who having miſſed his aim at repeated trials, was ſo tranſported by rage, that breaking his bow and arrows, he executed a more fatal vengeance by hanging himſelf.

℣. 244. *Ten poliſh'd chariots.*] Among the many pictures *Homer* gives us of the ſimplicity of the heroick age, he mingles from time to time ſome hints of an extraordinary magnificence. We have here a Prince who has all theſe chariots for pleaſure at one time, with their particular ſets of horſes to each, and

There veil'd in ſpacious coverlets they ſtand;
And twice ten courſers wait their Lord's command.
The good old warriour bade me truſt to theſe,
When firſt for *Troy* I ſail'd the ſacred ſeas;
In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide,
And thro' the ranks of death triumphant ride.
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his counſels with unheedful mind,
And thought the ſteeds (your large ſupplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the ſtraiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.
Too late, O friend! my raſhneſs I deplore;
Theſe ſhafts, once fatal, carry death no more.

the moſt ſumptuous coverings in their ſtables. But we muſt remember that he ſpeaks of an *Aſiatick* Prince, thoſe *Barbarians* living in great luxury. *Dacier.*

ϒ. 252. *Yet to thrift inclin'd.*] It is *Euſtathius*'s remark, that *Pandarus* did this out of avarice, to ſave the expence of his horſes. I like this conjecture, becauſe nothing ſeems more judicious, than to give a man of a perfidious character a ſtrong tincture of avarice.

Tydeus' and *Atreus'* ſons their points have found,
And undiſſembled gore purſu'd the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to ſlaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour theſe bended horns I ſtrung,
And ſeiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the fate that ſent me to the field,
Without a warriour's arms, the ſpear and ſhield!
If e'er with life I quit the *Trojan* plain,
If e'er I ſee my Spouſe and Sire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, ſhall feed the blazing flames.
To whom the Leader of the *Dardan* race:
Be calm, nor *Phœbus'* honour'd gift diſgrace.

℣. 261. *And undiſſembled gore purſu'd the wound.*] The *Greek* is ἀτρεκὲς αἷμα. He ſays he is ſure it was real blood that followed his arrow; becauſe it was anciently a cuſtom, particularly among the *Spartans*, to have ornaments and figures of a purple colour on their breaſt-plates, that the blood they loſt might not be ſeen by the ſoldiers, and tend to their diſcouragement. *Plutarch* in his *Inſtit. Lacon.* takes notice of this point of antiquity, and I wonder it eſcaped Madam *Dacier* in her tranſlation.

℣. 273. *Nor* Phœbus' *honour'd gift diſgrace.*] For *Homer* tells us in the ſecond book, ℣. 334. of the catalogue, that the bow and ſhafts of *Pandarus* were given him by *Apollo*.

The diſtant dart be prais'd, tho' here we need
The ruſhing chariot, and the bounding ſteed.
Againſt yon' Hero let us bend our courſe,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my ſeat, and from the chariot's height
Obſerve my father's ſteeds, renown'd in fight;
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the ſhock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with theſe, thro' fighting fields we go;
Or ſafe to *Troy*, if *Jove* aſſiſt the foe.
Haſte, ſeize the whip, and ſnatch the guiding rein:
The warriour's fury let this arm ſuſtain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the ſpear, the chariot's care be mine.
O Prince! (*Lycaon*'s valiant ſon reply'd)
As thine the ſteeds, be thine the taſk to guide.

ỳ. 284. *Haſte, ſeize the whip*, &c.] *Homer* means not here, that one of the Heroes ſhould alight or deſcend from the chariot, but only that he ſhould quit the reins to the management of the other, and ſtand on foot upon the chariot to fight from thence. As one might uſe the expreſſion, *to deſcend from the ſhip*, to ſignify to quit the helm or oar, in order to take up arms. This is the note of *Euſtathius*, by which it appears that moſt of the tranſlators are miſtaken in the ſenſe of this paſſage, and among the reſt Mr. *Hobbes*.

The horſes practis'd to their Lord's command,
Shall bear the rein, and anſwer to thy hand.
But if unhappy, we deſert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Elſe ſhall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And theſe, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with ſpear and ſhield
Myſelf will charge this terrour of the field.

And now both Heroes mount the glitt'ring car;
The bounding courſers ruſh amidſt the war.
Their fierce approach bold *Sthenelus* eſpy'd,
Who thus, alarm'd, to great *Tydides* cry'd.

O Friend! two chiefs of force immenſe I ſee,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of old *Lycaon*'s line,
And great *Æneas*, ſprung from race divine!
Enough is giv'n to fame. Aſcend thy car;
And ſave a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the Hero caſt a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with ſcorn; and thus he ſpoke.

Me doſt thou bid to ſhun the coming fight?
Me would'ſt thou move to baſe, inglorious flight?

Know, 'tis not honeſt in my ſoul to fear,
Nor was *Tydides* born to tremble here.
I hate the cumbrous chariots ſlow advance,
And the long diſtance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are ſtrong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my Sire.
Nor ſhall yon' ſteeds that fierce to fight convey
Thoſe threat'ning heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at leaſt beneath this arm ſhall die;
So *Pallas* tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if ſhe dooms, and if no God withſtand,
That both ſhall fall by one victorious hand;
Then heed my words: my horſes here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the ſtraiten'd rein;

℣. 320. *One chief at leaſt beneath this arm ſhall die.*] It is the manner of our author to make his perſons have ſome intimation from within, either of proſperous or adverſe fortune, before it happens to them. In the preſent inſtance, we have ſeen *Æneas*, aſtoniſhed at the great exploits of *Diomed*, propoſing to himſelf the means of his eſcape by the ſwiftneſs of his horſes, before he advances to encounter him. On the other hand, *Diomed* is ſo filled with aſſurance, that he gives orders here to *Sthenelus* to ſeize thoſe horſes, before they come up to him. The oppoſition of theſe two (as Madam *Dacier* has remarked) is very obſervable.

Swift to *Æneas'* empty ſeat proceed,
And ſeize the courſers of ætherial breed:
The race of thoſe, which once the thund'ring God
For raviſh'd *Ganymede* on *Tros* beſtow'd,
The beſt that e'er on earth's broad ſurface run,
Beneath the riſing or the ſetting ſun.
Hence great *Anchiſes* ſtole a breed, unknown
By mortal *Mares*, from fierce *Laomedon*:
Four of this race his ample ſtalls contain,
And two tranſport *Æneas* o'er the plain.

℣. 327. *The courſers of ætherial breed.*] We have already obſerved the great delight *Homer* takes in horſes, as well as heroes, of celeſtial race: and if he has been thought too fond of the genealogies of ſome of his warriours, in relating them even in a battle; we find him here as willing to trace that of his horſes in the ſame circumſtance. Theſe were of that breed which *Jupiter* beſtowed upon *Trot*, and far ſuperiour to the common ſtrain of *Trojan* horſes. So that (according to *Euſtathius*'s opinion) the tranſlators are miſtaken who turn Τρώϊοι ἵπποι, *the Trojan horſes*, in ℣. 222. of the original, where *Æneas* extols their qualities to *Pandarus*. The ſame author takes notice, that frauds in the caſe of horſes have been thought excuſable in all times, and commends *Anchiſes* for this piece of theft. *Virgil* was ſo well pleaſed with it, as to imitate this paſſage in the ſeventh *Æneid*.

"Abſenti Æneæ currum, geminoſque jugales
"Semine ab æthereo, ſpirantes naribus ignem,
"Illorum de gente, patri quos dædala Circe,
"Suppoſitâ de matre nothos furata creavit."

Theſe, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Thro' the wide world ſhould make our glory known.
Thus while they ſpoke, the foe came furious on,
And ſtern *Lycaon*'s warlike race begun.
Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain aſſail'd,
The ſpear may enter where the arrow fail'd.
He ſaid, then ſhook the pond'rous lance, and flung;
On his broad ſhield the ſounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuiraſs hung.
He bleeds! the pride of *Greece!* (the boaſter cries)
Our triumph now, the mighty warriour lies!
Miſtaken vaunter! *Diomed* reply'd;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my ſpear be try'd:
Ye 'ſcape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hoſtile blood ſhall glut the God of War.
He ſpoke, and riſing hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which driv'n by *Pallas*, pierc'd a vital part;

Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The noſe and eye-ball the proud *Lycian* fixt;
Craſh'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
'Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms reſound;
The ſtarting courſers tremble with affright;
The ſoul indignant ſeeks the realms of night.

To guard his ſlaughter'd friend, *Æneas* flies,
His ſpear extending where the carcaſe lies;

℣. 353. *Full in his face it enter'd.*] It has been aſked, how *Diomed* being on foot, could naturally be ſuppoſed to give ſuch a wound as is deſcribed here. Were it never ſo improbable, the expreſs mention that *Minerva* conducted the javelin to that part, would render this paſſage unexceptionable. But without having recourſe to a miracle, ſuch a wound might be received by *Pandarus*, either if he ſtooped, or if his enemy took the advantage of a riſing ground, by which means he might not impoſſibly ſtand higher, though the other were in a chariot. This is the ſolution given by the ancient *Scholia*, which is confirmed by the lowneſs of the chariots, obſerved in the *Eſſay on* Homer's *battles*.

℣. 361. *To guard his ſlaughter'd friend,* Æneas *flies.*] This protecting of the dead body was not only an office of piety agreeable to the character of *Æneas* in particular, but looked upon as a matter of great importance in thoſe times. It was believed that the very ſoul of the deceaſed ſuffered by the body's remaining deſtitute of the rites of ſepulture, as not being elſe admitted to paſs the waters of *Styx*. See what *Patroclus*'s ghoſt ſays to *Achilles* in the twenty-third *Iliad*.

Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,
As the grim lion ſtalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample ſhield diſplay'd,
He hides the Hero with his mighty ſhade,
And threats aloud: the *Greeks* with longing eyes
Behold at diſtance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce *Tydides* ſtoops; and from the fields
Heav'd with vaſt force, a rocky fragment wields.
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degen'rate days.

" Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops, inhumataque turba eſt;
" Portitor ille, Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, ſepulti.
" Nec ripas datur horrendas & rauca fluenta
" Tranſportare prius, quam ſedibus oſſa quierunt.
" Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc litora circum."
Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Whoever conſiders this, will not be ſurpriſed at thoſe long and obſtinate combats for the bodies of the Heroes, ſo frequent in the *Iliad*. *Homer* thought it of ſuch weight, that he has put this circumſtance of want of burial into the *propoſition* at the beginning of his Poem, as one of the chief misfortunes that befel the *Greeks*.

℣. 371. *Not two ſtrong men.*] This opinion of a degeneracy of human ſize and ſtrength in the proceſs of ages, has been very general. *Lucretius*, *lib.* ii.

He ſwung it round; and gath'ring ſtrength to throw,
Diſcharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inſerted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged ſtone,
And ſtripp'd the ſkin, and crack'd the ſolid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and ſtagg'ring with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm ſuſtains;

" Jamque adeo fracta eſt ætas, effœtaque tellus
" Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit
" Sæcla, deditque ferarum ingentia corpora partu."

The active life and temperance of the firſt men, before their native powers were prejudiced by luxury, may be ſuppoſed to have given them this advantage. *Celſus* in his firſt book obſerves, that *Homer* mentions no ſort of diſeaſes in the old heroick times but what were immediately inflicted by heaven, as if their temperance and exerciſe preſerved them from all beſides. *Virgil* imitates this paſſage, with a farther allowance of the decay, in proportion to the diſtance of his time from that of *Homer*. For he ſays it was an attempt that exceeded the ſtrength of *twelve* men, inſtead of *two*.

" — — Saxum circumſpicit ingens ——
" Vix illud lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
" Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

Juvenal has made an agreeable uſe of this thought in his fourteenth Satyr.

" Nam genus hoc vivo jam decreſcebat Homero,
" Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque puſillos."

Loſt in a dizzy miſt the warriour lies;
A ſudden cloud comes ſwimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief who mighty numbers ſway'd,
Oppreſs'd had ſunk to death's eternal ſhade;
But heav'nly *Venus*, mindful of the love
She bore *Anchiſes* in th' *Idæan* grove,
His danger views with anguiſh and deſpair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd ſon her arms ſhe throws,
Her arms whoſe whiteneſs match the falling ſnows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her ſhining veil,
The ſwords wave harmleſs, and the javelins fail;
Safe thro' the ruſhing horſe, and feather'd flight
Of ſounding ſhafts, ſhe bears him from the fight.
Nor *Sthenelus*, with unaſſiſting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his Lord's commands:

℣. 391. *Screen'd from the foe behind her ſhining veil.*] *Homer* ſays, ſhe ſpread her veil that it might be a defence againſt the darts. How comes it then afterwards to be pierced through, when *Venus* is wounded? It is manifeſt the veil was not impenetrable, and is ſaid here to be a defence only as it rendered *Æneas* inviſible, by being interpoſed. This is the obſervation of *Euſtathius*, and was thought too material to be neglected in the tranſlation.

His panting ſteeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with ſtraiten'd traces to the car.
Next ruſhing to the *Dardan* ſpoil, detains
The heav'nly courſers with the flowing manes:
Theſe in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a *Trojan* Lord obey'd.
That charge to bold *Deïpylus* he gave,
(Whom moſt he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, reſum'd the rein,
And follow'd where *Tydides* ſwept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conqueſt raviſh'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of *Venus* flies:

ỳ. 403. *To bold* Deïpylus — *Whom moſt he lov'd.*] *Sthenelus* (ſays M. *Dacier*) loved *Deïpylus*, *parce qu'il avoit la meſme humeur que luy, la meſme ſageſſe.* The words in the original are ὅτι οἱ φρεσὶν ἄρμα ἤδη. *Becauſe his mind was equal and conſentaneous to his own.* Which I ſhould rather tranſlate, with regard to the character of *Sthenelus*, that he had the ſame *bravery*, than the ſame *wiſdom*. For that *Sthenelus* was not remarkable for wiſdom, appears from many paſſages, and particularly from his ſpeech to *Agamemnon* in the fourth book, upon which ſee *Plutarch*'s remark, ỳ. 456.

ỳ. 408, *The chief in chace of* Venus *flies.*] We have ſeen with what eaſe *Venus* takes *Paris* out of the battle in the third book, when his life was in danger from *Menelaus*; but here when ſhe has a charge of more importance and nearer concern, ſhe is not able to preſerve herſelf or her ſon from the fury of *Diomed*. The difference of ſucceſs in two attempts ſo

No Goddeſs ſhe *commiſſion'd to the field*,
Like *Pallas* dreadful with her ſable ſhield,
Or fierce *Bellona* thund'ring at the wall,
While flames aſcend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew ſoft combats ſuit the tender dame,
New to the field, and ſtill a foe to fame.
Thro' breaking ranks his furious courſe he bends,
And at the Goddeſs his broad lance extends;
Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambroſial veil, which all the graces wove;
Her ſnowy hand the razing ſteel profan'd,
And the tranſparent ſkin with crimſon ſtain'd.

like each other, is occaſioned by that penetration of ſight with which *Pallas* had endued her favourite. For the Gods in their intercourſe with men are not ordinarily ſeen, but when they pleaſe to render themſelves viſible; wherefore *Venus* might think herſelf and her ſon ſecure from the inſolence of this daring mortal; but was in this deceived, being ignorant of that faculty, wherewith the hero was enabled to diſtinguiſh Gods as well as men.

ỳ. 419. *Her ſnowy hand the razing ſteel profan'd.*] *Plutarch* in his *Sympoſiacks*, *l.* ix, tells us, that *Maximus* the Rhetorician propoſed this far-fetched queſtion at a banquet, *On which of her hands* Venus *was wounded?* and that *Zopyrion* anſwered it by aſking, *In which of his legs* Philip *was lame?* But *Maximus* replied, It was a different caſe: for *Demoſthenes* left no foundation to gueſs at the one, whereas *Homer* gives a ſolution of the other, in ſaying that *Diomed* throwing his

From the clear vein a ſtream immortal flow'd,
Such ſtream as iſſues from a wounded God:

ſpear *acroſs*, wounded her wriſt: ſo that it was her right hand he hurt, her left being oppoſite to his right. He adds another humorous reaſon from *Pallas*'s reproaching her afterwards, as having got this wound while ſhe was ſtroking and ſolliciting ſome *Grecian* Lady, and unbuckling her zone; *An action* (ſays this Philoſopher) *in which no one would make uſe of the left hand.*

℣. 422. *Such ſtream as iſſues from a wounded God.*] This is one of thoſe paſſages in *Homer*, which have given occaſion to that famous cenſure of *Tully* and *Longinus*, *That he makes Gods of his heroes, and mortals of his Gods.* This, taken in a general ſenſe, appeared the higheſt impiety to *Plato* and *Pythagoras*; one of whom has baniſhed *Homer* from his commonwealth, and the other ſaid he was tortured in hell, for fictions of this nature, But if a due diſtinction be made of a difference among beings ſuperiour to mankind, which both the Pagans and Chriſtians have allowed, the fables may be eaſily accounted for. *Wounds inflicted on the dragon, bruiſing the ſerpent's head*, and other ſuch metaphorical images, are conſecrated in holy writ, and applied to angelical and incorporeal natures. But in our author's days they had a notion of Gods that were *corporeal*, to whom they aſcribed bodies, though of a more ſubtil kind than thoſe of mortals. So in this very place he ſuppoſes them to have blood, but blood of a finer or ſuperiour nature. Notwithſtanding the foregoing cenſures, *Milton* has not ſcrupled to imitate and apply this to angels in the chriſtian ſyſtem, when *Satan* is wounded by *Michael* in his ſixth book, ℣. 327.

— — Then *Satan* firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
That griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd thro' him; but th' Ætherial ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible, and from the gaſh

Pure Emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial blood:

A ſtream of nectarous humour iſſuing flow'd,
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial ſpirits may bleed ——
Yet ſoon he heal'd, for ſpirits that live throughout,
Vital in every part (not as frail man
In entrails, head or heart, liver or reins)
Cannot, but by annihilating, die.

Ariſtotle, *cap.* xxvi. *Art. Poet.* excuſes *Homer* for following fame and common opinion in his account of the Gods, though no way agreeable to truth. The religion of thoſe times taught no other notions of the Deity, than that the Gods were beings of human forms and paſſions, ſo that any but a real *Anthropomorphite* would probably have paſt among the ancient *Greeks* for an impious heretick: they thought their religion, which worſhipped the Gods in images of human ſhape, was much more refined and rational than that of *Ægypt* and other nations, who adored them in animal or monſtrous forms. And certainly Gods of human ſhape cannot juſtly be eſteemed or deſcribed otherwiſe, than as a celeſtial race, ſuperiour only to mortal men by greater abilities, and a more extenſive degree of wiſdom and ſtrength, ſubject however to the neceſſary inconveniencies conſequent to corporeal beings. *Cicero*, in his book *de Nat. Deor.* urges this conſequence ſtrongly againſt the *Epicureans*, who though they depoſed the Gods from any power in creating or governing the world, yet maintained their exiſtence in human forms. *Non enim ſentitis quam multa vobis ſuſcipienda ſunt, ſi impetraveritis ut concedamus eandem eſſe hominum & Deorum figuram; omnis cultus & curatio corporis erit eadem adhibenda Deo quæ adhibetur homini, ingreſſus, curſus, accubatio, inclinatio, ſeſſio, comprehenſio, ad extremum etiam ſermo & oratio. Nam quod & mares Deos & fœminas eſſe dicitis, quid ſequatur videtis.*

This particular of the wounding of *Venus* ſeems to be a fiction of *Homer*'s own brain, naturally deducible from the

(For not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.)
With tender ſhrieks the Goddeſs fill'd the place,
And dropt her offſpring from her weak embrace.
Him *Phœbus* took: he caſts a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.
Then with a voice that ſhook the vaulted ſkies,
The King inſults the Goddeſs as ſhe flies.

doctrine of corporeal Gods abovementioned; and conſidered as poetry, no way ſhocking. Yet our author, as if he had foreſeen ſome objection, has very artfully inſerted a juſtification of this bold ſtroke, in the ſpeech *Dione* ſoon after makes to *Venus*. For as it was natural to comfort her daughter, by putting her in mind that many other Deities had received as ill treatment from mortals by the permiſſion of *Jupiter*; ſo it was of great uſe to the Poet, to enumerate thoſe ancient fables to the ſame purpoſe, which being then generally aſſented to, might obtain credit for his own. This fine remark belongs to *Euſtathius*.

ỳ. 424. *Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial blood*, &c.] The opinion of the incorruptibility of celeſtial matter ſeems to have been received in the time of *Homer*. For he makes the immortality of the Gods to depend upon the incorruptible nature of the nutriment by which they are ſuſtained; as the mortality of men to proceed from the corruptible materials of which they are made, and by which they are nouriſhed. We have ſeveral inſtances in him from whence this may be inferred, as when *Diomed* queſtions *Glaucus*, if he be a God or mortal, he adds, *One who is ſuſtained by the fruits of the earth.* Lib. vi. ỳ. 175.

Ill with *Jove*'s daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no ſcene for thee:
Go, let thy own ſoft ſex employ thy care,
Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this ſtroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydides thus. The Goddeſs, ſeiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, diſtracted, from the conflict fled.
To aid her, ſwift the winged *Iris* flew,
Wrapt in a miſt above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms ſhe found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To *Mars*, who ſat remote, they bent their way,
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beſide him ſtood his lance, diſtain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming ſteeds before.
Low at his knee, ſhe begg'd, with ſtreaming eyes,
Her brother's car, to mount the diſtant ſkies,

†. 449. *Low at his knee ſhe begg'd.*] All the former *Engliſh* tranſlators make it, *ſhe fell on her knees*, an overſight occaſioned by the want of a competent knowledge in antiquities (without which no man can tolerably underſtand this Author). For the cuſtom of praying on the knees was unknown to the *Greeks*, and in uſe only among the *Hebrews*.

And ſhew'd the wound by fierce *Tydides* giv'n,
A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.
Stern *Mars* attentive hears the Queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;
She mounts the ſeat, oppreſs'd with ſilent woe,
Driv'n by the Goddeſs of the painted bow.
The laſh reſounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment ſcales the lofty ſkies:
There ſtopp'd the car, and there the courſers ſtood,
Fed by fair *Iris* with ambroſial food.
Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh and diſſolv'd in Tears;
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And aſk'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?

Then ſhe; This inſult from no God I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty *Diomed!*
'Twas in the ſon's defence the mother bled.
The war with *Troy* no more the *Grecians* wage;
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.

Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And ſhare thoſe griefs inferiour pow'rs muſt ſhare:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us ſuſtain,
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.
The mighty *Mars* in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons impriſon'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and *Ephialtes* held the chain:
Perhaps had periſh'd; had not *Hermes'* care
Reſtor'd the groaning God to upper air.

ỳ. 472. *And ſhare thoſe griefs inferiour pow'rs muſt ſhare.*] The word *inferiour* is added by the tranſlator, to open the diſtinction *Homer* makes between the Divinity itſelf, which he repreſents impaſſable, and the ſubordinate celeſtial beings or ſpirits.

ỳ. 475. *The mighty* Mars, *&c.*] *Homer* in theſe fables, as upon many other occaſions, makes a great ſhow of his theological learning, which was the manner of all the *Greeks* who had travelled into *Ægypt*. Thoſe who would ſee theſe allegories explained at large, may conſult *Euſtathius* on this place. *Virgil* ſpeaks much in the ſame figure, when he deſcribes the happy peace with which *Auguſtus* had bleſt the world:

" — — — Furor impius intus
" Sæva ſedens ſuper arma, & centum vinctus ænis
" Poſt tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento."

ỳ. 479. *Perhaps had periſh'd.*] Some of *Homer*'s cenſurers have inferred from this paſſage, that the Poet repreſents his Gods ſubject to death; when nothing but great miſery is here deſcribed. It is a common way of ſpeech to uſe *perdition* and

Great *Juno*'s ſelf has borne her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign;
Amphitryon's ſon infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguiſh her immortal heart.
Ev'n hell's grim King *Alcides*' power confeſt,
The ſhaft found entrance in his iron breaſt;
To *Jove*'s high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where *Pæon*, ſprinkling heav'nly balm around,
Aſſuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.
Raſh, impious man! to ſtain the bleſt abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!
But thou (tho' *Pallas* urged thy frantic deed)
Whoſe ſpear ill-fated makes a Goddeſs bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends,
Short is his date, and ſoon his glory ends;

deſtruction for *misfortune:* the language of ſcripture calls eternal puniſhment *periſhing everlaſtingly.* There is a remarkable paſſage to this purpoſe in *Tacitus*, *An.* vi. which very livelily repreſents the miſerable ſtate of a diſtracted tyrant: it is the beginning of a Letter from *Tiberius* to the Senate: *Quid ſcribam vobis, P. C. aut quomodo ſcribam, aut quid omnino non ſcribam hoc tempore, Dii me Deæque pejus* perdant *quàm* perire *quotidie ſentio, ſi ſcio.*

From fields of death when late he ſhall retire,
No infant on his knees ſhall call him Sire.
Strong as thou art, ſome God may yet be found,
To ſtretch thee pale and gaſping on the ground;

ỳ. 498. *No infant on his knees ſhall call him ſire.*] This is *Homer*'s manner of foretelling that he ſhall periſh unfortunately in battle, which is infinitely a more artful way of conveying that thought than by a direct expreſſion. He does not ſimply ſay, he ſhall never return from the war, but intimates as much by deſcribing the loſs of the moſt ſenſible and affecting pleaſure that a warriour can receive at his return. Of the like nature is the prophecy at the end of this ſpeech of the hero's death, by repreſenting it in a dream of his wife's. There are many fine ſtrokes of this kind in the prophetical parts of the Old Teſtament. Nothing is more natural than *Dione*'s forming theſe images of revenge upon *Diomed*, the hope of which vengeance was ſo proper a topick of conſolation to *Venus*.

ỳ. 500. *To ſtretch thee pale*, &c.] *Virgil* has taken notice of this threatning denunciation of vengeance, though fulfilled in a different manner, where *Diomed* in his anſwer to the Embaſſador of K. *Latinus* enumerates his misfortunes, and imputes the cauſe of them to this impious attempt upon *Venus*. *Æneid. lib.* xi.

" Invidiſſe Deos patriis ut redditus oris
" Conjugium optatum & pulchram Calydona viderem?
" Nunc etiam horribili viſu portenta ſequuntur:
" Et ſocii amiſſi petierunt Æquora pennis:
" Fluminibuſque vagantur aves (heu dira meorum
" Supplicia!) & ſcopulos lacrymoſis vocibus implent.
" Hæc adeò ex illo mihi jam ſperanda fuerunt
" Tempore, cùm ferro cœleſtia corpora demens
" Appetii, & Veneris violavi vulnere dextram."

Thy diſtant wife, *Ægiale* the fair,
Starting from ſleep with a diſtracted air,
Shall rouſe thy ſlaves, and her loſt Lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious now no more!
This ſaid, ſhe wip'd from *Venus'* wounded palm
The ſacred *Ichor*, and infus'd the balm.
Juno and *Pallas* with a ſmile ſurvey'd,
And thus to *Jove* began the blue-ey'd maid.
Permit thy daughter, gracious *Jove!* to tell
How this miſchance the *Cyprian* Queen befell.
As late ſhe try'd with paſſion to inflame
The tender boſom of a *Grecian* dame,

ỳ. 510. *Thy diſtant wife.*] The Poet ſeems here to compliment the fair ſex at the expence of truth, by concealing the character of *Ægiale*, whom he has deſcribed with the diſpoſition of a faithful wife; though the hiſtory of thoſe times repreſents her as an abandoned proſtitute, who gave up her own perſon and her huſband's crown to her lover. So that *Diomed* at his return from *Troy*, when he expected to be received with all the tenderneſs of a loving ſpouſe, found his bed and throne poſſeſſed by an adulterer, was forced to fly his country, and ſeek refuge and ſubſiſtence in foreign lands. Thus the offended Goddeſs executed her vengeance by the proper effects of her own power, by involving the hero in a ſeries of misfortunes proceeding from the incontinence of his wife.

Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for ſome youth of *Troy*;
The claſping Zone, with golden buckles bound,
Raz'd her ſoft hand with this lamented wound. 516
The Sire of Gods and men ſuperiour ſmil'd,
And, calling *Venus*, thus addreſt his child.

℣. 517. *The Sire of Gods and men ſuperiour ſmil'd.*] One may obſerve the decorum and decency our author conſtantly preſerves on this occaſion: *Jupiter* only *ſmiles*, the other Gods *laugh out*. That *Homer* was no enemy to mirth may appear from ſeveral places of his poem; which ſo ſerious as it is, is interſperſed with many gaieties, indeed more than he has been followed in by the ſucceeding Epic Poets. *Milton*, who was perhaps fonder of him than the reſt, has given moſt into the ludicrous; of which his *paradiſe of fools* in the third book, and his *jeſting angels* in the ſixth, are extraordinary inſtances. Upon the confuſion of *Babel*, he ſays there was *great laughter in heaven*: as *Homer* calls the laughter of the Gods in the firſt book ἄσβεστος γέλως, an *inextinguiſhable laugh*: but the ſcripture might perhaps embolden the *Engliſh* Poet, which ſays, *The Lord ſhall laugh them to ſcorn*, and the like. *Plato* is very angry at *Homer* for making the Deities laugh, as a high indecency and offence to gravity. He ſays the Gods in our author repreſent magiſtrates and perſons in authority, and are deſigned as examples to ſuch: on this ſuppoſition, he blames him for propoſing immoderate laughter as a thing decent in great men. I forgot to take notice in its proper place, that the epithet *inextinguiſhable* is not to be taken literally for diſſolute or ceaſeleſs mirth, but was only a phraſe of that time to ſignify chearfulneſs and ſeaſonable gaiety; in the ſame manner as we may now ſay, *to die with laughter*, without being underſtood to be in danger of dying with it. The place, time, and occaſion, were all agreeable to mirth: it was at a

Not theſe, O daughter, are thy proper cares;
Thee milder arts befit, and ſofter wars;
Sweet ſmiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
To *Mars* and *Pallas* leave the deeds of arms.
Thus they in heav'n: while on the plain below
The fierce *Tydides* charg'd his *Dardan* foe,
Fluſh'd with celeſtial blood purſu'd his way,
And fearleſs dar'd the threatning God of day;
Already in his hopes he ſaw him kill'd,
Tho' ſcreen'd behind *Apollo*'s mighty ſhield.
Thrice ruſhing furious, at the chief he ſtrook;
His blazing buckler thrice *Apollo* ſhook:

banquet; and *Plato* himſelf relates ſeveral things that paſt at the banquet of *Agathon*, which had not been either decent or rational at any other ſeaſon. The ſame may be ſaid of the preſent paſſage: raillery could never be more natural than when two of the female ſex had an opportunity of triumphing over another whom they hated. *Homer* makes wiſdom herſelf not able, even in the preſence of *Jupiter*, to reſiſt the temptation. She breaks into a ludicrous ſpeech, and the ſupreme being himſelf vouchſafes a ſmile at it. But this (as *Euſtathius* remarks) is not introduced without judgment and precaution. For we ſee he makes *Minerva* firſt beg *Jupiter*'s permiſſion for this piece of freedom, *Permit thy daughter, gracious* Jove; in which he aſks the reader's leave to enliven his narration with this piece of gaiety.

He try'd the fourth: when breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

O ſon of *Tydeus*, ceaſe! be wiſe, and ſee
How vaſt the diff'rence of the Gods and thee;
Diſtance immenſe! between the pow'rs that ſhine
Above, eternal, deathleſs, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A ſhort-liv'd reptile in the duſt of earth.

So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
He dreads his fury, and ſome ſteps retires.
Then *Phœbus* bore the chief of *Venus'* race
To *Troy*'s high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and *Phœbe* heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd,

†. 540. *He dreads his fury, and ſome ſteps retires.*] *Diomed* ſtill maintains his intrepid character; he retires but a *ſtep or two* even from *Apollo*. The conduct of *Homer* is remarkably juſt and rational here. He gives *Diomed* no ſort of advantage over *Apollo*, becauſe he would not feign what was intirely incredible, and what no allegory could juſtify. He wounds *Venus* and *Mars*, as it is morally poſſible to overcome the irregular paſſions which are repreſented by thoſe Deities. But it is impoſſible to vanquiſh *Apollo*, in whatſoever capacity he is conſidered, either as the *Sun*, or as *Deſtiny*: one may ſhoot at the ſun, but not hurt him; and one may ſtrive againſt deſtiny, but not ſurmount it. *Euſtathius*.

This done, the patron of the ſilver bow
A phantom rais'd, the ſame in ſhape and ſhow
With great *Æneas*; ſuch the form he bore,
And ſuch in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the ſpectre bloody wars are wag'd,
And *Greece* and *Troy* with claſhing ſhields engag'd.
Meantime on *Ilion*'s tow'r *Apollo* ſtood,
And calling *Mars*, thus urg'd the raging God.

ỳ. 546. *A phantom rais'd.*] The fiction of a God's placing a phantom inſtead of the hero, to delude the enemy and continue the engagement, means no more than that the enemy thought he was in the battle. This is the language of poetry, which prefers a marvellous fiction to a plain and ſimple truth, the recital whereof would be cold and unaffecting. Thus *Minerva*'s guiding a javelin, ſignifies only that it was thrown with art and dexterity; *Mars* taking upon him the ſhape of *Acamas*, that the courage of *Acamas* incited him to do ſo; and in like manner of the reſt. The preſent paſſage is copied by *Virgil* in the tenth *Æneid*, where the ſpectre of *Æneas* is raiſed by *Juno* or the *Air*, as it is here by *Apollo* or the *Sun*; both equally proper to be employed in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two authors on this ſubject, will obſerve with what admirable art, and what exquiſite ornaments, the latter has improved and beautified his original. *Scaliger* in comparing theſe places, has abſurdly cenſured the phantom of *Homer* for its inactivity; whereas it was only formed to repreſent the hero lying on the ground, without any appearance of life or motion. *Spencer* in the eighth canto of the third book ſeems to have improved this imagination, in the creation of his falſe *Florimel*, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occaſion for many adventures.

Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'ſt in blood, and ſhak'ſt the embattl'd wall,
Riſe in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes
Diſpatch yon' *Greek*, and vindicate the Gods.
Firſt roſy *Venus* felt his brutal rage;
Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage:
The wretch would brave high heav'ns immortal Sire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.
The God of battle iſſues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the *Trojan* train;
In form like *Acamas*, the *Thracian* guide,
Enrag'd, to *Troy*'s retiring chiefs he cry'd:
How long, ye ſons of *Priam!* will ye fly,
And unreveng'd ſee *Priam*'s people die?
Still unreſiſted ſhall the foe deſtroy,
And ſtretch the ſlaughter to the gates of *Troy*?
Lo brave *Æneas* ſinks beneath his wound,
Not godlike *Hector* more in arms renown'd:
Haſte all, and take the gen'rous warriour's part;
He ſaid; new courage ſwell'd each hero's heart.

Sarpedon firſt his ardent ſoul expreſs'd,
And, turn'd to *Hector*, theſe bold words addreſs'd,
Say, Chief, is all thy ancient valour loſt,
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boaſt,
That propt alone by *Priam*'s race ſhould ſtand
Troy's ſacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in juſt deriſion ends.
Remote they ſtand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.

℣. 575. *The ſpeech of* Sarpedon *to* Hector.] It will be hard to find a ſpeech more warm and ſpirited than this of *Sarpedon*, or which comprehends ſo much in ſo few words. Nothing could be more artfully thought upon to pique *Hector*, who was ſo jealous of his country's glory, than to tell him he had formerly conceived too great a notion of the *Trojan* valour; and to exalt the auxiliaries above his countrymen. The deſcription *Sarpedon* gives of the little concern or intereſt himſelf had in the war, in oppoſition to the neceſſity and imminent danger of the *Trojans*, greatly ſtrengthens this preference, and lays the charge very home upon their honour. In the latter part, which preſcribes *Hector* his duty, there is a particular reprimand, in telling him how much it behoves him to animate and encourage the auxiliaries; for this is to ſay in other words, you ſhould exhort them, and they are forced on the contrary to exhort you.

Far diſtant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming *Xanthus* laves the *Lycian* land,
With ample wealth (the wiſh of mortals) bleſt,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breaſt;
With thoſe I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if ſhe conquers, nothing wins from me.
Yet firſt in fight my *Lycian* bands I chear,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While *Hector* idle ſtands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars ſave.
Haſte, warriour, haſte! preſerve thy threaten'd ſtate;
Or one vaſt burſt of all-involving fate
Full o'er your tow'rs ſhall fall, and ſweep away
Sons, ſires, and wives, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
Rouſe all thy *Trojans*, urge thy aids to fight;
Theſe claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
With force inceſſant the brave *Greeks* oppoſe;
Such cares thy friends deſerve, and ſuch thy foes.
Stung to the heart the gen'rous *Hector* hears,
But juſt reproof with decent ſilence bears,

From his proud car the Prince impetuous ſprings,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two ſhining ſpears are brandiſh'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they ſtand, the *Greeks* their fury dare,
Condenſe their pow'rs, and wait the growing war.

As when, on *Ceres'* ſacred floor, the ſwain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Aſcends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The grey duſt, riſing with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds;
So white with duſt the *Grecian* hoſt appears,
From trampling ſteeds, and thund'ring charioteers;
The duſky clouds from labour'd earth ariſe,
And roll in ſmoking volumes to the ſkies.

ỳ. 611. Ceres' *ſacred floor.*] *Homer* calls the threſhing-floor *ſacred* (ſays *Euſtathius*) not only as it was conſecrated to *Ceres*, but in regard of its great uſe and advantage to human kind; in which ſenſe alſo he frequently gives the ſame epithet to *cities*, &c. This ſimile is of an exquiſite beauty.

Mars hovers o'er them with his ſable ſhield,
And adds new horrours to the darken'd field:
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil
In *Troy*'s defence, *Apollo*'s heav'nly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires,
Each *Trojan* boſom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his ſacred fane,
Produc'd *Æneas* to the ſhouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his Peers around,
Erect he ſtood, and vig'rous from his wound:
Enquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pauſe of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce *Diſcord* ſtorms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,
Fame calls, *Mars* thunders, and the field's in flames.

Stern *Diomed* with either *Ajax* ſtood,
And great *Ulyſſes*, bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Embodied cloſe, the lab'ring *Grecian* train
The fierceſt ſhock of charging hoſts ſuſtain.
Unmov'd and ſilent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.

So when th' embattl'd clouds in dark array,
Along the ſkies their gloomy lines diſplay;
When now the *North* his boiſt'rous rage has ſpent,
And peaceful ſleeps the liquid element:

℣. 641. *So when th' embattl'd clouds.*] This ſimile contains as proper a compariſon, and as fine a picture of nature as any in *Homer:* however it is to be feared the beauty and propriety of it will not be very obvious to many readers, becauſe it is the deſcription of a natural appearance which they have not had an opportunity to remark, and which can be obſerved only in a mountainous country. It happens frequently in very calm weather, that the atmoſphere is charged with thick vapours, whoſe gravity is ſuch that they neither riſe nor fall, but remain poized in the air at a certain height, where they continue frequently for ſeveral days together. In a plain country this occaſions no other viſible appearance, but of an uniform clouded ſky; but in a hilly region theſe vapours are to be ſeen covering the tops, and ſtretched along the ſides of the mountains; the clouded parts above, being terminated and diſtinguiſhed from the clear parts below, by a ſtrait line running parallel to the horizon, as far as the mountains extend. The whole compaſs of nature cannot afford a nobler and more exact repreſentation of a numerous army, drawn up in line of battle, and expecting the charge. The long-extended even front, the cloſeneſs of the ranks, the firmneſs, order, and ſilence of the whole, are all drawn with great reſemblance in this one compariſon. The Poet adds, that this appearance is while *Boreas* and the other boiſterous winds, which diſperſe and break the clouds, are laid aſleep. This is as exact as it is poetical; for when the winds ariſe, this regular order is ſoon diſſolved. This circumſtance is added to the deſcription, as an ominous anticipation of the flight and diſſipation of the *Greeks*, which ſoon enſued when *Mars* and *Hector* broke in upon them.

The low-hung vapours, motionleſs and ſtill,
Reſt on the ſummits of the ſhaded hill;
'Till the maſs ſcatters as the winds ariſe,
Diſpers'd and broken thro' the ruffled ſkies.
Nor was the Gen'ral wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils thro' all the plain.
Ye *Greeks*, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave aſſociates, and yourſelves revere!

ỳ. 651. *Ye* Greeks, *be men!* &c.] If *Homer* in the longeſt ſpeeches of the *Iliad*, ſays all that could be ſaid by eloquence; in the ſhorter he ſays all that can be ſaid with judgement. Whatever ſome few modern Criticks have thought; it will be found upon due reflection, that the length or brevity of his ſpeeches is determined as the occaſions either allow leiſure or demand haſte. This conciſe oration of *Agamemnon* is a maſterpiece in the *Laconic* way. The exigence required he ſhould ſay ſomething very powerful, and no time was to be loſt. He therefore warms the brave and the timorous by one and the ſame exhortation, which at once moves by the love of glory, and the fear of death. It is ſhort and full, like that of the brave *Scotch* General under *Guſtavus*, who upon ſight of the enemy, ſaid only this; *See ye thoſe lads? Either fell them, or they'll fell you.*

ỳ. 652. *Your brave aſſociates and yourſelves revere.*] This noble exhortation of *Agamemnon* is correſpondent to the wiſe ſcheme of *Neſtor* in the ſecond book: where he adviſed to rank the ſoldiers of the ſame nation together, that being known to each other, all might be incited either by a generous emulation or a decent ſhame. *Spondanus.*

Let glorious acts more glorious acts inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire!
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.

Theſe words he ſeconds with his flying lance,
To meet whoſe point was ſtrong *Deicoon*'s chance:
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like *Priam*'s royal race:
Long had he fought the foremoſt in the field,
But now the monarch's lance tranſpierc'd his ſhield:
His ſhield too weak the furious dart to ſtay,
Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way;
The grizly wound diſmiſs'd his ſoul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce *Æneas* brandiſhing his blade,
In duſt *Orſilochus* and *Crethon* laid,
Whoſe ſire *Diöcleus*, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well built *Pheræ* held his lofty ſeat:
Sprung from *Alpheüs*' plenteous ſtream! that yields
Encreaſe of harveſts to the *Pylian* fields.

He got *Orſilochus*, *Diöcleus* he,
And theſe deſcended in the third degree.
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In ſable ſhips they left their native ſoil,
T' avenge *Atrides*: now, untimely ſlain,
They fell with glory on the *Phrygian* plain.
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood
In deep receſſes of the gloomy wood,
Ruſh fearleſs to the plains, and uncontroll'd
Depopulate the ſtalls and waſte the fold;
'Till pierc'd at diſtance from their native den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Proſtrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain Firs, as tall and ſtraight as they.
Great *Menelaus* views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthleſs in his hate,
The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.

℣. 691. Mars *urg'd him on.*] This is another inſtance of what has been in general obſerved in the diſcourſe on the battles of *Homer*, his artful manner of making us meaſure one hero by another. We have here an exact ſcale of the valour of *Æneas* and of *Menelaus*; how much the former outweighs the latter, appears by what is ſaid of *Mars* in theſe lines, and

He thus advancing, *Neſtor*'s valiant ſon
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, ſhould *Helen*'s lord be ſlain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met, the threat'ning heroes ſtand;
The ſpears already tremble in their hand:
In ruſh'd *Antilochus*, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the *Spartan* King.
Theſe ſeen, the *Dardan* backward turn'd his courſe,
Brave as he was, and ſhunn'd unequal force.
The breathleſs bodies to the *Greeks* they drew,
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.

by the neceſſity of *Antilochus*'s aſſiſting *Menelaus*: as afterwards what overbalance that aſſiſtance gave him, by *Æneas*'s retreating from them both. How very nicely are theſe degrees marked on either hand? This knowledge of the difference which nature itſelf ſets between one man and another, makes our author neither blame theſe two heroes, for going againſt one, who was ſuperiour to each of them in ſtrength; nor that one, for retiring from both, when their conjunction made them an overmatch to him. There is great judgment in all this.

ỳ. 696. *And all his country's glorious labours vain.*] For (as *Agamemnon* ſaid in the fourth book upon *Menelaus*'s being wounded) if he were ſlain, the war would be at an end, and the *Greeks* think only of returning to their country. *Spondanus.*

Firſt *Pylæmenes*, great in battle, bled,
Who ſheath'd in braſs the *Paphlagonians* led.
Atrides mark'd him where ſublime he ſtood;
Fix'd in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
The faithful *Mydon*, as he turn'd from fight
His flying courſers, ſunk to endleſs night:
A broken rock by *Neſtor*'s ſon was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling ſtone,
From his numb'd hand the iv'ry-ſtudded reins,
Dropt in the duſt, are trail'd along the plains:
Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound;
He groans in death, and pond'rous ſinks to ground:
Deep drove his helmet in the ſands, and there
The head ſtood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air,
'Till trampled flat beneath the courſer's feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty ſeat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.
Great *Hector* ſaw, and raging at the view
Pours on the *Greeks*; the *Trojan* troops purſue:
He fires his hoſt with animating cries,
And brings along the Furies of the ſkies.

Mars, ſtern deſtroyer! and *Bellona* dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This ſwells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That ſhakes a ſpear that caſts a dreadful light.
Where *Hector* march'd, the God of battles ſhin'd,
Now ſtorm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.
Tydides paus'd amidſt his full career;
Then firſt the Hero's manly breaſt knew fear.
As when ſome ſimple ſwain his cot forſakes,
And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a ſwelling brook his paſſage ſtay,
And foam impervious croſs the wand'rer's way,
Confus'd he ſtops, a length of country paſt,
Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd, returns at laſt.
Amaz'd no leſs the great *Tydides* ſtands;
He ſtay'd, and turning, thus addreſs'd his bands.

℣. 726. Mars, *ſtern deſtroyer*, &c.] There is a great nobleneſs in this paſſage. With what pomp is *Hector* introduced into the battle, where *Mars* and *Bellona* are his attendants? The retreat of *Diomed* is no leſs beautiful; *Minerva* had removed the miſt from his eyes, and he immediately diſcovers *Mars* aſſiſting *Hector*. His ſurpriſe on this occaſion is finely imaged by that of the traveller on the ſudden ſight of the river.

No wonder, *Greeks!* that all to *Hector* yield,
Secure of fav'ring Gods, he takes the field;
His ſtrokes they ſecond, and avert our ſpears:
Behold where *Mars* in mortal arms appears!
Retire then warriours, but ſedate and ſlow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Truſt not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with *Troy*, but with the Gods ye fight.
Now near the *Greeks*, the black battalions drew;
And firſt two Leaders valiant *Hector* ſlew:
His force *Anchialus* and *Mneſthes* found,
In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd;
In the ſame car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united dy'd.
Struck at the ſight, the mighty *Ajax* glows
With thirſt of vengeance, and aſſaults the foes.
His maſſy ſpear with matchleſs fury ſent,
Thro' *Amphius'* belt and heaving belly went:
Amphius Apæſus' happy ſoil poſſeſs'd,
With herds abounding, and with treaſure bleſs'd;
But Fate reſiſtleſs from his country led
The Chief, to periſh at his people's head.

Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,
And fierce, to ſeize it, conqu'ring *Ajax* ſprung;
Around his head an iron tempeſt rain'd;
A wood of ſpears his ample ſhield ſuſtain'd;
Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpſe he preſt,
And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breaſt:
He could no more; the ſhow'ring darts deny'd
To ſpoil his glitt'ring arms, and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
With briſtling lances, and compacted ſhields;
'Till in the ſteely circle ſtraighten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and ſternly quits the ground.

While thus they ſtrive, *Tlepolemus* the great,
Urg'd by the force of unreſiſted fate,
Burns with deſire *Sarpedon*'s ſtrength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the ſon of *Jove*.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverſe Chief came on,
Jove's great deſcendant, and his greater ſon.
Prepar'd for combat, e'er the lance he toſt,
The daring *Rhodian* vents his haughty boaſt.

What brings this *Lycian* Counſellor ſo far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain ſelf, nor let their flatt'ry move,
Who ſtyle thee ſon of cloud-compelling *Jove*.
How far unlike thoſe Chiefs of race divine,
How vaſt the diff'rence of their deeds and thine!
Jove got ſuch Heroes as my Sire, whoſe Soul
No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon' proud ramparts ſtand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With ſix ſmall ſhips, and but a ſlender train,
He left the town a wide deſerted plain.
But what art thou? who deedleſs look'ſt around,
While unreveng'd thy *Lycians* bite the ground:

℣. 784. *What brings this* Lycian *Counſellor ſo far.*] There is a particular Sarcaſm in *Tlepolemus*'s calling *Sarpedon* in this place Λυκίων βουληφόρε, *Lycian Counſellor*, one better ſkilled in oratory than war; as he was the Governor of a people who had long been in peace, and probably (if we may gueſs from his character in *Homer*) remarkable for his ſpeeches. This is rightly obſerved by *Spondanus*, though not taken notice of by M. *Dacier*.

℣. 792. Troy *felt his arm.*] He alludes to the hiſtory of the firſt deſtruction of *Troy* by *Hercules*, occaſioned by *Laomedon*'s refuſing that Hero the horſes, which were the reward promiſed him for the delivery of his daughter *Heſione*.

Small aid to *Troy* thy feeble force can be,
But wert thou greater, thou muſt yield to me.
Pierc'd by my ſpear to endleſs darkneſs go!
I make this preſent to the ſhades below.

The ſon of *Hercules*, the *Rhodian* guide,
Thus haughty ſpoke. The *Lycian* King reply'd.

Thy Sire, O Prince! o'erturn'd the *Trojan* ſtate,
Whoſe perjur'd Monarch well deſerv'd his fate;
Thoſe heav'nly ſteeds the Hero ſought ſo far,
Falſe he detain'd, the juſt reward of war.
Nor ſo content, the gen'rous Chief defy'd,
With baſe reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boaſt,
Shall raiſe my glory when thy own is loſt:
Now meet thy fate, and by *Sarpedon* ſlain,
Add one more ghoſt to *Pluto*'s gloomy reign.

ỳ. 809. *With baſe reproaches and unmanly pride.*] Methinks theſe words κακῷ ὀνείδεσι μύθῳ, include the chief ſting of *Sarpedon*'s anſwer to *Tlepolemus*, which no Commentator that I remember has remarked. He tells him *Laomedon* deſerved his misfortune, not only for his perfidy, but for injuring a brave man with unmanly and ſcandalous reproaches; alluding to thoſe which *Tlepolemus* had juſt before caſt upon him.

He ſaid: both jav'lins at an inſtant flew;
Both ſtruck, both wounded, but *Sarpedon*'s flew:
Full in the boaſter's neck the weapon ſtood,
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The ſoul diſdainful ſeeks the caves of night,
And his ſeal'd eyes for ever loſe the light.

Yet not in vain, *Tlepolemus*, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But *Jove* was preſent, and forbade the death.
Borne from the conflict by his *Lycian* throng,
The wounded Hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each buſy'd in his ſev'ral part,
Thro' haſte, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
The *Greeks* with ſlain *Tlepolemus* retir'd;
Whoſe fall *Ulyſſes* view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if *Jove*'s great ſon he ſhould purſue,
Or pour his vengeance on the *Lycian* crew.
But heav'n and fate the firſt deſign withſtand,
Nor this great death muſt grace *Ulyſſes'* hand.
Minerva drives him on the *Lycian* train;
Alaſtor, *Cromius*, *Halius*, ſtrow'd the plain,

Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noëmon* fell:
And numbers more his ſword had ſent to hell,
But *Hector* ſaw; and furious at the ſight,
Ruſh'd terrible amidſt the ranks of fight.
With joy *Sarpedon* view'd the wiſh'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the Chief.
Oh ſuffer not the foe to bear away
My helpleſs corpſe, an unaſſiſted prey;
If I, unbleſt, muſt ſee my ſon no more,
My much-lov'd conſort, and my native ſhore,
Yet let me die in *Ilion*'s ſacred wall;
Troy, in whoſe cauſe I fell, ſhall mourn my fall.
He ſaid, nor *Hector* to the Chief replies,
But ſhakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;

℣. 848. *Nor* Hector *to the Chief replies.*] *Homer* is in nothing more admirable than in the excellent uſe he makes of the *ſilence* of the perſons he introduces. It would be endleſs to collect all the inſtances of this truth throughout his poem; yet I cannot but put together thoſe that have already occurred in the courſe of this work, and leave to the reader the pleaſure of obſerving it in what remains. The ſilence of the two Heralds, when they were to take *Briſeïs* from *Achilles*, in *lib.* i. of which ſee *note*, *p.* 45. In the third book, when *Iris* tells *Helen* the two rivals were to fight in her quarrel, and that all *Troy* were ſtanding ſpectators; that guilty Princeſs makes no anſwer, but caſts a veil over her face and drops a tear; and when ſhe comes juſt after into the preſence of

Swift as a whirlwind, drives the ſcatt'ring foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes. 851
Beneath a beech, *Jove*'s conſecrated ſhade,
His mournful friends divine *Sarpedon* laid:

Priam, ſhe ſpeaks not, till after he has in a particular manner encouraged and commanded her. *Paris* and *Menelaus* being juſt upon the point to encounter, the latter declares his wiſhes and hopes of conqueſt to Heaven; the former being engaged in an unjuſt cauſe, ſays not a word. In the fourth book, when *Jupiter* has expreſſed his deſire to favour *Troy*, *Juno* declaims againſt him, but the *Goddeſs of Wiſdom*, though much concerned, holds her peace. When *Agamemnon* too raſhly reproves *Diomed*, that Hero remains ſilent, and in the true character of a rough warriour, leaves it to his actions to ſpeak for him. In the preſent book, when *Sarpedon* has reproached *Hector* in an open and generous manner, *Hector* preſerving the ſame warlike character, returns no anſwer, but immediately haſtens to the buſineſs of the field; as he alſo does in this place, where he inſtantly brings off *Sarpedon*, without ſo much as telling him he will endeavour his reſcue. *Chapman* was not ſenſible of the beauty of this, when he imagined *Hector*'s ſilence here proceeded from the pique he had conceived at *Sarpedon* for his late reproof of him. That tranſlator has not ſcrupled to inſert this opinion of his in a groundleſs interpolation altogether foreign to the author. But indeed it is a liberty he frequently takes, to draw any paſſage to ſome new, far-fetched conceit of his own invention; inſomuch, that very often before he tranſlates any ſpeech, to the ſenſe or deſign of which he gives ſome fanciful turn of his own, he prepares it by ſeveral additional lines purpoſely to prepoſſeſs the reader of that meaning. Thoſe who will take the trouble may ſee examples of this in what he ſets before the ſpeeches of *Hector*, *Paris*, and *Helena*, in the ſixth book, and innumerable other places.

Brave *Pelagon*, his fav'rite Chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his ſinewy thigh.
The fainting ſoul ſtood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls ſwam the ſhades of night;
But *Boreas* riſing freſh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his ſpirit from the gates of death.

The gen'rous *Greeks* recede with tardy pace,
Tho' *Mars* and *Hector* thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.

℣. 858. *But* Boreas *riſing freſh.*] *Sarpedon*'s fainting at the extraction of the dart, and reviving by the free air, ſhews the great judgment of our author in theſe matters. But how poetically has he told this truth, in raiſing the God *Boreas* to his Hero's aſſiſtance, and making a little machine of but one line? This manner of repreſenting common things in figure and perſon, was perhaps the effect of *Homer*'s *Ægyptian* education.

℣. 860. *The gen'rous* Greeks, *&c.*] This ſlow and orderly retreat of the *Greeks*, with their front conſtantly turned to the enemy, is a fine encomium both of their courage and diſcipline. This manner of retreat was in uſe among the ancient *Lacedæmonians*, as were many other martial cuſtoms deſcribed by *Homer*. This practice took its riſe among that brave people, from the apprehenſions of being ſlain with a wound received in their backs. Such a misfortune was not only attended with the higheſt infamy, but they had found a way to puniſh them who ſuffered thus even after their death, by denying them (as *Euſtathius* informs us) the rites of burial.

Who firſt, who laſt, by *Mars* and *Hector*'s hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gaſping on the ſand?
Teuthras the great, *Oreſtes* the renown'd
For manag'd ſteeds, and *Trechus* preſs'd the ground;
Next *Oenomaus*, and *Oenops*' offspring dy'd;
Oreſbius laſt fell groaning at their ſide:
Oreſbius, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat *Bœotia* held his wealthy ſway,
Where lakes ſurround low *Hyle*'s watry plain;
A Prince and People ſtudious of their gain.

The carnage *Juno* from the ſkies ſurvey'd,
And touc'd with grief beſpoke the blue-ey'd maid.
Oh ſight accurſt! Shall faithleſs *Troy* prevail,
And ſhall our promiſe to our people fail?

ỳ. 864. *Who firſt, who laſt, by* Mars *and* Hector's *hand*
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gaſping on the ſand?]

This manner of breaking into an interrogation, amidſt the deſcription of a battle, is what ſerves very much to awaken the reader. It is here an invocation to the Muſe that prepares us for ſomething uncommon; and the Muſe is ſuppoſed immediately to anſwer, Teuthras *the great*, &c. *Virgil*, I think, has improved the ſtrength of this figure by addreſſing the apoſtrophe to the perſon whoſe exploits he is celebrating, as to *Camilla* in the eleventh book.

" Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum, aſpera virgo,
" Dejicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?"

How vain the word to *Menelaüs* giv'n
By *Jove*'s great daughter and the Queen of Heav'n,
Beneath his arms that *Priam*'s tow'rs ſhould fall;
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall?
Mars, red with ſlaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haſte, let us arm, and force with force oppoſe!
She ſpoke; *Minerva* burns to meet the war:
And now Heav'n's Empreſs calls her blazing car.
At her command ruſh forth the ſteeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings ſhine.
Bright *Hebè* waits; by *Hebè*, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of ſounding braſs; the poliſh'd axle ſteel.
Eight brazen ſpokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the Heav'ns produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.

ỳ. 885. *And now Heav'n's Empreſs calls her blazing car*, &c.] *Homer* ſeems never more delighted than he has ſome occaſion of diſplaying his ſkill in *mechanicks*. The detail he gives us of this chariot is a beautiful example of it, where he takes occaſion to deſcribe every different part with a happineſs rarely to be found in deſcriptions of this nature.

The boſſy naves of ſolid ſilver ſhone;
Braces of gold ſuſpend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal courſers hold.
Herſelf, impatient, to the ready car
The courſers joins, and breathes revenge and war.
Pallas diſrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diverſify'd,

℣. 904. Pallas *diſrobes.*] This fiction of *Pallas* arraying herſelf with the arms of *Jupiter*, finely intimates (ſays *Euſtathius*) that ſhe is nothing elſe but the wiſdom of the Almighty. The ſame author tells us, that the ancients marked this place with a ſtar, to diſtinguiſh it as one of thoſe that were perfectly admirable. Indeed there is a greatneſs and ſublimity in the whole paſſage, which is aſtoniſhing, and ſuperiour to any imagination but that of *Homer*; nor is there any that might better give occaſion for that celebrated ſaying, That *he was the only man who had ſeen the forms of the Gods, or the only man who had ſhewn them.* With what nobleneſs he deſcribes the chariot of *Juno*, the armour of *Minerva*, the *Ægis* of *Jupiter*, filled with the figures of *Horrour*, *Affright*, *Diſcord*, and all the terrours of war, the effects of his wrath againſt men; and that ſpear with which his power and wiſdom overturns whole armies, and humbles the pride of the Kings who offend him? But we ſhall not wonder at the unuſual majeſty of all theſe ideas, if we conſider that they have a near reſemblance to ſome deſcriptions of the ſame kind in the ſacred writings, where the Almighty is repreſented armed with terrour, and

(The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of *Jove*.
Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
Jove's cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt;
Deck'd in ſad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad ſhoulders hangs his horrid ſhield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of ſerpents hiſſing guards the gold:
Here all the terrours of grim war appear,
Here rages Force, here trembles Flight and Fear,

deſcending in majeſty to be avenged on his enemies: the *chariot*, the *bow*, and the *ſhield of God*, are expreſſions frequent in the *Pſalms*.

℣. 913. *A fringe of Serpents.*] Our author does not particularly deſcribe this fringe of the *Ægis*, as conſiſting of ſerpents; but that it did ſo, may be learned from *Herodotus* in his fourth book. "The *Greeks* (ſays he) borrowed the veſt "and ſhield of *Minerva* from the *Lybians*, only with this dif-"ference, that the *Lybian* ſhield was fringed with thongs of "leather, the *Grecian* with ſerpents." And *Virgil*'s deſcription of the ſame *Ægis* agrees with this, *Æn.* viii. ℣. 435.

"Ægidaque horriferam, turbatæ Palladis arma,
"Certatim ſquamis ſerpentum auroque polibant,
"Connexoſque angues" ———

This note is taken from *Spondanus*, as is alſo *Ogilby*'s on this place, but he has tranſlated the paſſage of *Herodotus* wrong, and made the *Lybian* ſhield have the ſerpents which were peculiar to the *Grecian*. By the way I muſt obſerve, that *Ogilby*'s notes are for the moſt part a tranſcription of *Spondanus*'s.

Here ſtorm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous *Gorgon* crown'd.
The maſſy golden helm ſhe next aſſumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'erſhading plumes;
So vaſt, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The Goddeſs thus th' imperial car aſcends;
Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
Pond'rous and huge; that when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
Swift at the ſcourge th' ethereal courſers fly,
While the ſmooth chariot cuts the liquid ſky.

℣. 920. *So vaſt, the broad circumference contains A hundred armies.*] The words in the original are ἑκατὸν πόλεων περιάσσ' ἀραρυῖαν, which are capable of two meanings; either that this helmet of *Jupiter* was ſufficient to have covered the armies of an hundred cities, or that the armies of an hundred cities were engraved upon it. It is here tranſlated in ſuch a manner that it may be taken either way, though the Learned are moſt inclined to the former ſenſe, as that idea is greater and more extraordinary, indeed more agreeable to *Homer*'s bold manner, and not extravagant if we call in the allegory to our aſſiſtance, and imagine it (with M. *Dacier*) an alluſion to the providence of God that extends over all the univerſe.

Heav'n's gates ſpontaneous open to the pow'rs,
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;

℣. 928. *Heav'n's gates ſpontaneous open.*] This marvellous circumſtance of the gates of heaven opening themſelves of their own accord to the divinities that paſs through them, is copied by *Milton*, *lib.* v.

— — — — — — At the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſov'reign Architect had fram'd.

And again, in the ſeventh book,

— — — — Heav'n open'd wide
Her everduring gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving ———

As the fiction that the hours are the guards of thoſe gates, gave him the hint of that beautiful paſſage in the beginning of his ſixth,

— — — — — — The morn
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light, &c.

This expreſſion of *the gates of Heaven* is in the *Eaſtern* manner, where they ſaid the *gates* of Heaven, or of Earth, for the *entrance* or *extremities* of Heaven or Earth; a phraſe uſual in the ſcriptures, as is obſerved by *Dacier*.

℣. 929. *Heav'n's golden gates kept by the winged hours.*] By the *hours* here are meant the *ſeaſons*; and ſo *Hobbes* tranſlates it; but ſpoils the ſenſe by what he adds,

Tho' to the ſeaſons *Jove* the power gave
Alone to judge of early and of late;

Which is utterly unintelligible, and nothing like *Homer*'s thought. *Natalis Comes* explains it thus, *lib.* iv. *c.* 5. *Homerus*

Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The ſun's bright portals and the ſkies command,
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with eaſe away.
The ſounding hinges ring: on either ſide
The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.
The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient ſkies
Confus'd, *Olympus'* hundred heads ariſe;
Where far apart the Thund'rer fills his throne;
O'er all the Gods ſuperiour and alone.
There with her ſnowy hand the Queen reſtrains
The fiery ſteeds, and thus to *Jove* complains.

O Sire! can no reſentment touch thy ſoul?
Can *Mars* rebel, and does no thunder roll?
What lawleſs rage on yon' forbidden plain,
What raſh deſtruction! and what heroes ſlain?
Venus, and *Phœbus* with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the ſlaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious pow'r! whoſe unrelenting mind
No God can govern, and no juſtice bind.

libro quinto Iliadis non ſolùm has, portas cœli ſervare, ſed etiam nubes inducere & ſerenum facere, cùm libuerit; quippe cùm apertum cœlum, ſerenum nominent poetæ, at clauſum, tectum nubibus.

Say, mighty father! ſhall we ſcourge his pride,
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?
To whom aſſenting, thus the Thund'rer ſaid:
Go! and the great *Minerva* be thy aid.
To tame the Monſter-god *Minerva* knows,
And oft' afflicts his brutal breaſt with woes.
He ſaid; *Saturnia*, ardent to obey,
Laſh'd her white ſteeds along th' aërial way.
Swift down the ſteep of heav'n the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded earth and ſtarry poles.
Far as a ſhepherd, from ſome point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundleſs eye;

℣. 954. *To tame the Monſter-god* Minerva *knows.*] For it is only *wiſdom* that can maſter *ſtrength*. It is worth while here to obſerve the conduct of *Homer*. He makes *Minerva*, and not *Juno*, to fight with *Mars*; becauſe a combat between *Mars* and *Juno* could not be ſupported by any allegory to have authoriſed the fable: whereas the allegory of a battle between *Mars* and *Minerva* is very open and intelligible. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 960. *Far as a ſhepherd*, &c.] *Longinus* citing theſe verſes as a noble inſtance of the ſublime, ſpeaks to this effect: "In "what a wonderful manner does *Homer* exalt his Deities; "meaſuring the leaps of their very horſes by the whole breadth "of the horizon? Who is there that conſidering the magni-"ficence of this hyperbole, would not cry out with reaſon, "That if theſe heavenly ſteeds were to make a ſecond leap, "the world would want room for a third?" This puts me in mind of that paſſage in *Heſiod's Theogony*, where he deſcribes

Thro' ſuch a ſpace of air, with thund'ring ſound,
At ev'ry leap th' immortal courſers bound:
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd thoſe banks divine
Where ſilver *Simoïs* and *Scamander* join.
There *Juno* ſtopp'd, and (her fair ſteeds unloos'd)
Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
For theſe, impregnate with celeſtial dew
On *Simoïs'* brink ambroſial herbage grew.
Thence to relieve the fainting *Argive* throng,
Smooth as the ſailing doves, they glide along.

the height of the Heavens, by ſaying a ſmith's anvil would be nine days in falling from thence to earth.

ỳ. 971. *Smooth as the ſailing doves.*] This ſimile is intended to expreſs the lightneſs and ſmoothneſs of the motion of theſe Goddeſſes. The doves to which *Homer* compares them, are ſaid by the ancient ſcholiaſt to leave no impreſſion of their ſteps. The word βάτην in the original may be rendered *aſcenderunt* as well as *inceſſerunt*; ſo may imply (as M. *Dacier* tranſlates it) moving without touching the earth, which *Milton* finely calls *ſmooth-ſliding without ſtep*. *Virgil* deſcribes the gliding of one of theſe birds by an image parallel to that in this verſe:

"— — — — Mox aëre lapſa quieto,
"Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas."

This kind of movement was appropriated to the Gods by the *Ægyptians*, as we ſee in *Heliodorus*, *lib.* iii. *Homer* might poſſibly have taken this notion from them. And *Virgil* in

The beſt and braveſt of the *Grecian* band
(A warlike circle) round *Tydides* ſtand:
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
Heaven's Empreſs mingles with the mortal croud,
And ſhouts, in *Stentor*'s ſounding voice, aloud:
Stentor the ſtrong, endu'd with brazen lungs,
Whoſe throat ſurpaſs'd the force of fifty tongues.

that paſſage where *Æneas* diſcovers *Venus* by her gait, *Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea*, ſeems to allude to ſome manner of moving that diſtinguiſhed divinities from mortals. This opinion is likewiſe hinted at by him in the fifth *Æneid*, where he ſo beautifully and briefly enumerates the diſtinguiſhing marks of a Deity:

" — — — — Divina ſigna decoris,
" Ardenteſque notate oculos: qui ſpiritus illi,
" Qui vultus, vociſque ſonus, vel greſſus eunti!"

This paſſage likewiſe ſtrengthens what is ſaid in the notes on the firſt book, ỳ. 268.

ỳ. 978. Stentor *the ſtrong, endu'd with brazen lungs.*] There was a neceſſity for cryers whoſe voices were ſtronger than ordinary, in thoſe ancient times, before the uſe of trumpets was known in their armies. And that they were in eſteem afterwards, may be ſeen from *Herodotus*, where he takes notice that *Darius* had in his train an *Ægyptian*, whoſe voice was louder and ſtronger than any man's of his age. There is a farther propriety in *Homer*'s attributing this voice to *Juno*; becauſe *Juno* is no other than the *Air*, and becauſe the *Air* is the cauſe of *Sound*. *Euſtathius*, *Spondanus*.

Inglorious *Argives!* to your race a ſhame,
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,
While fierce in war divine *Achilles* rag'd;
Now iſſuing fearleſs they poſſeſs the plain,
Now win the ſhores, and ſcarce the ſeas remain.

Her ſpeech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near *Tydides* ſtood th' *Athenian* maid;
The King beſide his panting ſteeds ſhe found,
O'erſpent with toil, repoſing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he ſat apart,
(The wound inflicted by the *Lycian* dart)
Large drops of ſweat from all his limbs deſcend,
Beneath his pond'rous ſhield his ſinews bend,
Whoſe ample belt that o'er his ſhoulder lay,
He eas'd; and waſh'd the clotted gore away.
The Goddeſs leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beſide his courſers, thus her ſilence broke.

Degen'rate Prince! and not of *Tydeus'* kind,
Whoſe little body lodg'd a mighty mind;

℣. 928. *Degen'rate Prince!* &c.] This ſpeech of *Minerva* to *Diomed* derives its whole force and efficacy from the offenſive compariſon ſhe makes between *Tydeus* and his ſon;

Foremoſt he preſs'd in glorious toils to ſhare,
And ſcarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go
And feaſt, encircled by the *Theban* foe;
There brav'd, and vanquiſh'd, many a hardy Knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and ſuch force in fight.
Thou too no leſs haſt been my conſtant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and ſent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters, or ſloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.
The Chief thus anſwer'd mild. Immortal maid!
I own thy preſence, and confeſs thy aid.
Not fear, thou know'ſt, withholds me from the plains,
Nor ſloth hath ſeiz'd me, but thy word reſtrains:

Tydeus when he was ſingle in the city of his enemy, fought and overcame the *Thebans*, even though *Minerva* forbade him; *Diomed* in the midſt of his army, and with enemies inferiour in number, declines the fight, though *Minerva* commands him. *Tydeus* diſobeys her, to engage in the battle; *Diomed* diſobeys her, to avoid engaging; and that too after he had upon many occaſions experienced the aſſiſtance of the Goddeſs. Madam *Dacier* ſhould have acknowledged this remark to belong to *Euſtathius*.

From warring Gods thou bad'ſt me turn my ſpear,
And *Venus* only found reſiſtance here.
Hence, Goddeſs! heedful of thy high commands,
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our *Argive* bands:
For *Mars*, the homicide, theſe eyes beheld,
With ſlaughter red, and raging round the field.
Then thus *Minerva*. Brave *Tydides*, hear!
Not *Mars* himſelf, nor ought immortal fear.
Full on the God impel thy foaming horſe:
Pallas commands, and *Pallas* lends thee force.
Raſh, furious, blind, from theſe to thoſe he flies,
And ev'ry ſide of wav'ring combat tries;
Large promiſe makes, and breaks the promiſe made;
Now gives the *Grecians*, now the *Trojans* aid.

℣. 1024. *Raſh, furious, blind, from theſe to thoſe he flies.*] *Minerva* in this place very well paints the manners of *Mars*, whoſe buſineſs was always to fortify the weaker ſide, in order to keep up the broil. I think the paſſage includes a fine allegory of the nature of *war*. *Mars* is called *inconſtant*, and a *breaker of his promiſes*, becauſe the chance of war is wavering, and uncertain victory is perpetually changing ſides. This latent meaning of the Epithet ἀλλοπρόσαλλον, is taken notice of by *Euſtathius*.

She ſaid, and to the ſteeds approaching near,
Drew from his ſeat the martial charioteer.
The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car aſcends,
Fierce for revenge; and *Diomed* attends.
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a Hero, and ſo great a God.
She ſnatch'd the reins, ſhe laſh'd with all her force,
And full on *Mars* impell'd the foaming horſe:
But firſt, to hide her heav'nly viſage, ſpread
Black *Orcus'* helmet o'er her radiant head.

℣. 1033. *So great a God.*] The tranſlation has ventured to call a Goddeſs ſo; in imitation of the *Greek*, which uſes the word Θεὸς promiſcuouſly for either gender. Some of the *Latin* Poets have not ſcrupled to do the ſame. *Statius*, *Thebaid* iv. (ſpeaking of *Diana*)

"Nec caret umbra *Deo*."

And *Virgil*, *Æneid* ii. where *Æneas* is conducted by *Venus* through the dangers of the fire and the enemy;

"Deſcendo, ac ducente *Deo*, flammam inter & hoſtes
"Expedior" ———

℣. 1037. *Black* Orcus' *helmet.*] As every thing that goes into the dark empire of *Pluto*, or *Orcus*, diſappears and is ſeen no more; the *Greeks* from thence borrowed this figurative expreſſion, *to put on* Pluto's *helmet*, that is to ſay, *to become inviſible*. *Plato* uſes this proverb in the tenth book of his *Republick*, and *Ariſtophanes* in *Acharnenſ.* *Euſtathius*,

Juſt then gigantick *Periphas* lay ſlain,
The ſtrongeſt warriour of th' *Ætolian* train;
The God who ſlew him, leaves his proſtrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at *Tydides* flies.
Now ruſhing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring *Greek*; the dreadful God of war!
Full at the chief, above his courſer's head,
From *Mars*'s arm th' enormous weapon fled:
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance
Far from the car, the ſtrong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of *Tydeus*' warlike ſon;
The jav'lin hiſs'd; the Goddeſs urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
From the rent ſkin the warriour tugs again
The ſmoking ſteel. *Mars* bellows with the pain:
Loud, as the roar encount'ring armies yield,
When ſhouting millions ſhake the thund'ring field.

ỳ. 1054. *Loud as the roar encount'ring armies yield.*] This *hyperbole* to expreſs the roaring of *Mars*, ſo ſtrong as it is, yet is not extravagant. It wants not a qualifying circumſtance or two; the voice is not human, but that of a Deity; and the compariſon being taken from an army, renders it more natural with reſpect to the God of War. It is leſs

Both armies ſtart, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heav'n rebellow to the ſound.
As vapours blown by *Auſter*'s ſultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and ſhedding ſeeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning *Sirius* riſe,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the ſkies;

daring to ſay, that a God could ſend forth a voice as loud as the ſhout of two armies, than that *Camilla*, a *Latian* nymph, could run ſo ſwiftly over the corn as not to bend an ear of it. Or, to alledge a nearer inſtance, that *Polyphemus*, a meer mortal, ſhook all the iſland of *Sicily*, and made the deepeſt caverns of *Ætna* roar with his cries. Yet *Virgil* generally eſcapes the cenſure of thoſe moderns who are ſhocked with the bold flights of *Homer*. It is uſual with thoſe who are ſlaves to common opinion, to overlook or praiſe the ſame things in one, that they blame in another. They think to depreciate *Homer* in extolling the judgment of *Virgil*, who never ſhowed it more than when he followed him in theſe boldneſſes. And indeed they who would take boldneſs from poetry, muſt leave dulneſs in the room of it.

ỳ. 1058. *As vapours blown*, &c.] *Mars* after a ſharp engagement, amidſt the rout of the *Trojans*, wrapt in a whirlwind of duſt, which was raiſed by ſo many thouſand combatants, flies towards *Olympus*. *Homer* compares him in this eſtate, to thoſe black clouds, which during a ſcorching ſouthern wind in the dog-days, are ſometimes borne towards Heaven; for the wind at that time gathering the duſt together, forms a dark cloud of it. The heat of the fight, the precipitation of the *Trojans*, together with the clouds of duſt that flew above the army, and took *Mars* from the ſight of his enemy, ſupplied *Homer* with this noble image. *Dacier*.

In ſuch a cloud the God from combat driv'n,
High o'er the duſty whirlwind ſcales the heav'n.
Wild with his pain, he ſought the bright abodes,
There ſullen ſat beneath the Sire of Gods,
Show'd the celeſtial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne.

Can *Jove*, ſupine, flagitious facts ſurvey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celeſtial pow'rs engage,
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father! all theſe ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the ſhield and ſpear;
Thou gav'ſt that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardleſs of the right.
All heav'n beſide reveres thy ſov'reign ſway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy beheſts obey:

℣. 1074. *Thou gav'ſt that fury to the realms of light, Pernicious, wild,* &c.] It is very artful in *Homer*, to make *Mars* accuſe *Minerva* of all thoſe faults and enormities he was himſelf ſo eminently guilty of. Thoſe people who are the moſt unjuſt and violent, accuſe others, even the beſt, of the ſame crimes: every irrational man is a diſtorted rule, tries every thing by that wrong meaſure, and forms his judgment accordingly. *Euſtathius*.

'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending ſhare
Thy breaſt, thy counſels, thy diſtinguiſh'd care:
So boundleſs ſhe, and thou ſo partial grown,
Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.
Now frantic *Diomed*, at her command,
Againſt th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heav'nly *Venus* firſt his fury found,
Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquiſh'd I fled: ev'n I the God of fight,
From mortal madneſs ſcarce was ſav'd by flight.
Elſe had'ſt thou ſeen me ſink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of ſlain!
Or pierc'd with *Grecian* darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.

ỳ. 1091. *Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.*] Thoſe are miſtaken who imagine our author repreſents his Gods as mortal. He only repreſents the inferiour or corporeal Deities as capable of pains and puniſhments, during the will of *Jupiter*, which is not inconſiſtent with true theology. If *Mars* is ſaid in *Dione*'s ſpeech to *Venus* to have been near *periſhing* by *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, it means no more than laſting miſery, ſuch as *Jupiter* threatens him with when he ſpeaks of precipitating him into *Tartarus*. *Homer* takes care to tell us both of this God and of *Pluto*, when *Pæon* cured them, that they were not mortal:

Οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καλαθνητὸς γ' ἐτέτυκτο.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of thunders view'd, and ſtern beſpoke.
To me, perfidious! this lamenting ſtrain?
Of lawleſs force ſhall lawleſs *Mars* complain? 1095
Of all the Gods who tread the ſpangled ſkies,
Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious in our eyes!
Inhuman diſcord is thy dire delight,
The waſte of ſlaughter, and the rage of fight.

℣. 1096. *Of all the Gods — Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious*, &c.] *Jupiter*'s reprimand of *Mars* is worthy the juſtice and goodneſs of the great Governour of the world, and ſeems to be no more than was neceſſary in this place. *Homer* hereby admirably diſtinguiſhes between *Minerva* and *Mars*, that is to ſay, between *Wiſdom* and ungoverned *Fury*; the former is produced from *Jupiter* without a mother, to ſhow that it proceeds from God alone; (and *Homer*'s alluding to that fable in the preceding ſpeech ſhows that he was not unacquainted with this opinion.) The latter is born of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, becauſe, as *Plato* explains it, whatever is created by the miniſtry of ſecond cauſes, and the concurrence of matter, partakes of that original ſpirit of diviſion which reigned in the *chaos*, and is of a corrupt and rebellious nature. The reader will find this allegory purſued with great beauty in theſe two ſpeeches; eſpecially where *Jupiter* concludes with ſaying he will not deſtroy *Mars*, becauſe he comes from himſelf; God will not annihilate *Paſſion*, which he created to be of uſe to *Reaſon*: "Wiſdom (ſays *Euſtathius* upon this place) has occaſion for paſſion, in the ſame manner as Princes have need of guards. Therefore reaſon and wiſdom correct and keep paſſion in ſubjection, but do not intirely deſtroy and ruin it."

No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy ſoul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we uſe;
She gives th' example, and her ſon purſues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou ſhalt not mourn,
Sprung ſince thou art from *Jove*, and heav'nly born.
Elſe, ſing'd with light'ning, had'ſt thou hence been thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the *Titans* groan.

℣. 1101. *And all thy mother in thy ſoul rebels*, &c.] *Jupiter* ſays of *Juno*, that *ſhe has a temper which is inſupportable, and knows not how to ſubmit, though he is perpetually chaſtiſing her with his reproofs.* *Homer* ſays no more than this, but M. *Dacier* adds, *Si je ne la retenois par la ſeverite des mes loix, il n'eſt rien qu'elle ne bouleverſaſt dans l'Olympe & ſous l'Olympe.* Upon which ſhe makes a remark to this effect, "That if it were "not for the laws of providence, the whole world would "be nothing but confuſion." This practice of refining and adding to *Homer*'s thought in the text, and then applauding the author for it in the notes, is pretty uſual with the more florid modern tranſlators. In the third *Iliad*, in *Helen*'s ſpeech to *Priam*, ℣. 175. ſhe wiſhes ſhe had rather died than followed *Paris* to *Troy*. To this is added in the *French*, *Mais je n'eus ni aſſez de courage ni aſſez de vertu*, for which there is not the leaſt hint in *Homer*. I mention this particular inſtance in pure juſtice, becauſe in the treatiſe *de la corruption du gout exam. de Liv.* iii. ſhe triumphs over M. *de la Motte*, as if he had omitted the ſenſe and moral of *Homer* in that place, when in truth he only left out her own interpolation.

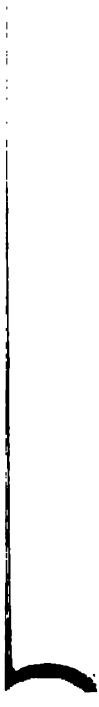
Thus he who ſhakes *Olympus* with his nod;
Then gave to *Pæon*'s care the bleeding God.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal fleſh, and clos'd the wound.
As when the fig's preſt juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid ſtream,

℣. 1112. *As when the fig's preſt juice, &c.*] The ſudden operation of the remedy adminiſtered by *Pæon*, is well expreſſed by this ſimilitude. It is neceſſary juſt to take notice, that they anciently made uſe of the juice or ſap of a fig for runnet, to cauſe their milk to coagulate. It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that *Homer* is not very delicate in the choice of his alluſions. He often borrowed his ſimiles from low life, and provided they illuſtrated his thoughts in a juſt and lively manner, it was all he had regard to.

The allegory of this whole book lies ſo open, is carried on with ſuch cloſeneſs, and wound up with ſo much fulneſs and ſtrength, that it is a wonder how it could enter into the imagination of any critick, that theſe actions of *Diomed* were only a daring and extravagant fiction in *Homer*, as if he affected the *marvellous* at any rate. The great moral of it is, that a brave man ſhould not contend againſt Heaven, but reſiſt only *Venus* and *Mars*, Incontinence and ungoverned Fury. *Diomed* is propoſed as an example of a great and enterpriſing nature, which would perpetually be venturing too far, and committing extravagancies or impieties, did it not ſuffer itſelf to be checked and guided by *Minerva* or Prudence: for it is this *Wiſdom* (as we are told in the very firſt lines of the book) that raiſes a Hero above all others. Nothing is more obſervable than the particular care *Homer* has taken to ſhew he deſigned this moral. He never omits any occaſion throughout the book, to put it in expreſs terms into the mouths of

Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and ſo ſoon, th' ætherial texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the duſt and gore, fair *Hebè* dreſt
His mighty limbs in an immortal veſt.
Glorious he ſat, in majeſty reſtor'd,
Faſt by the throne of heav'n's ſuperiour Lord.
Juno and *Pallas* mount the bleſt abodes,
Their taſk perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

the Gods, or perſons of the greateſt weight. *Minerva*, at the beginning of the battle, is made to give this precept to *Diomed*; *Fight not againſt the Gods, but give way to them, and reſiſt only* Venus. The ſame Goddeſs opens his eyes, and enlightens him ſo far as to perceive when it is heaven that acts immediately againſt him, or when it is man only that oppoſes him. The hero himſelf, as ſoon as he has performed her dictates in driving away *Venus*, cries out, not as to the *Goddeſs*, but as to the *Paſſion*, *Thou haſt no buſineſs with warriours, is it not enough that thou deceiveſt weak women?* Even the mother of *Venus*, while ſhe comforts her daughter, bears teſtimony to the moral: *That man* (ſays ſhe) *is not long-lived who contends with the Gods.* And when *Diomed*, tranſported by his nature, proceeds but a ſtep too far, *Apollo* diſcovers himſelf in the moſt ſolemn manner, and declares this truth in his own voice, as it were by direct revelation: *Mortal, forbear! conſider, and know the vaſt difference there is between the Gods and thee. They are immortal and divine, but man a miſerable reptile of the duſt.*



THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of *Glaucus* and *Diomed*, and of *Hector* and *Andromache*.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians *prevail.* Helenus, *the chief augur of* Troy, *commands* Hector *to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the Queen and the* Trojan *matrons to the temple of* Minerva, *to entreat her to remove* Diomed *from the fight. The battle relaxiug during the absence of* Hector, Glaucus *and* Diomed *have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms.* Hector *having performed the orders of* Helenus, *prevailed upon* Paris *to return to the battle; and taken a tender leave of his wife* Andromache, *hastens again to the field.*

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simois *and* Scamander, *and then changes to* Troy.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

Now heav'n forſakes the fight: th' immortals yield
To human force and human ſkill, the field:
Dark ſhow'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While *Troy*'s fam'd * ſtreams, that bound the deathful plain,
On either ſide run purple to the main.

* *Scamander* and *Simois*.

Great *Ajax* firſt to conqueſt led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The *Thracian Acamas* his falchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thund'ring arm a deadly ſtroke impreſt
Where the black horſe-hair nodded o'er his creſt;
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And ſeals in endleſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Next *Teuthras'* ſon diſtain'd the ſands with blood,
Axylus, hoſpitable, rich and good:

℣. 7. Ajax *firſt.*] *Ajax* performs his exploits immediately upon the departure of the Gods from the battle. It is obſerved that this hero is never aſſiſted by the Deities, as moſt of the reſt are; ſee his character in the notes on the ſeventh book. The expreſſion of the *Greek* is, that he *brought light to his troops*, which M. *Dacier* takes to be metaphorical: I do not ſee but it may be literal; he broke the thick ſquadrons of the enemy, and opened a paſſage for the light.

℣. 9. *The* Thracian Acamas.] This *Thracian* Prince is the ſame in whoſe likeneſs *Mars* appears in the preceding book, rallying the *Trojans*, and forcing the *Greeks* to retire. In the preſent deſcription of his ſtrength and ſize, we ſee with what propriety this perſonage was ſelected by the Poet, as fit to be aſſumed by the God of war.

℣. 16. Axylus, *hoſpitable.*] This beautiful character of *Axylus* has not been able to eſcape the miſunderſtanding of ſome of the commentators, who thought *Homer* deſigned it as a reproof of an undiſtinguiſhed generoſity. It is evidently a panegyrick on that virtue, and not improbably on the memory of ſome excellent, but unfortunate man in that country,

In fair *Ariſbe*'s walls (his native place)
He held his ſeat; a friend to human race.

whom the Poet honours with the noble title of *A friend to mankind.* It is indeed a ſevere reproof of the ingratitude of men, and a kind of ſatire on human race, while he repreſents this lover of his ſpecies miſerably periſhing without aſſiſtance from any of thoſe numbers he had obliged. This death is very moving, and the circumſtance of a faithful ſervant's dying by his ſide, well imagined, and natural to ſuch a character. His manner of keeping houſe near a frequented highway, and relieving all travellers, is agreeable to that ancient hoſpitality which we now only read of. There is abundance of this ſpirit every where in the *Odyſſey*. The Patriarchs in the Old Teſtament ſit at their gates to ſee thoſe who paſs by, and intreat them to enter into their houſes: this cordial manner of invitation is particularly deſcribed in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of *Geneſis*. The *Eaſtern* nations ſeem to have had a peculiar diſpoſition to theſe exerciſes of humanity, which continues in a great meaſure to this day. It is yet a piece of charity frequent with the *Turks*, to erect *Caravanſerahs*, or inns for the reception of travellers. Since I am upon this head, I muſt mention one or two extraordinary examples of ancient hoſpitality. *Diodorus Siculus* writes of *Gallias* of *Agrigentum*, that having built ſeveral inns for the relief of ſtrangers, he appointed perſons at the gates to invite all who travelled to make uſe of them; and that this example was followed by many others who were inclined, after the ancient manner, to live in a humane and beneficent correſpondence with mankind. That this *Gallias* entertained and cloathed at one time no leſs than five hundred horſemen; and that there were in his cellars three hundred veſſels, each of which contained an hundred hogſheads of wine. The ſame Author tells us of another *Agrigentine*, that at the marriage of his daughter feaſted all the people of his city, who at that time were above twenty thouſand.

Faſt by the road, his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

Herodotus in his ſeventh book has a ſtory of this kind, which is prodigious, being of a private man ſo immenſely rich as to entertain *Xerxes* and his whole army. I ſhall tranſcribe the paſſage as I find it tranſlated to my hands.

" *Pythius* the ſon of *Atys*, a *Lydian*, then reſiding in *Cælene*, " entertained the King and all his army with great magnifi- " cence, and offered him his treaſures towards the expence " of the war; which liberality *Xerxes* communicating to the " *Perſians* about him, and aſking who this *Pythius* was, and " what riches he might have, to enable him to make ſuch " an offer; received this anſwer: *Pythius*, ſaid they, is the " perſon who preſented your father *Darius* with a plane-tree " and vine of gold; and after you, is the richeſt man we " know in the world. *Xerxes* ſurpriſed with theſe laſt words, " aſked him to what ſum his treaſures might amount. I ſhall " conceal nothing from you, ſaid *Pythius*, nor pretend to be " ignorant of my own wealth; but being perfectly informed " of the ſtate of my accounts, ſhall tell you the truth with " ſincerity. When I heard you was ready to begin the march " towards the *Grecian* ſea, I reſolved to preſent you with a " ſum of money towards the charge of the war; and to that " end having taken an account of my riches, I found by " computation that I had two thouſand talents of ſilver, and " three millions nine hundred ninety-three thouſand pieces " of gold, bearing the ſtamp of *Darius*. Theſe treaſures I " freely give you, becauſe I ſhall be ſufficiently furniſhed with " whatever is neceſſary to life by the labour of my ſervants " and huſbandmen.

" *Xerxes* heard theſe words with pleaſure, and in anſwer " to *Pythius* ſaid; My *Lydian* hoſt, ſince I parted from *Suſa* " I have not found a man beſide yourſelf, who has offered " to entertain my army, or voluntarily to contribute his trea- " ſures to promote the preſent expedition. You alone have " treated my army magnificently, and readily offered me im-

To ſtern *Tydides* now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathleſs the good man fell, and by his ſide
His faithful ſervant, old *Caleſius* dy'd.
By great *Euryalus* was *Dreſus* ſlain,
And next he lay'd *Opheltius* on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
From a fair *Naiad* and *Bucolion* ſprung:
(*Laomedon*'s white flocks *Bucolion* fed,
That monarch's firſt-born by a foreign bed;
In ſecret woods he won the *Naiad*'s grace,
And two fair Infants crown'd his ſtrong embrace.)

" menſe riches: therefore, in return of your kindneſs, I " make you my hoſt; and that you may be maſter of the " intire ſum of four millions of gold, I will give you ſeven " thouſand *Darian* pieces out of my own treaſure. Keep " then all the riches you now poſſeſs; and if you know how " to continue always in the ſame good diſpoſition, you ſhall " never have reaſon to repent of your affection to me, either " now or in future time."

The ſum here offered by *Pythius* amounts, by *Brerewood*'s computation, to three millions three hundred ſeventy-five thouſand pounds Sterling, according to the leſſer valuation of talents. I make no apology for inſerting ſo remarkable a paſſage at length, but ſhall only add, that it was at laſt the fate of this *Pythius* (like our *Axylus*) to experience the ingratitude of man; his eldeſt ſon being afterwards cut in pieces by the ſame *Xerxes*.

Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthleſs victor ſtripp'd their ſhining arms.
Aſtyalus by *Polypœtes* fell;
Ulyſſes' ſpear *Pidytes* ſent to hell;
By *Teucer*'s ſhaft brave *Aretaön* bled,
And *Neſtor*'s ſon laid ſtern *Ablerus* dead;
Great *Agamemnon*, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich *Elatus* gave,
Who held in *Pedaſus* his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where ſilver *Satnio* flow'd.
Melanthius by *Eurypylus* was ſlain;
And *Phylacus* from *Leitus* flies in vain.
Unbleſt *Adraſtus* next at mercy lies
Beneath the *Spartan* ſpear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong ſteeds, precipitate in flight,
Ruſh'd on a *Tamariſk*'s ſtrong trunk, and broke
The ſhatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;
Wide o'er the field, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
For *Troy* they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he ſinks beſide the wheel:
Atrides o'er him ſhakes his vengeful ſteel;

The fallen chief in ſuppliant poſture preſs'd
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r addreſs'd.
Oh ſpare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.

℣, 57. *Oh ſpare my youth*, &c.] This paſſage, where *Agamemnon* takes away that *Trojan's* life whom *Menelaus* had pardoned, and is not blamed by *Homer* for ſo doing, muſt be aſcribed to the uncivilized manners of thoſe times, when mankind was not united by the bonds of a rational Society, and is not therefore to be imputed to the Poet, who followed nature as it was in his days. The hiſtorical books of the Old Teſtament abound in inſtances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies.

Virgil had this part of *Homer* in his view, when he deſcribed the death of *Magus* in the tenth *Æneid*. Thoſe lines of his prayer, where he offers a ranſom, are tranſlated from this of *Adraſtus*, but both the prayer and the anſwer *Æneas* makes when he refuſes him mercy, are very much heightened and improved. They alſo receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occaſion on which he inſerts them: young *Pallas* is juſt killed, and *Æneas* ſeeking to be revenged upon *Turnus*, meets this *Magus*. Nothing can be a more artful piece of Addreſs than the firſt lines of that ſupplication, if we conſider the character of *Æneas*, to whom it is made.

"Per patrios manes, per ſpes ſurgentis Iüli,
"Te precor, hanc animam ſerves natoque, patrique."

And what can exceed the cloſeneſs and fulneſs of that reply to it:

"— — — — Belli commercia Turnus
"Suſtulit iſta prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.
"Hoc patris Anchiſæ manes, hoc ſentit Iülus."

When fame ſhall tell, that, not in battle ſlain,
Thy hollow ſhips his captive ſon detain;
Rich heaps of braſs ſhall in thy tent be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
He ſaid: compaſſion touch'd the hero's heart;
He ſtood, ſuſpended, with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquiſh'd prize,
Stern *Agamemnon* ſwift to vengeance flies,
And furious, thus. Oh impotent of mind!
Shall theſe, ſhall theſe *Atrides'* mercy find?
Well haſt thou known proud *Troy*'s perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor ſex, nor age,
Shall ſave a *Trojan* from our boundleſs rage:
Ilion ſhall periſh whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breaſt, ſhall fall.

This removes the imputation of cruelty from *Æneas*, which had leſs agreed with his character than it does with *Agamemnon*'s; whoſe reproof to *Menelaus* in this place is not unlike that of *Samuel* to *Saul*, for not killing *Agag*.

ỳ. 74. *Her infants at the breaſt, ſhall fall.*] Or, her infants *yet in the womb*, for it will bear either ſenſe. But I think Madam *Dacier* in the right, in her affirmation that the *Greeks* were not arrived to that pitch of cruelty to rip up the wombs of women with child. *Homer* (ſays ſhe) to remove all equivocal

A dreadful leſſon of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch ſpoke; the words, with warmth addreſt,
To rigid juſtice ſteel'd his brother's breaſt.
Fierce from his knees the hapleſs chief he thruſt;
The monarch's jav'lin ſtretch'd him in the duſt.
Then preſſing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the ſlain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old *Neſtor* ſaw, and rous'd the warriour's rage;
Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!
No ſon of *Mars* deſcend, for ſervile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon' glitt'ring hoſt, your future ſpoil!
Firſt gain the conqueſt, then reward the toil.

meaning from this phraſe, adds the words κοῦρον ἐόντα, *juvenem puerulum exiſtentem*, which would be ridiculous, were it ſaid of a child yet unborn. Beſides, he would never have repreſented one of his firſt heroes capable ſo barbarous a crime; or at leaſt would not have commended him (as he does juſt after) for ſuch a wicked exhortation.

ỳ. 88. *Firſt gain the conqueſt, then reward the toil.*] This important maxim of war is very naturally introduced, upon *Neſtor*'s having ſeen *Menelaus* ready to ſpare an enemy for the ſake of a ranſom. It was for ſuch leſſons as theſe (ſays M. *Dacier*) that *Alexander* ſo much eſteemed *Homer*, and ſtudied

And now had *Greece* eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighted *Troy* within her walls retir'd;
Had not ſage *Helenus* her ſtate redreſt,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his ſacred breaſt.
Where *Hector* ſtood, with great *Æneas* join'd,
The ſeer reveal'd the counſels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wiſe to conſult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
E'er yet their wives ſoft arms the cowards gain,
The ſport and inſult of the hoſtile train.

his poem. He made his uſe of this precept in the battle of *Arbela*, when *Parmenio* being in danger of weakening the main body to defend the baggage, he ſent this meſſage to him: Leave the baggage there; for if we gain the victory, we ſhall not only recover what is our own, but be maſters of all that is the enemy's. Hiſtories ancient and modern are filled with examples of enterpriſes that have miſcarried, and battles that have been loſt, by the greedineſs of ſoldiers for pillage.

℣. 98. *Wiſe to conſult, and active to defend!*] This is a two-fold branch of praiſe, expreſſing the excellence of theſe Princes both in council and in battle. I think Madam *Dacier*'s tranſlation does not come up to the ſenſe of the original. *Les plus hardis & les plus experimentez des nos capitans.*

When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
Ourſelves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous ſtand;
Preſs'd as we are, and ſore of former fight,
Theſe ſtraits demand our laſt remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou *Hector* to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the Gods require:

℣. 107. *Then* Hector *to the town.*] It has been a modern objection to *Homer*'s conduct, that *Hector* upon whom the whole fate of the day depended, is made to retire from the battle, only to carry a meſſage to *Troy* concerning a ſacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it abſurd in *Helenus* to adviſe this, and in *Hector* to comply with it. What occaſioned this falſe criticiſm, was, that they imagined it to be a piece of *advice*, and not a *command*. *Helenus* was a prieſt and augur of the higheſt rank, he enjoins it as a point of religion, and *Hector* obeys him as one inſpired from heaven. The *Trojan* army was in the utmoſt diſtreſs, occaſioned by the prodigious ſlaughter made by *Diomed*: there was therefore more reaſon and neceſſity to propitiate *Minerva* who aſſiſted that hero; which *Helenus* might know, though *Hector* would have choſen to have ſtaid and truſted to the arm of fleſh. Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their characters, *Hector* goes, as he was obliged in religion; but not before he has animated the troops, re-eſtabliſhed the combat, repulſed the *Greeks* to ſome diſtance, received a promiſe from *Helenus* that they would make a ſtand at the gates, and given one himſelf to the army that he would ſoon return to the fight: all which *Homer* has been careful to ſpecify, to ſave the honour, and preſerve the character, of this hero. As to *Helenus*'s part; he ſaw the ſtraits his countrymen were reduced to, he knew his authority as a prieſt,

Direct the Queen to lead th' aſſembled train
Of *Troy*'s chief matrons to *Minerva*'s fane;
Unbar the ſacred gates, and ſeek the pow'r
With offer'd vows, in *Ilion*'s topmoſt tow'r.
The largeſt mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread;
And twelve young heifers to her altars led;

and deſigned to revive the courage of the troops by a promiſe of divine aſſiſtance. Nothing adds more courage to the minds of men, than ſuperſtition; and perhaps it was the only expedient then left; much like a modern practice in the army, to enjoin a *faſt* when they wanted proviſions. *Helenus* could no way have made his promiſe more credible, than by ſending away *Hector*; which looked like an aſſurance that nothing could prejudice them during his abſence on ſuch a religious account. No leader of leſs authority than *Hector* could ſo properly have enjoined this ſolemn act of religion; and laſtly, no other whoſe valour was leſs known than his, could have left the army in this juncture without a taint upon his honour. *Homer* makes this piety ſucceed; *Paris* is brought back to the fight, the *Trojans* afterwards prevail, and *Jupiter* appears openly in their favour, *l.* viii. Though after all, I cannot diſſemble my opinion, that the Poet's chief intention in this, was to introduce that fine epiſode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*. This change of the ſcene to *Troy* furniſhes him with a great number of beauties. *By this means* (ſays *Euſtathius*) *his poem is for a time diveſted of the fierceneſs and violence of battles, and being as it were waſhed from ſlaughter and blood, becomes calm and ſmiling by the beauty of theſe various epiſodes.*

If ſo the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert *Tydides'* waſteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire.
Not thus *Achilles* taught our hoſts to dread,
Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus reſiſtleſs rul'd the ſtream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.

ỳ. 117. *If ſo the pow'r, aton'd*, &c.] The Poet here plainly ſuppoſes *Helenus*, by his ſkill in augury or ſome other divine inſpiration, well informed that the might of *Diomed*, which wrought ſuch great deſtruction among the *Trojans*, was the gift of *Pallas* incenſed againſt them. The prophet therefore directs prayers, offerings and ſacrifices to be made, to appeaſe the anger of this offended Goddeſs; not to invoke the mercy of any propitious Deity. This is conformable to the whole ſyſtem of *Pagan* ſuperſtition, the worſhip whereof being grounded, not on love but fear, ſeems directed rather to avert the malice and anger of a wrathful and miſchievous Dæmon, than to implore the aſſiſtance and protection of a benevolent being. In this ſtrain of religion this ſame prophet is introduced by *Virgil*, in the third *Æneid*, giving particular direction to *Æneas* to appeaſe the indignation of *Juno*, as the only means which could bring his labours to a proſperous end.

" Unum illud tibi, nate Deâ, præque omnibus unum
" Prædicam, & repetens iterumque iterumque monebo:
" Junonis magnæ primum prece numen adora;
" Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem
" Supplicibus ſupera donis." ——

Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Thro' all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle riſe.
With rage recruited the bold *Trojans* glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he ſhakes two dazling ſpears:
All *Greece* recedes, and 'midſt her triumphs fears;
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vault of ſtars.

Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntleſs *Dardans* hear!
And you whom diſtant nations ſend to war!
Be mindful of the ſtrength your fathers bore;
Be ſtill yourſelves, and *Hector* aſks no more.
One hour demands me in the *Trojan* wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor ſhall, I truſt, the matrons holy train
And rev'rend elders, ſeek the Gods in vain.

This ſaid, with ample ſtrides the hero paſt;
The ſhields large orb behind his ſhoulder caſt,
His neck o'erſhading, to his ancle hung;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (Godlike *Hector* gone)
When daring *Glaucus* and great *Tydeus'* ſon

℣. 147. *The interview of* Glaucus *and* Diomed.] No paſſage in our Author has been the ſubject of more ſevere and groundleſs criticiſms than this, where theſe two heroes enter into a long converſation (as they will have it) in the heat of a battle. Monſieur *Dacier*'s anſwer in defence of *Homer* is ſo full, that I cannot do better than to tranſlate it from his remarks on the twenty-ſixth chapter of *Ariſtotle*'s *Poetic*. There can be nothing more unjuſt than the criticiſms paſt upon things that are the effect of cuſtom. It was uſual in ancient times for ſoldiers to talk together before they encountered. *Homer* is full of examples of this ſort, and he very well deſerves we ſhould be ſo juſt as to believe, he had never done it ſo often, but that it was agreeable to the manners of his age. But this is not only a thing of cuſtom, but founded on reaſon itſelf. The ties of hoſpitality in thoſe times were held more ſacred than thoſe of blood; and it is on that account *Diomed* gives ſo long an audience to *Glaucus*, whom he acknowledges to be his gueſt, with whom it was not lawful to engage in combat. *Homer* makes an admirable uſe of this conjuncture, to introduce an entertaining hiſtory after ſo many battles as he has been deſcribing, and to unbend the mind of his reader by a recital of ſo much variety as the ſtory of the family of *Siſyphus*. It may be farther obſerved, with what addreſs and management he places this long converſation; it is not during the heat of an obſtinate battle, which had been too unſeaſonable to be excuſed by any cuſtom whatever; but he brings it in after he has made *Hector* retire into *Troy*, when the abſence of ſo powerful an enemy had given *Diomed* that leiſure which he could not have had otherwiſe. One need only read the judicious remark of *Euſtathius* upon this place. *The Poet* (ſays he) *after having cauſed* Hector *to go out of the fight, interrupts the violence of wars, and gives ſome relaxation to the reader, in cauſing him to paſs from the confuſion and diſorder of the action to the tranquillity and ſecurity of an hiſtorical narration. For by*

Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Obſerv'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150

means of the happy epiſode of Glaucus, *he caſts a thouſand pleaſing wonders into his poem; as fables, that include beautiful allegories, hiſtories, genealogies, ſentences, ancient cuſtoms, and ſeveral other graces that tend to the diverſifying of his work, and which by breaking (as one may ſay) the monotony of it, agreeably inſtruct the reader.* Let us obſerve, in how fine a manner *Homer* has hereby praiſed both *Diomed* and *Hector*. For he makes us know, that as long as *Hector* is in the field, the *Greeks* have not the leaſt leiſure to take breath; and that as ſoon as he quits it, all the *Trojans*, however they had regained all their advantages, were not able to employ *Diomed* ſo far as to prevent his entertaining himſelf with *Glaucus* without any danger to his party. Some may think after all, that though we may juſtify *Homer*, yet we cannot excuſe the manners of his time; it not being natural for men with ſwords in their hands, to dialogue together in cold blood juſt before they engage. But not to alledge, that theſe very manners yet remain in thoſe countries, which have not been corrupted by the commerce of other nations (which is a great ſign of their being natural) what reaſon can be offered, that it is more natural to fall on at firſt ſight with rage and fierceneſs, than to ſpeak to an enemy before the encounter? Thus far Monſieur *Dacier*; and *St. Evremont* aſks humorouſly, if it might not be as proper in that country for men to harangue before they fought, as it is in *England* to make ſpeeches before they are hanged?

That *Homer* is not in general apt to make unſeaſonable harangues (as theſe cenſurers would repreſent) may appear from that remarkable care he has ſhewn in many places to avoid them: as when in the fifth book *Æneas*, being cured on a ſudden in the middle of the fight, is ſeen with ſurpriſe by his ſoldiers; he ſpecifies with particular caution, that they *aſk him no queſtions how he became cured*, in a time of ſo much buſineſs and action. Again, when there is a neceſſity in the

Near as they drew, *Tydides* thus began.

What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?

ſame book that *Minerva* ſhould have a conference with *Diomed*, in order to engage him againſt *Mars* (after her prohibition to him to fight with the Gods) *Homer* chuſes a time for that ſpeech, juſt when the hero is retired behind his chariot to take breath, which was the only moment that could be ſpared during the hurry of that whole engagement. One might produce many inſtances of the ſame kind.

The diſcourſe of *Glaucus* to *Diomed* is ſeverely cenſured, not only on account of the circumſtance of time and place, but likewiſe on the ſcore of the ſubject, which is taxed as improper, and foreign to the end and deſign of the poem. But the Criticks who have made this objection, ſeem neither to comprehend the deſign of the Poet in general, nor the particular aim of this diſcourſe. Many paſſages in the beſt ancient Poets appear unaffecting at preſent, which probably gave the greateſt delight to their firſt readers, becauſe they were nearly intereſted in what was there related. It is very plain that *Homer* deſigned this poem as a monument to the honour of the *Greeks*, who, though conſiſting of ſeveral independent ſocieties, were yet very national in point of glory, being ſtrongly affected with every thing that ſeemed to advance the honour of their common country, and reſentful of any indignity offered to it. This diſpoſition was the ground of that grand alliance which is the ſubject of this poem. To men ſo fond of their country's glory, what could be more agreeable than to read a hiſtory filled with wonders of a noble family tranſplanted from *Greece* into *Aſia*? They might here learn with pleaſure that the *Grecian* virtues did not degenerate by removing into diſtant climes: but eſpecially they muſt be affected with uncommon delight to find that *Sarpedon* and *Glaucus*, the braveſt of the *Trojan* auxiliaries, were originally *Greeks*.

Taſſo in this manner has introduced an agreeable epiſode, which ſhews *Clorinda* the offſpring of *Chriſtian* parents, though engaged in the ſervice of the *Infidels*, Cant. xii.

Our eyes, till now, that aſpect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid the embattl'd field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'ſt appear,
And meet a lance the fierceſt heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckleſs ſires,
Who tempt our fury when *Minerva* fires!
But if from heav'n, celeſtial thou deſcend;
Know, with immortals we no more contend.

℣. 149. *Between both armies met*, &c.] It is uſual with *Homer*, before he introduces a hero, to make as it were a halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the attention and expectation of the reader, than this circumſtance at the firſt meeting of *Diomed* and *Glaucus*. Juſt at the time when the mind begins to be weary with the battle, it is diverted with the proſpect of a ſingle combat, which of a ſudden turns to an interview of friendſhip, and an unexpected ſcene of ſociable virtue. The whole air of the converſation between theſe two heroes has ſomething heroically ſolemn in it.

℣. 159. *But if from heav'n*, &c.] A quick change of mind from the greateſt impiety to as great ſuperſtition, is frequently obſervable in men who having been guilty of the moſt heinous crimes without any remorſe, on the ſudden are filled with doubts and ſcruples about the moſt lawful or indifferent actions. This ſeems the preſent caſe of *Diomed*, who having knowingly wounded and inſulted the Deities, is now afraid to engage the firſt man he meets, leſt perhaps a God might be concealed in that ſhape. This diſpoſition of *Diomed* produces the queſtion he puts to *Glaucus*, which without this conſideration will appear impertinent; and ſo, naturally occaſions that agreeable epiſode of *Bellerophon*, which *Glaucus* relates in anſwer to *Diomed*.

Not long *Lycurgus* view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight.
Bacchus, and *Bacchus'* votaries, he drove,
With brandiſh'd ſteel from *Nyſſa*'s ſacred grove:
Their conſecrated ſpears lay ſcatter'd round,
With curling vines and twiſted ivy bound;
While *Bacchus* headlong ſought the briny flood,
And *Thetis'* arm receiv'd the trembling God.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,
(Th' immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe above)

℣. 161. *Not long* Lycurgus, *&c.*] What *Diomed* here ſays is the effect of remorſe, as if he had exceeded the commiſſion of *Pallas* in encountering with the Gods, and dreaded the conſequences of proceeding too far. At leaſt he had no ſuch commiſſion now, and beſides, was no longer capable of diſtinguiſhing them from men (a faculty ſhe had given him in the foregoing book:) he therefore mentions this ſtory of *Lycurgus* as an example that ſufficed to terrify him from ſo raſh an undertaking. The ground of the fable they ſay is this: *Lycurgus* cauſed moſt of the vines of his country to be rooted up, ſo that his ſubjects were obliged to mix it with water, when it was leſs plentiful: hence it was feigned that *Thetis* received *Bacchus* into her boſom.

℣. 170. *Immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe.*] Though *Dacier's* and moſt of the verſions take no notice of the epithets uſed in this place, Θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζώοντες, *Dii facilè ſeu beatè viventes*; the tranſlator thought it a beauty which he could not but endeavour to preſerve. *Milton* ſeems to have had this in his eye in his ſecond book:

Depriv'd of ſight by their avenging doom,
Chearleſs he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then ſunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurſt, and hated by the Gods!
I brave not heav'n: but if the fruits of earth
Suſtain thy life, and human be thy birth;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my ſire,
(Reply'd the chief) can *Tydeus'* ſon enquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;

— — — Thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The *Gods who live at eaſe* ——

ỳ. 178. *Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.*] This haughty air which *Homer* gives his heroes was doubtleſs a copy of the manners and hyperbolical ſpeeches of thoſe times. Thus *Goliah* to *David*, 1 *Sam.* ch. xvii. *Approach, and I will give thy fleſh to the fowls of the air and the beaſts of the field.* The Orientals ſpeak the ſame language to this day.

ỳ. 181. *Like leaves on trees.*] There is a noble gravity in the beginning of this ſpeech of *Glaucus*, according to the true ſtyle of antiquity, *Few and evil are our days.* This beautiful thought of our Author, whereby the race of men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by *Simonides* in a fine fragment extant in *Stobæus*. The ſame thought may be found in *Eccleſiaſticus*, ch. xiv. ỳ. 18. almoſt in the ſame words;

Another race the following ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
So generations in their courſe decay;
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.
But if thou ſtill perſiſt to ſearch my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the ſpacious earth.
A city ſtands on *Argos'* utmoſt bound,
(*Argos* the fair for warlike ſteeds renown'd)

As of the green leaves on a thick tree, ſome fall, and ſome grow; ſo is the generation of fleſh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.

The reader, who has ſeen ſo many paſſages imitated from *Homer* by ſucceeding Poets, will no doubt be pleaſed to ſee one of an ancient Poet which *Homer* has here imitated: this is a fragment of *Muſæus* preſerved by *Clemens Alexandrinus* in his *Stromata*, *lib.* vi.

Ὡς δ' αὕτως καὶ φύλλα φύει ζείδωρος ἄρουρα,
Ἄλλα μὲν ἐν μιλίῃσιν ἀποφθίνει, ἄλλα δὲ φύει,
Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπου γενεὴ καὶ φύλλον ἐλίσσει.

Though this compariſon be juſtly admired for its beauty in this obvious application to the morality and ſucceſſion of human life, it ſeems however deſigned by the Poet, in this place, as a proper emblem of the tranſitory ſtate, not of men, but of families; which being by their misfortunes or follies fallen and decayed, do again in a happier ſeaſon revive and flouriſh in the fame and virtue of their poſterity: in this ſenſe it is a direct anſwer to what *Diomed* had aſked, as well as a proper preface to what *Glaucus* relates of his own family, which having been extinct in *Corinth*, had recovered new life in *Lycia*.

Æolian Siſyphus, with wiſdom bleſt,
In ancient time the happy wall poſſeſt,
Then call'd *Ephyre*: *Glaucus* was his ſon;
Great *Glaucus*, father of *Bellerophon*,
Who o'er the ſons of men in beauty ſhin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind.
Then mighty *Prætus Argos'* ſceptres ſway'd,
Whoſe hard commands *Bellerophon* obey'd.
With direful jealouſy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave Prince in num'rous toils engag'd.
For him *Antæa* burn'd with lawleſs flame,
And ſtrove to tempt him from the paths of fame:

ỳ. 193. *Then call'd* Ephyre.] It was the ſame which was afterwards called *Corinth*, and had that name in *Homer*'s time, as appears from this catalogue, ỳ. 77.

ỳ. 196. *Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind.*] This diſtinction of true valour, which has the good of mankind for its end, in oppoſition to the valour of tyrants or oppreſſors, is beautifully hinted by *Homer* in the epithet ἐρατεινὴ, *amiable valour*. Such was that of *Bellerophon*, who freed the land from monſters, and creatures deſtructive to his ſpecies. It is applied to this young hero with particular judgment and propriety, if we conſider the innocence and gentleneſs of his manners appearing from the following ſtory, which every one will obſerve has a great reſemblance with that of *Joſeph* in the ſcriptures.

In vain ſhe tempted the relentleſs youth,
Endu'd with wiſdom, ſacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his ſcorn the Queen to *Prætus* fled,
And begg'd revenge for her inſulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, reſolving on his fate;
But hoſpitable laws reſtrain'd his hate:
To *Lycia* the devoted youth he ſent,
With tablets ſeal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now bleſt by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at *Xanthus'* ſilver flood;
There *Lycia*'s monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feaſted, and nine bulls he ſlew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate ſhow'd;

℣. 216. *The faithful youth his monarch's mandate ſhow'd.*] *Plutarch* much commends the virtue of *Bellerophon*, who faithfully carried thoſe letters he might ſo juſtly ſuſpect of ill conſequence to him: the paſſage is in his diſcourſe of *curioſity*, and worth tranſcribing. "A man of curioſity is void of all "faith, and it is better to truſt letters or any important ſe-"crets to ſervants, than to friends and familiars of an in-"quiſitive temper. *Bellerophon*, when he carried letters that "ordered his own deſtruction, did not unſeal them, but for-"bore touching the King's diſpatches with the ſame conti-"nence, as he had refrained from injuring his bed: for cu-"rioſity is an incontinence as well as adultery."

The fatal tablets, till that inſtant ſeal'd,
The deathful ſecret to the King reveal'd.
Firſt, dire *Chimæra*'s conqueſt was enjoin'd:
A mingled monſter, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This peſt he ſlaughter'd (for he read the ſkies,
And truſted heav'n's informing prodigies)
Then met in arms the *Solymæan* crew,
(Fierceſt of Men) and thoſe the warriour ſlew.

℣. 219. *Firſt dire* Chimæra.] *Chimæra* was feigned to have the head of a lion breathing flames, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon; becauſe the mountain of that name in *Lycia* had a *vulcano* on its top, and nouriſhed lions; the middle part afforded paſture for goats, and the bottom was infeſted with ſerpents. *Bellerophon* deſtroying theſe, and rendering the mountain habitable, was ſaid to have conquered *Chimæra*. He calls this monſter Θεῖον γένος, in the manner of the *Hebrews*, who gave to any thing vaſt or extraordinary the appellative of *Divine*. So the *Pſalmiſt* ſays, *The mountains of God*, &c.

℣. 227. *The* Solymæan *crew.*] Theſe *Solymi* were an ancient nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of *Aſia Minor*, between *Lycia* and *Piſidia*. *Pliny* mentions them as an inſtance of a people ſo entirely deſtroyed, that no footſteps of

Next the bold *Amazon*'s whole force defy'd;
And conquer'd ſtill, for heav'n was on his ſide.
Nor ended here his toils: his *Lycian* foes
At his return, a treach'rous ambuſh roſe,
With levell'd ſpears along the winding ſhore;
There fell they breathleſs, and return'd no more.
At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confeſs'd the Gods, and God-deſcended chief;
His daughter gave, the ſtranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign:
The *Lycians* grant a choſen ſpace of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harveſts crown'd.

them remained in his time. Some authors both ancient and modern, from a reſemblance in ſound to the *Latin* name of *Jeruſalem*, have confounded them with the *Jews*. *Tacitus*, ſpeaking of the various opinions concerning the origin of the *Jewiſh* nation, has theſe words: *Clara alii tradunt Judæorum initia, Solymos carminibus Homeri celebratam gentem, conditæ urbi Hieroſolymam nomen è ſuo feciſſe.* Hiſt. lib. vi.

℣. 239. *The* Lycians *grant a choſen ſpace of ground.*] It was uſual in the ancient times, upon any ſignal piece of ſervice performed by the Kings or great men, to have a portion of land decreed by the publick as a reward to them. Thus when *Sarpedon* in the twelfth book incites *Glaucus* to behave himſelf valiantly, he puts him in mind of theſe poſſeſſions granted by his countrymen.

There long the chief his happy lot posseſs'd,
With two brave ſons and one fair daughter bleſs'd;
(Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful Love
Crown'd with *Sarpedon*'s birth th' embrace of *Jove*)
But when at laſt, diſtracted in his mind,
Forſook by heav'n, forſaking human kind,

Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα — &c.
Καὶ Τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθοιο παρ᾽ ὄχθαις,
Καλὸν, φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο.

In the ſame manner in the ninth book of *Virgil*, *Niſus* is promiſed by *Aſcanius* the fields which were poſſeſſed by *Latinus*, as a reward for the ſervice he undertook.

"— — Campi quod rex habet ipſe Latinus."

Chapman has an interpolation in this place, to tell us that this *field* was afterwards called by the *Lycians*, *The field of wand'rings*, from the wanderings and diſtractions of *Bellerophon* in the latter part of his life. But they were not theſe fields that were called Ἀλήϊον, but thoſe upon which he fell from the horſe *Pegaſus*, when he endeavoured (as the fable has it) to mount to heaven.

ỳ. 245. *But when at laſt*, &c.] The ſame Criticks who have taxed *Homer* for being too tedious in this ſtory of *Bellerophon*, have cenſured him for omitting to relate the particular offence which had raiſed the anger of the Gods againſt a man formerly ſo highly favoured by them: but this relation coming from the mouth of his grandſon, it is with great decorum and propriety he paſſes over in ſilence thoſe crimes of his anceſtor, which had provoked the divine Vengeance againſt him. *Milton* has interwoven his ſtory with what *Homer* here relates of *Bellerophon*:

Wide o'er th' *Aleian* field he choſe to ſtray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes conſum'd his waſted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by *Phœbe*'s dart;
His eldeſt-born by raging *Mars* was ſlain,
In combat on the *Solymæan* plain.
Hippolochus ſurviv'd; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I ſought the *Trojan* town,
By his inſtructions learn to win renown,
To ſtand the firſt in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty ſires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.

Leſt from this flying ſteed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Diſmounted on the *Aleian* field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.

Parad. Loſt, B. viii.

Tully in his third book of *Tuſculan Queſtions*, having obſerved that perſons oppreſſed with woe naturally ſeek ſolitude, inſtances this example of *Bellerophon*, and gives us his tranſlation of two of theſe lines.

" Qui miſer in campis mœrens errabat Aleis,
" Ipſe ſuum cor edens, hominum veſtigia vitans."

He ſpoke, and tranſport fill'd *Tydides'* heart;
In earth the gen'rous warriour fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the *Lycian* Prince addreſt:
Welcome, my brave hereditary gueſt!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor ſtain the ſacred friendſhip of our race.
Know, chief, our grandſires have been gueſts of old;
Oeneus the ſtrong, *Bellerophon* the bold:

℣. 267. *Our grandſires have been gueſts of old.*] The laws of hoſpitality were anciently held in great veneration. The friendſhip contracted hereby was ſo ſacred, that they preferred it to all the bands of conſanguinity and alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth generation. We have ſeen in the foregoing ſtory of *Bellerophon*, that *Prætus*, a Prince under the ſuppoſition of being injured in the higheſt degree, is yet afraid to revenge himſelf upon the criminal on this account: he is forced to ſend him into *Lycia* rather than be guilty of a breach of this law in his own country. And the King of *Lycia* having entertained the ſtranger before he unſealed the letters, puts him upon expeditions abroad, in which he might be deſtroyed, rather than at his court. We here ſee *Diomed* and *Glaucus* agreeing not to be enemies during the whole courſe of a war, only becauſe their grandfathers had been mutual gueſts. And we afterwards find *Teucer* engaged with the *Greeks* on this account againſt the *Trojans*, though he himſelf was of *Trojan* extraction, the nephew of *Priam* by the mother's ſide, and couſin german of *Hector*, whoſe life he purſues with the utmoſt violence. They preſerved in their families the preſents which had been made on theſe occaſions; as obliged to tranſmit to their children the memorials of this right of hoſpitality. *Euſtathius.*

Our ancient ſeat his honour'd preſence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he paſs'd.
The parting heroes mutual preſents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandſire's gift;
Oeneus a belt of matchleſs work beſtow'd,
That rich with *Tyrian* dye refulgent glow'd.
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which ſafely ſtor'd
Among my treaſures, ſtill adorns my board:
For *Tydeus* left me young, when *Thebè*'s wall
Beheld the ſons of *Greece* untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendſhip let us join;
If heav'n our ſteps to foreign lands incline,
My gueſt in *Argos* thou, and I in *Lycia* thine.
Enough of *Trojans* to this lance ſhall yield,
In the full harveſt of yon' ample field;
Enough of *Greeks* ſhall dye thy ſpear with gore;
But thou and *Diomed* be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either hoſt
We guard the friendſhip of the line we boaſt.
Thus having ſaid, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;

Brave *Glaucus* then each narrow thought reſign'd,
(*Jove* warm'd his boſom and enlarg'd his mind:)
For *Diomed*'s braſs arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price;)
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred Beeves the ſhining purchaſe bought.

℣. 291. Jove *warm'd his boſom and enlarg'd his mind.*] The words in the original are ἐξέλετο φρένας, which may equally be interpreted, *he took away his ſenſe*, or *he elevated his mind*. The former being a reflection upon *Glaucus*'s prudence, for making ſo unequal an exchange, the latter a praiſe of the magnanimity and generoſity which induced him to it. *Porphyry* contends for its being underſtood in this laſt way, and *Euſtathius*, Monſieur and Madam *Dacier* are of the ſame opinion. Notwithſtanding it is certain that *Homer* uſes the ſame words in the contrary ſenſe in the ſeventeenth Iliad, ℣. 470. of the original, and in the nineteenth, ℣. 137. And it is an obvious remark, that the interpretation of *Porphyry* as much diſhonours *Diomed* who propoſed this exchange, as it does honour to *Glaucus* for conſenting to it. However, I have followed it, if not as the juſter, as the moſt heroic ſenſe, and as it has the nobler air in poetry.

℣. 295. *A hundred Beeves.*] I wonder the curious have not remarked from this place, that the proportion of the value of *gold* to *braſs* in the time of the *Trojan* war, was but as an *hundred* to *nine*; allowing theſe armours of equal weight: which as they belonged to men of equal ſtrength, is a reaſonable ſuppoſition. As to this manner of computing the value of the armour by *beeves* or *oxen*, it might be either becauſe the money was anciently ſtamped with thoſe figures, or, (which is moſt probable in this place) becauſe in thoſe times they generally purchaſed by exchange of commodities, as we ſee by a paſſage near the end of the ſeventh book.

Meantime the guardian of the *Trojan* ſtate,
Great *Hector*, enter'd at the *Scæan* gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's conſecrated ſhades,
The *Trojan* matrons and the *Trojan* maids
Around him flock'd, all preſs'd with pious care
For Huſbands, brothers, ſons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long proceſſion go,
And ſeek the Gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to *Priam*'s ſtately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of ſtupendous frame;
O'er theſe a range of marble ſtructure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty ſons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of ſtate
Oppos'd to thoſe, where *Priam*'s daughters ſat:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd ſpouſes ſhone,
Of equal beauty, and of poliſh'd ſtone.
Hither great *Hector* paſs'd, nor paſs'd unſeen
Of royal *Hecuba*, his mother Queen.
(With her *Laodicè*, whoſe beauteous face
Surpaſs'd the nymphs of *Troy*'s illuſtrious race)

Long in a ſtrict embrace ſhe held her ſon,
And preſs'd his hand, and tender thus begun.
O *Hector!* ſay, what great occaſion calls
My ſon from fight, when *Greece* ſurrounds our walls?
Com'ſt thou to ſupplicate th' almighty pow'r,
With lifted hands from *Ilion*'s lofty tow'r?
Stay, till I bring the cup with *Bacchus* crown'd,
In *Jove*'s high name, to ſprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refreſh thy ſoul,
And draw new ſpirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.
Far hence be *Bacchus*' gifts (the chief rejoin'd:)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.

℣. 329. *Far hence be* Baccchus' *gifts*——*Inflaming wine.*] This maxim of *Hector*'s concerning wine, has a great deal of truth in it. It is a vulgar miſtake to imagine the uſe of wine either raiſes the ſpirits, or encreaſes ſtrength. The beſt Phyſicians agree with *Homer* in this point; whatever our modern ſoldiers may object to this old heroic *regimen*. One may take notice that *Sampſon* as well as *Hector* was a water-drinker; for he was a *Nazarite* by vow, and as ſuch was forbid the uſe of wine. To which *Milton* alludes in his *Sampſon Agoniſtes:*

Let chiefs abſtain, and ſpare the ſacred juice
To ſprinkle to the Gods, its better uſe.
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd,
To the pure ſkies theſe horrid hands to raiſe,
Or offer heav'n's great Sire polluted praiſe.
You, with your matrons, go! a ſpotleſs train,
And burn rich odours in *Minerva*'s fane.

Where-ever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure,
With touch æthereal of heav'n's fiery rod;
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

℣. 335. *Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd*, &c.] The cuſtom which prohibits perſons polluted with blood to perform any offices of divine worſhip before they were purified, is ſo ancient and univerſal, that it may in ſome ſort be eſteemed a precept of natural religion, tending to inſpire an uncommon dread and religious horrour of bloodſhed. There is a fine paſſage in *Euripides*, where *Iphigenia* argues how impoſſible it is that human ſacrifices ſhould be acceptable to the Gods, ſince they do not permit any defiled with blood, or even polluted with the touch of a dead body, to come near their altars. *Iphig. in Tauris*, ℣. 380. *Virgil* makes his *Æneas* ſay the ſame thing *Hector* does here:

"Me bello è tanto digreſſum & cæde recenti
"Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo
"Abluero."——

The largeſt mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert *Tydides'* waſtful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire,
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouſe ſoft *Paris* to the war;
If yet, not loſt to all the ſenſe of ſhame,
The recreant warriour hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That peſt of *Troy*, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyſs might he deſcend,
Troy yet ſhould flouriſh, and my ſorrows end.
This heard, ſhe gave command; and ſum-
mon'd came
Each noble matron, and illuſtrious dame.
The *Phrygian* Queen to her rich wardrobe
went,
Where treaſur'd odours breath'd a coſtly ſcent.

There lay the veſtures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
Whom from ſoft *Sidon* youthful *Paris* bore,
With *Helen* touching on the *Tyrian* ſhore.
Here as the Queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She choſe a veil that ſhone ſuperiour far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning ſtar.
Herſelf with this the long proceſſion leads;
The train majeſtically ſlow proceeds.
Soon as to *Ilion*'s topmoſt tow'r they come,
And awful reach the high *Palladian* dome,
Antenor's conſort, fair *Theano*, waits
As *Pallas*' prieſteſs, and unbars the gates.

℣. 361. Sidonian *maids.*] *Dictys Cretenſis lib.* i. acquaints us that *Paris* returned not directly to *Troy* after the rape of *Helen*, but fetched a compaſs, probably to avoid purſuit. He touched at *Sidon*, where he ſurpriſed the King of *Phœnici* by night, and carried off many of his treaſures and captives, among which probably were theſe *Sidonian* women. The author of the ancient poem of the *Cypriacks* ſay, he ſailed from *Sparta* to *Troy* in the ſpace of three days: from which paſſage *Herodotus* concludes that poem was not *Homer*'s. We find in the ſcriptures, that *Tyre* and *Sidon* were famous for works in gold, embroidery, *&c.* and for whatever regarded magnificence and luxury.

With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with ſupplicating cries.
The Prieſteſs then the ſhining veil diſplays,
Plac'd on *Minerva*'s knees, and thus ſhe prays.
Oh awful Goddeſs! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's ſtrong defence, unconquer'd *Pallas*, aid!

ỳ. 374. *With hands uplifted.*] The only geſture deſcribed by *Homer*, as uſed by the ancients in the invocotion of the Gods, is the lifting up of their hands to heaven. *Virgil* frequently alludes to this practice; particularly in the ſecond book there is a paſſage, the beauty of which is much raiſed by this conſideration:

"Ecce trahebatur paſſis Priameïa virgo
"Crinibus, à templo, Caſſandra, adytiſque Minervæ,
"Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina fruſtra,
"*Lumina!* nam teneras arcebant vincula *palmas*."

ỳ. 378. *Oh awful Goddeſs!* &c.] This proceſſion of the *Trojan* matrons to the temple of *Minerva*, with their offering, and the ceremonies; though it be a paſſage ſome moderns have criticiſed upon, ſeems to have particularly pleaſed *Virgil*. For he has not only introduced it among the figures in the picture at *Carthage*, *Æn.* i. ỳ. 483.

"Interea ad templum non æquæ Palladis ibant
"Crinibus Iliades paſſis, peplumque ferebant
"Suppliciter triſtes; & tunſis pectora palmis,
"Diva ſolo fixos oculos averſa tenebat."

But he has again copied it in the eleventh book, where the *Latian* dames make the ſame proceſſion upon the approach

Break thou *Tydides'* ſpear, and let him fall
Prone on the duſt before the *Trojan* wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltleſs of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful ſmoke,
But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
Ourſelves, our infants, and our city ſpare!
So pray'd the Prieſteſs in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

of *Æneas* to their city. The prayer to the Goddeſs is tranſlated almoſt word for word: ℣. 483.

"Armipotens belli præſes Tritonia virgo,
"Frange manu telum Phrygii prædonis, & ipſum
"Pronum ſterne ſolo, portiſque effunde ſub altis."

This prayer in the *Latin* Poet ſeems introduced with leſs propriety, ſince *Pallas* appears no where intereſted in the conduct of affairs through the whole *Æneid*. The firſt line of the *Greek* here is tranſlated more literally than the former verſions; ἐρυσίπτολι, διὰ θεάων. I take the firſt Epithet to allude to *Minerva*'s being particular protectreſs of *Troy* by means of the *Palladium*, and not (as Mr. *Hobbes* underſtands it) the protectreſs of all cities in general.

℣. 387. *But they vow'd in vain.*] For *Helenus* only ordered that prayers ſhould be made to *Minerva* to drive *Diomed* from before the walls. But *Theano* prays that *Diomed* may periſh, and periſh flying, which is included in his falling *forward*. Madam *Dacier* is ſo free as to obſerve here, that women are ſeldom moderate in the prayers they make againſt their enemies, and therefore are ſeldom heard.

While theſe appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
Hector to *Paris*' lofty dome repairs.
Himſelf the manſion rais'd, from ev'ry part
Aſſembling architects of matchleſs art.

ỳ. 390. *Himſelf the manſion raiſed*] I muſt own myſelf not ſo great an enemy to *Paris* as ſome of the commentators. His blind paſſion is the unfortunate occaſion of the ruin of his country, and he has the ill fate to have all his fine qualities ſwallowed up in that. And indeed I cannot ſay he endeavours much to be a better man than his nature made him. But as to his parts and turn of mind, I ſee nothing that is either weak, or wicked, the general manners of thoſe times conſidered. On the contrary, a gentle ſoul, patient of good advice, though indolent enough to forget it; and liable only to that frailty of love, which methinks might in his caſe, as well as *Helen*'s, be charged upon the *Stars*, and the *Gods*. So very amorous a conſtitution, and ſo incomparable a beauty to provoke it, might be temptation enough even to a wiſe man, and in ſome degree make him deſerve compaſſion, if not pardon. It is remarkable, that *Homer* does not paint him and *Helen* (as ſome other Poets would have done) like monſters, odious to Gods and Men, but allows their characters ſuch eſtimable qualifications as could conſiſt, and in truth generally do, with tender frailties. He gives *Paris* ſeveral polite accompliſhments, and in particular a turn to thoſe ſciences that are the reſult of a fine imagination. He makes him have a taſte and addiction to *curious works* of all ſorts, which cauſed him to tranſport *Sidonian* artiſts to *Troy*, and employ himſelf, at home, in adorning and finiſhing his armour: and now we are told that he aſſembled the moſt ſkilful builders from all parts of the country, to render his palace a compleat piece of *Architecture*. This, together with what *Homer* has ſaid elſewhere of his ſkill in the *Harp*, which in thoſe days included both *Muſick* and *Poetry*, may I think eſtabliſh him a *Bell Eſprit* and a *fine genius*.

Near *Priam*'s court and *Hector*'s palace ſtands
The pompous ſtructure, and the town commands.
A ſpear the hero bore of wond'rous ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,
The ſteely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandiſh'd, at each motion ſhin'd.
Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
His brother-chief, whoſe uſeleſs arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their ſplendid ſhow,
Bright'ning the ſhield, and poliſhing the bow.
Beſide him *Helen* with her virgins ſtands,
Guides their rich labours, and inſtructs their hands.
Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The Prince beheld, and high-reſenting ſpoke.
Thy hate to *Troy*, is this the time to ſhow?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)

ỳ. 406. *Thy hate to* Troy, *&c.*] All the commentators obſerve this ſpeech of *Hector* to be a piece of artifice; he ſeems to imagine that the retirement of *Paris* proceeds only from his reſentment againſt the *Trojans*, and not from his indolence, luxury, or any other cauſe. *Plutarch* thus diſcourſes upon it. "As a diſcreet phyſician rather chuſes to cure "his patient by diet or reſt, than by caſtoreum or ſcammony, ſo a good friend, a good maſter, or a good father, are "always better pleaſed to make uſe of commendation than

Paris and *Greece* againſt us, both conſpire;
Thy cloſe reſentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great *Ilion*'s guardian heroes fall
'Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the ſoldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And waſteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deſerves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to ſhare?
Riſe, or behold the conqu'ring flames aſcend,
And all the *Phrygian* glories at an end.
Brother, 'tis juſt (reply'd the beauteous youth)
Thy free remonſtrance proves thy worth and truth:

" reproof, for the reformation of manners: for nothing ſo " much aſſiſts a man who reprehends with frankneſs and li- " berty, nothing renders him leſs offenſive, or better pro- " motes his good deſign, than to reprove with calmneſs, af- " fection, and temper. He ought not therefore to urge them " too ſeverely if they deny the fact, nor foreſtall their juſti- " fication of themſelves, but rather try to help them out, " and furniſh them artificially with honeſt and colourable pre- " tences to excuſe them; and though he ſees that their fault " proceeded from a more ſhameful cauſe, he ſhould yet impute " it to ſomething leſs criminal. Thus *Hector* deals with *Pa-* " *ris*, when he tells him, *This is not the time to manifeſt your* " *anger againſt the* Trojans: as if his retreat from the bat- " tle had not been abſolutely a flight, but merely the effect " of reſentment and indignation." Plut. *Of knowing a flat- terer from a friend.*

℣. 418. *Brother, 'tis juſt*, &c.] *Paris* readily lays hold of the pretext *Hector* had furniſhed him with, and confeſſes he

Yet charge my abſence leſs, oh gen'rous chief!
On hate to *Troy*, than conſcious ſhame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother ſat,
And mourn'd in ſecret, his, and *Ilion*'s fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory ſpreads her charms,
And beauteous *Helen* calls her chief to arms.
Conqueſt to-day my happier ſword may bleſs,
'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give ſucceſs.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and *Paris* ſhall not lag behind.

He ſaid, nor anſwer'd *Priam*'s warlike ſon;
When *Helen* thus with lowly grace begun.

Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
That caus'd theſe woes, deſerve a ſiſter's name!

has partly touched upon the true reaſon of his retreat, but that it was alſo partly occaſioned by the concern he felt at the victory of his rival. Next he profeſſes his readineſs for the fight: but nothing can be a finer trait (if we conſider his character) than what *Homer* puts into his mouth juſt in this place, that *he is now exhorted to it by* Helen: which ſhews that not the danger of his country and parents, neither private ſhame, nor publick hatred, could ſo much prevail upon him, as the commands of his miſtreſs, to go and recover his honour.

ỳ. 432. Helen's *ſpeech.*] The repentance of *Helena* (which we have before obſerved *Homer* never loſes an opportunity of manifeſting) is finely touched again here. Upon the whole,

Wou'd heav'n, e'er all theſe dreadful deeds were done,
The day, that ſhow'd me to the golden ſun,
Had ſeen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why ſunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midſt the roarings of the waters dy'd?
Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurſt
Bore all, and *Paris* of thoſe ills the worſt.
Helen at leaſt a braver ſpouſe might claim,
Warm'd with ſome virtue, ſome regard of fame!
Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, ſuſtain'd for *Paris'* ſake and mine:
The Gods have link'd our miſerable doom,
Our preſent woe, and infamy to come:
Wide ſhall it ſpread, and laſt thro' ages long,
Example ſad! and theme of future ſong.

we ſee the Gods are always concerned in what befalls an unfortunate beauty: her ſtars foredoomed all the miſchief, and Heaven was to blame in ſuffering her to live: then ſhe fairly gets quit of the infamy of her lover, and ſhews ſhe has higher ſentiments of honour than he. How very natural is all this in the like characters to this day?

The chief reply'd: This time forbids to reſt:
The *Trojan* bands by hoſtile fury preſt,
Demand their *Hector*, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my ſoul's on fire.
Urge thou thy Knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, e'er I leave the walls.
E'er yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's ſtay;
This day (perhaps the laſt that ſees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, ſome God who hates our *Trojan* land
May vanquiſh *Hector* by a *Grecian* hand.

He ſaid, and paſt with ſad preſaging heart
To ſeek his ſpouſe, his ſoul's far dearer part;

ỳ. 462. *The Epiſode of* Hector *and* Andromache.] *Homer* undoubtedly ſhines moſt upon the great ſubjects, in raiſing our admiration or terrour: pity, and the ſofter paſſions, are not ſo much of the nature of his Poem, which is formed upon anger and the violence of ambition. But we have cauſe to think his genius was no leſs capable of touching the heart with tenderneſs, than of firing it with glory, from the few ſketches he has left us of his excellence in that way too. In the preſent Epiſode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, he has aſſembled all that love, grief, and compaſſion could inſpire. The greateſt cenſurers of *Homer* have acknowledged themſelves charmed with this part; even Monſieur *Perault* tranſlated it into *French* verſe as a kind of peniten-

At home he ſought her, but he ſought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and with her ſecond joy,
The young *Aſtyanax*, the hope of *Troy*,
Penſive ſhe ſtood on *Ilion*'s tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and ſicken'd at the ſight;

tial ſacrifice for the ſacrileges he had committed againſt this author.

This Epiſode tends very much to raiſe the character of *Hector*, and endear him to every reader. This hero, though doubtful if he ſhould ever ſee *Troy* again, yet goes not to his wife and child, till after he has taken care for the ſacrifice, exhorted *Paris* to the fight, and diſcharged every duty to the Gods, and to his country; his love of which, as we formerly remarked, makes his chief character. What a beautiful contraſt has *Homer* made between the manners of *Paris* and thoſe of *Hector*, as he here ſhews them one after the other in this domeſtick light, and in their regards to the fair ſex? What a difference between the characters and behaviour of *Helen* and of *Andromache?* And what an amiable picture of conjugal love, oppoſed to that of unlawful paſſion?

I muſt not forget, that Mr. *Dryden* has formerly tranſlated this admirable Epiſode, and with ſo much ſucceſs, as to leave me at leaſt no hopes of improving or equalling it. The utmoſt I can pretend is to have avoided a few modern phraſes and deviations from the original, which have eſcaped that great man. I am unwilling to remark upon an author to whom every *Engliſh* Poet owes ſo much; and ſhall therefore only take notice of a criticiſm of his, which I muſt be obliged to anſwer in its place, as it is an accuſation of *Homer* himſelf.

ỳ. 468. *Penſive ſhe ſtood on* Ilion's *tow'ry height.*] It is a fine imagination to repreſent the tenderneſs of *Andromache* for *Hector*, by her ſtanding upon the tower of *Troy*, and watch-

There her ſad eyes in vain her Lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his ſoul deſir'd,
Whoſe virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and aſk'd what way ſhe bent
Her parting ſtep? If to the fane ſhe went,
Where late the mourning matrons made reſort;
Or ſought her ſiſters in the *Trojan* court?
Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to *Minerva*'s fane:
To *Ilion*'s ſteepy tow'r ſhe bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, ſhe heard, before the *Grecian* ſword;
She heard, and trembled for her abſent Lord:
Diſtracted with ſurpriſe, ſhe ſeem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and ſorrow in her eye.

ing all his motions in the field; even the religious proceſſion to *Minerva*'s temple could not draw her from this place, at a time when ſhe thought her huſband in danger.

℣. 473. *Whoſe virtue charm'd him*, &c.] *Homer* in this verſe particularizes the virtue of *Andromache* in the epithet ἀμύμονα, *blameleſs*, or *without a fault*. I have uſed it literally in another part of this Epiſode.

The nurſe attended with her infant boy,
The young *Aſtyanax*, the hope of *Troy*.
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
Thro' ſtreets of palaces, and walks of ſtate;
And met the mourner at the *Scæan* gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, *Aëtion*'s wealthy heir:
(*Cilician Thebè* great *Aëtion* ſway'd,
And *Hippoplacus*' wide-extended ſhade)
The nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt
His only hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt,
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.

℣. 488. Hector, *this heard, return'd.*] *Hector* does not ſtay to ſeek his wife on the tower of *Ilion*, but haſtens where the buſineſs of the field calls him. *Homer* is never wanting in point of honour and decency, and while he conſtantly obeys the ſtricteſt rules, finds a way to make them contribute to the beauty of his poem. Here for inſtance he has managed it ſo, that this obſervance of *Hector*'s is the cauſe of a very pleaſing ſurpriſe to the reader; for at firſt he is not a little diſappointed to find that *Hector* does not meet *Andromache*, and is no leſs pleaſed afterwards to ſee them encounter by chance, which gives him a ſatisfaction he thought he had loſt. *Dacier.*

To this lov'd infant *Hector* gave the name
Scamandrius, from *Scamander*'s honour'd ſtream;
Aſtyanax the *Trojans* call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of *Troy*.
Silent the warriour ſmil'd, and pleas'd reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous Princeſs caſt a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected ſpoke;
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
And the big tear ſtood trembling in her eye.

Too daring Prince! ah whither doſt thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and ſon!
And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies,
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.

℣. 501. Scamandrius, *from* Scamander's *honour'd ſtream*, &c.] This manner of giving proper names to children, derived from any place, accident, or quality belonging to them or their parents, is very ancient, and was cuſtomary among the *Hebrews*. The *Trojans* called the ſon of *Hector*, *Aſtyanax*, becauſe (as it is ſaid here and at the end of the twenty-ſecond book) *his father defended the city*. There are many inſtances of the ſame kind in the thirtieth chapter of *Geneſis*, where the names given to *Jacob*'s children, and the reaſons of thoſe names, are enumerated.

Greece in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain;
Now hoſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
Oh grant me, Gods! e'er *Hector* meets his doom,
All I can aſk of heav'n, an early tomb!
So ſhall my days in one ſad tenour run,
And end with ſorrows as they firſt begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to ſhare,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid *Thebè* waſte, and ſlew my warlike Sire!

ỳ. 524. *The fierce* Achilles, *&c.*] Mr. *Dryden*, in the preface to the third volume of *Miſcellany Poems*, has paſſed a judgement upon part of this ſpeech, which is altogether unworthy of him. "*Andromache* (ſays he) in the midſt of "her concernment and fright for *Hector*, runs off her biaſs, "to tell him a ſtory of her pedigree, and of the lamentable "death of her father, her mother, and her ſeven brothers. "The Devil was in *Hector*, if he knew not all this matter, "as well as ſhe who told it him; for ſhe had been his bed-"fellow for many years together: and if he knew it, it muſt "then be confeſſed, that *Homer* in this long digreſſion, has "rather given us his own character, than that of the fair "Lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, "who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuſe him, by "making the preſent ſorrow of *Andromache* to occaſion the "remembrance of all the paſt: but others think that ſhe had "enough to do with that grief which now oppreſſed her, "without running for aſſiſtance to her family." But may not it be anſwered, That nothing was more natural in *Andromache*, than to recollect her paſt calamities, in order to

His fate compaſſion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil,
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;

repreſent her preſent diſtreſs to *Hector* in a ſtronger light, and ſhew her utter deſertion if he ſhould periſh? What could more effectually work upon a generous and tender mind, like that of *Hector?* What could therefore be more proper to each of their characters? If *Hector* be induced to refrain from the field, it proceeds from compaſſion to *Andromache:* if *Andromache* endeavour to perſuade him, it proceeds from her fear for the life of *Hector*. *Homer* had yet a farther view in this recapitulation; it tends to raiſe his chief hero *Achilles*, and acquaints us with thoſe great atchievements of his which preceded the opening of the Poem. Since there was a neceſſity that hero ſhould be abſent from the action during a great part of the *Iliad*, the Poet has ſhewn his art in nothing more, than in the methods he takes from time to time to keep up our great idea of him, and to awaken our expectation of what he is to perform in the progreſs of the work. His greateſt enemies cannot upbraid, or complain of him, but at the ſame time they confeſs his glory, and deſcribe his victories. When *Apollo* encourages the *Trojans* to fight, it is by telling them *Achilles* fights no more. When *Juno* animates the *Greeks*, it is by putting them in mind that they have to do with enemies who durſt not appear out of their walls while *Achilles* engaged. When *Andromache* trembles for *Hector*, it is with rememberance of the reſiſtleſs force of *Achilles*. And when *Agamemnon* would bribe him to a reconciliation, it is partly with thoſe very treaſures and ſpoils which had been won by *Achilles* himſelf.

℣. 528. *His arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil.*] This circumſtance of *Action*'s being burned with his arms, will not appear trivial in this relation, when we reflect with what

Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's ſilvan daughters bade their elms beſtow
A barren ſhade, and in his honour grow.
By the ſame arm my ſev'n brave brothers fell;
In one ſad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and ſnowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapleſs Heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The Queen of *Hippoplacia*'s ſilvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
Her pleaſing empire and her native plain,

eager paſſion theſe ancient heroes fought to ſpoil and carry off the armour of a vanquiſhed enemy; and therefore this action of *Achilles* is mentioned as an inſtance of uncommon favour and generoſity. Thus *Æneas* in *Virgil* having ſlain *Lauſus*, and being moved with compaſſion for this unhappy youth, gives him a promiſe of the like favour:

" Arma, quibus lætatus, habe tua: teque parentum
" Manibus, & cineri, ſi qua eſt ea cura, remitto."

℣. 532. Jove's *ſilvan daughters bade their elms beſtow A barren ſhade*, &c.] It was the cuſtom to plant about tombs only ſuch trees as elms, alders, &c. that bear no fruit, as being moſt ſuitable to the dead. This paſſage alludes to that piece of antiquity.

When ah! oppreſt by life-conſuming woe,
She fell a victim to *Diana*'s bow.
Yet while my *Hector* ſtill ſurvives; I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will periſh, if my *Hector* fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!
That quarter moſt the ſkilful *Greeks* annoy,
Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of *Troy*:

℣. 543. *A victim to* Diana's *bow.*] The *Greeks* aſcribed all ſudden deaths of women to *Diana*. So *Ulyſſes*, in *Odyſſ.* xi. aſks *Anticlea*, among the ſhades, if ſhe died by the darts of *Diana?* And in the preſent book, *Laodame*, daughter of *Bellerophon*, is ſaid to have periſhed young by the arrows of this Goddeſs. Or perhaps it may allude to ſome diſeaſe fatal to women, ſuch as *Macrobius* ſpeaks of, *Sat.* i. 17. *Fœminis certis afflictas morbis* Σεληνιάσεις *&* Ἀφροδισιάσεις *vocant.*

℣. 550. *That quarter moſt — Where yon' wild fig-trees.*] The artifice *Andromache* here uſes to detain *Hector* in *Troy*, is very beautifully imagined. She takes occaſion from the three attacks that had been made by the enemy upon this place, to give him an honourable pretence for ſtaying at that rampart to defend it. If we conſider that thoſe attempts muſt have been known to all in the city, we ſhall not think ſhe talks like a ſoldier, but like a woman, who naturally enough makes uſe of any incident that offers, to perſuade her lover to what ſhe deſires. The ignorance too which ſhe expreſſes, of the reaſons that moved the *Greeks* to attack this particular place, was what I doubt not *Homer* intended, to reconcile it the more to a female character.

Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important poſt;
There *Agamemnon* points his dreadful hoſt,
That paſs *Tydides*, *Ajax*, ſtrive to gain,
And there the vengeful *Spartan* fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.

The chief reply'd: That poſt ſhall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the ſons of *Troy*, in arms renown'd,
And *Troy*'s proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should *Hector* baſely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattl'd plains:
Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)

The day when thou, imperial *Troy!* muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriours fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not *Priam*'s hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, *Andromache!* thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In *Argive* looms our battles to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from *Hyperia*'s ſpring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty *Hector*'s wife!
Some haughty *Greek*, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs, ſhall waken at the name!

ỳ. 583. Hyperia's *ſpring.*] Drawing water was the office of the meaneſt ſlaves. This appears by the holy ſcripture, where the *Gibeonites* who had deceived *Joſhua* are made ſlaves, and ſubjected to draw water. *Joſhua* pronounces the curſe againſt them in theſe words: *Now therefore ye are curſed, and there ſhall none of you be freed from being bondmen, and hewers of wood, and drawers of water.* Joſh. ch. ix. ỳ. 23. *Dacier.*

May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy *Hector*, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.
Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of *Troy*
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.

ỳ. 595. *Stretch'd his fond arms.*] There never was a finer piece of painting than this. *Hector* extends his arms to embrace his child; the child affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the ſhaking of the plume, ſhrinks backward to the breaſt of his nurſe; *Hector* unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the Gods; then returns him to the mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a ſmile of pleaſure, but at the ſame inſtant the fears for her huſband make her burſt into tears. All theſe are but ſmall circumſtances, but ſo artfully choſen, that every reader immediately feels the force of them, and repreſents the whole in the utmoſt livelineſs to his imagination. This alone might be a confutation of that falſe criticiſm ſome have fall into, who affirm that a poet ought only to collect the great and noble particulars in his paintings. But it is in the images of things as in the characters of perſons; where a ſmall action, or even a ſmall circumſtance of an action, lets us more into the knowledge and comprehenſion of them, than the material and principal parts themſelves. As we find this in a hiſtory, ſo we do in a picture, where ſometimes a ſmall motion or turn of a finger will expreſs the character and action of the figure more than all the other parts of the deſign. *Longinus* indeed blames an author's inſiſting too much on trivial circumſtances; but in the ſame place extols *Homer* as "the "poet who beſt knew how to make uſe of important and "beautiful circumſtances, and to avoid the mean and fu-

The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And *Hector* haſted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrours from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground,
Then kiſs'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou! whoſe glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathleſs pow'rs! protect my ſon!

ſ' perfluous ones." There is a vaſt difference betwixt a *ſmall* circumſtance and a *trivial* one, and the ſmalleſt become important if they are well choſen, and not confuſed.

℣. 604. Hector's *prayer for his ſon.*] It may be aſked how *Hector*'s prayer, that his ſon might protect the *Trojans*, could be conſiſtent with what he had ſaid juſt before, that he certainly knew *Troy* and his parents would periſh. We ought to reflect that this is only a prayer; *Hector* in the exceſs of a tender emotion for his ſon, entreats the Gods to preſerve *Troy*, and permit *Aſtyanax* to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beſeech heaven to appeaſe its anger, and change its decrees; and we are taught that prayers can alter deſtiny. *Dacier.* Beſides, it cannot be inferred from hence, that *Hector* had any divine foreknowledge of his own fate, and the approaching ruin of his country; ſince in many following paſſages we find him poſſeſſed with ſtrong hopes and firm aſſurances to raiſe the ſiege, by the flight or deſtruction of the *Greeks*. So that theſe forebodings of his fate were only the apprehenſions and miſgivings of a ſoul dejected with ſorrow and compaſſion, by conſidering the great dangers to which he ſaw all that was dear to him expoſed.

Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the *Hector* of the future age!
So when triumphant from ſucceſsful toils
Of heroes ſlain he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, This chief tranſcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd amidſt the gen'ral ſhouts of *Troy*,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy.

ỳ. 613. *Tranſcends his father's fame.*] The commendation *Hector* here gives himſelf, is not only agreeable to the openneſs of a brave man, but very becoming on ſuch a ſolemn occaſion; and a natural effect from the teſtimony of his own heart to his honour; at this time eſpecially, when he knew not but he was ſpeaking his laſt words. *Virgil* has not ſcrupled it, in what he makes *Æneas* ſay to *Aſcanius* at his parting for the battle:

" Et pater Æneas & avunculus excitet Hector,
" Diſce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
" Fortunam ex aliis." ——— *Æn.* xii.

I believe he had this of *Homer* in his eye, though the pathetical mention of *Fortune* in the laſt line ſeems an imitation of that prayer of *Sophocles*, copied alſo from hence, where *Ajax* wiſhes his ſon may be *like him in all things but in his misfortunes.*

ỳ. 615. *His mother's conſcious heart.*] Though the chief beauty of this prayer conſiſts in the paternal piety ſhewn by *Hector*, yet it wants not a fine ſtroke at the end, to continue him in the character of a tender lover of his wife, when he

He ſpoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubled pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by Fear,
She mingled with a ſmile a tender tear.
The ſoften'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſu'd.
Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth;
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth,

makes one of the motives of his wiſh, to be the joy ſhe ſhall receive on hearing her ſon applauded.

ỳ. 628. *Fix'd is the term.*] The reaſon which *Hector* here urges to allay the affliction of his wife, is grounded on a very ancient and common opinion, that the fatal period of life is appointed to all men at the time of their birth; which as no precaution can avoid, ſo no danger can haſten. This ſentiment is as proper to give comfort to the diſtreſſed, as to inſpire courage into the deſponding; ſince nothing is ſo fit to quiet and ſtrengthen our minds in times of difficulty, as a firm aſſurance that our lives are expoſed to no real hazards, in the greateſt appearances of danger.

No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave,
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more — but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger as the firſt in fame.

Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His princeſs parts with a prophetick ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft' reverts her eye
That ſtream'd at every look: then moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train the ſoft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living *Hector*, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth iſſues *Paris* from the palace wall.

ỳ. 649. *Forth iſſues* Paris.] *Paris* ſtung by the reproaches of *Hector*, goes to the battle. It is a juſt remark of *Euſtathius*, that all the reproofs and remonſtrances in *Homer* have

In brazen arms that caſt a gleamy ray, 650
Swift thro' the town the warriour bends his way.
The wanton courſer thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;

conſtantly their effect. The poet by this ſhews the great uſe of reprehenſions when properly applied, and finely intimates that every worthy mind will be the better for them.

ℽ. 652. *The wanton courſer thus*, &c.] This beautiful compariſon being tranſlated by *Virgil* in the eleventh *Æneid*; I ſhall tranſcribe the originals, that the reader may have the pleaſure of comparing them:

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σατὸς ἵππος ἀκοσήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
Δεσμὸν ἀποῤῥήξας θείει πεδίοιο κροαίνων,
Εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἰὺῤῥοέος ποταμοῖο,
Κυδιόων, ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
Ὦμους ἀΐσσονται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαϊῇφι πεποιθὼς,
Ῥίμφα ἑ γοῦνα φέρει μετὰ τ' ἤθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων.

" Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præſepia vinclis
" Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
" Aut ille in paſtus armentaque tendit equarum:
" Aut aſſuetus aquæ, perfundi flumine noto
" Emicat, arrectiſque fremit cervicibus altè
" Luxurians: luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos."

Though nothing can be better tranſlated than this is by *Virgil*, yet in *Homer* the ſimile ſeems more perfect, and the place more proper. *Paris* had been indulging his eaſe within the walls of his palace, as the horſe in his ſtable; which was not the caſe of *Turnus*. The beauty and wantonneſs of the ſteed agrees more exactly with the character of *Paris* than with the

Pamper'd and proud, he ſeeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, ſprightly, bold and gay,
In arms refulgent as the God of day,
The ſon of *Priam*, glorying in his might,
Ruſh'd forth with *Hector* to the fields of fight.

other: and the inſinuation of his love of the mares has yet a nearer reſemblance. The languiſhing flow of that verſe,

Εἰωθὼς λέεσθαι ἰὺῤῥεῖτος πολαμοῖο,

finely correſponds with the eaſe and luxuriancy of the pampered courſer bathing in the flood; a beauty which *Scaliger* did not conſider, when he criticiſed particularly upon that line. *Taſſo* has alſo imitated this ſimile, *cant.* ix.

" Come deſtrier, che de la regie ſtalle
" Ove a l' uſo de l' arme ſi reſerba,
" Fugge, e libero alfin per largo calle
" Và trà gl' armenti, ò al fiume uſato, ò a l' erba;
" Scherza ſù 'l collo i crini, e ſù le ſpalle,
" Si ſcote la ſervice alta, e ſuperba;
" Suonano i piè nel corſo, e par, ch' auvampi,
" Di ſonori nitriti empiendo i campi."

And now the warriours paſſing on the way,
The graceful *Paris* firſt excus'd his ſtay.
To whom the noble *Hector* thus reply'd:
O Chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy pow'r in war with juſtice none conteſt;
Known is thy courage, and thy ſtrength confeſt.
What pity ſloth ſhould ſeize a ſoul ſo brave,
Or godlike *Paris* live a Woman's ſlave!
My heart weeps blood at what the *Trojans* ſay,
And hopes, thy deeds ſhall wipe the ſtain away.
Haſte then, in all their glorious labours ſhare;
For much they ſuffer, for thy ſake, in war.

℣. 665. Paris *excus'd his ſtay.*] Here, in the original, is a ſhort ſpeech of *Paris* containing only theſe words: *Brother, I have detained you too long, and ſhould have come ſooner, as you deſired me.* This, and ſome few others of the ſame nature in the *Iliad*, the tranſlator has ventured to omit, expreſſing only the ſenſe of them. A living author (whom future times will quote, and therefore I ſhall not ſcruple to do it) ſays that theſe ſhort ſpeeches, though they may be natural in other languages, cannot appear ſo well in ours, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory, that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe.

℣. 669. *Known is thy courage*, &c.] *Hector* here confeſſes the natural valour of *Paris*, but obſerves it to be overcome by the indolence of his temper and the love of pleaſure. An ingenious *French* writer very well remarks, that the true cha-

Theſe ills ſhall ceaſe, whene'er by *Jove*'s decree
We crown the bowl to *Heav'n* and *Liberty:*
While the proud foe his fruſtrate triumphs mourns,
And *Greece* indignant thro' her ſeas returns.

racter of this hero has a great reſemblance with that of *Marc Anthony*. See the notes on the third book, ℣. 37, and 86.

℣. 677. *We crown the bowl to* Heav'n *and* Liberty.] The *Greek* is, χρυσῆρα ἐλεύθερον, *the free bowl*, in which they made libations to *Jupiter* after the recovery of their liberty. The expreſſion is obſerved by M. *Dacier* to reſemble thoſe of the *Hebrews*; *The cup of ſalvation, the cup of ſorrow, the cup of benediction*, &c. *Athenæus* mentions thoſe cups which the *Greeks* called γραμμαΐνας ἐκπώματα, and were conſecrated to the Gods in memory of ſome ſucceſs. He gives us the inſcription of one of this ſort, which was ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſingle combat of *Hector* and *Ajax*.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva *is under apprehenſions for the* Greeks. Apollo *ſeeing her deſcend from* Olympus, *joins her near the* Scæan *gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite* Hector *to challenge the* Greeks *to a ſingle combat. Nine of the Princes accepting the challenge, the lot is caſt, and falls upon* Ajax. *Theſe heroes, after ſeveral attacks, are parted by the night. The* Trojans *calling a council,* Antenor *propoſes the delivery of* Helen *to the* Greeks, *to which* Paris *will not conſent, but offers to reſtore them her riches.* Priam *ſends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the laſt of which only is agreed to by* Agamemnon. *When the funerals are performed, the* Greeks, *purſuant to the advice of* Neſtor, *erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and paliſades.* Neptune *teſtifies his jealouſy at this work, but is pacified by a promiſe from* Jupiter. *Both armies paſs the night in feaſting, but* Jupiter *diſheartens the* Trojans *with thunder and other ſigns of his wrath.*

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector *and* Ajax: *the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the ſlain; and one more in building the fortification before the ſhips. So that ſomewhat above three days is employed in this book. The* ſcene *lies wholly in the field.*

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

So ſpoke the guardian of the *Trojan* ſtate,
Then ruſh'd impetuous thro' the *Scæan* gate.
Him *Paris* follow'd to the dire alarms;
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And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
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Too much has *Troy* already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and huſh the debate:
This day, the buſineſs of the field ſuſpend;
War ſoon ſhall kindle, and great *Ilion* bend
Since vengeful Goddeſſes confed'rate join
To raze her walls, tho' built by hands divine.
To whom the progeny of *Jove* replies:
I left, for this, the council of the ſkies:
But who ſhall bid conflicting hoſts forbear,
What art ſhall calm the furious ſons of war
To her the God: Great *Hector*'s ſoul incite
To dare the boldeſt *Greek* to ſingle fight,
'Till *Greece*, provok'd, from all her num ſhow,
A warriour worthy to be *Hector*'s foe.

At this agreed, the heav'nly powers withdrew;
Sage *Helenus* their ſecret counſels knew:
Hector, inſpir'd he ſought: to him addreſt,
Thus told the dictates of his ſacred breaſt.
O ſon of *Priam!* let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth perſuaſive, and a while engage
The warring nations to ſuſpend their rage;
Then dare the boldeſt of the hoſtile train
To mortal combat on the liſted plain.
For not this day ſhall end thy glorious date;
The Gods have ſpoke it, and their voice is fate.

ỳ. 48. *Sage* Helenus *their ſacred counſels knew.*] *Helenus* was the prieſt of *Apollo*, and might therefore be ſuppoſed to be informed of this by his God, or taught by an oracle that ſuch was his will. Or elſe being an *Augur*, he might learn it from the flight of thoſe birds, into which the Deities are here feigned to transform themſelves (perhaps for that reaſon, as it would be a very poetical manner of expreſſing it.) The fiction of theſe divinities ſitting on the beech tree in the ſhape of *Vultures*, is imitated by *Milton* in the fourth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, where *Satan* leaping over the boundaries of *Eden*, ſits in the form of a cormorant upon the tree of life.

ỳ. 57. *For not this day ſhall end thy glorious date.*] *Euſtathius* juſtly obſerves, that *Homer* here takes from the greatneſs of *Hector*'s intrepidity, by making him foreknow that he ſhould not fall in this combat; whereas *Ajax* encounters him without any ſuch encouragement. It may perhaps be difficult to

He ſaid: the warriour heard the word with joy;
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of *Troy*,
Held by the midſt athwart. On either hand
The ſquadrons part; th' expecting *Trojans* ſtand:
Great *Agamemnon* bids the *Greeks* forbear;
They breathe, and huſh the tumult of the war.
Th' *Athenian* Maid, and glorious God of day,
With ſilent joy the ſettling hoſts ſurvey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They ſit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obſcure the duſky fields,
Horrid with briſtling ſpears, and gleaming ſhields.

give a reaſon for this management of the Poet, unleſs we aſcribe it to that commendable prejudice, and honourable partiality he bears his countrymen, which makes him give a ſuperiority of courage to the heroes of his own nation.

℣. 60. *Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of* Troy, *Held by the midſt athwart.*—] The remark of *Euſtathius* here is obſervable: he tells us that the warriours of thoſe times (having no trumpets, and becauſe the voice of the loudeſt herald would be drowned in the noiſe of a battle) addreſſed themſelves to the eyes, and that graſping the middle of the ſpear denoted a requeſt that the fight might a while be ſuſpended, the holding the ſpear in that poſition not being the poſture of a warriour; and thus *Agamemnon* underſtands it without any farther explication. But however it be, we have a lively picture of a general who ſtretches his ſpear acroſs, and preſſes back the advanced ſoldiers of his army.

As when a gen'ral darkneſs veils the main,
(Soft *Zephyr* curling the wide wat'ry plain)
The waves ſcarce heave, the face of Ocean ſleeps,
And a ſtill horrour ſaddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders ſettling wide around,
At length compos'd they ſit, and ſhade the ground.
Great *Hector* firſt amidſt both armies broke
The ſolemn ſilence, and their pow'rs beſpoke.
Hear all ye *Trojan*, all ye *Grecian* bands,
What my ſoul prompts, and what ſome God commands.

℣. 71. *As when a gen'ral darkneſs*, &c.] The thick ranks of the troops compoſing themſelves, in order to ſit and hear what *Hector* was about to propoſe, are compared to the waves of the ſea juſt ſtirred by the *Weſt* wind; the ſimile partly conſiſting in the *darkneſs* and *ſtillneſs*. This is plainly different from thoſe images of the ſea, given us on other occaſions, where the armies in their engagement and confuſion are compared to the waves in their *agitation* and *tumult*: and that the contrary is the drift of this ſimile appears particularly from *Homer*'s uſing the word ἥατο, *ſedebant*, twice in the application of it. All the other verſions ſeem to be miſtaken here: what cauſed the difficulty was the expreſſion ὀρνυμένοιο νότοιο, which may ſignify the *Weſt* wind *blowing on a ſudden*, as well as *firſt-riſing*. But the deſign of *Homer* was to convey an image both of the gentle motion that aroſe over the field from the helmets and ſpears before their armies were quite ſettled; and of the repoſe and awe which enſued, when *Hector* began to ſpeak.

℣. 79. *Hear all ye* Trojan, *all ye* Grecian *bands*.] The appearance of *Hector*, his formal challenge, and the affright of

The ARGUMENT.

The ſingle combat of *Hector* and *Ajax*.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva *is under apprehenſions for the* Greeks. Apollo *ſeeing her deſcend from* Olympus, *joins her near the* Scæan *gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite* Hector *to challenge the* Greeks *to a ſingle combat. Nine of the Princes accepting the challenge, the lot is caſt, and falls upon* Ajax. *Theſe heroes, after ſeveral attacks, are parted by the night. The* Trojans *calling a council,* Antenor *propoſes the delivery of* Helen *to the* Greeks, *to which* Paris *will not conſent, but offers to reſtore them her riches.* Priam *ſends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the laſt of which only is agreed to by* Agamemnon. *When the funerals are performed, the* Greeks, *purſuant to the advice of* Nestor, *erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and paliſades.* Neptune *teſtifies his jealouſy at this work, but is pacified by a promiſe from* Jupiter. *Both armies paſs the night in feaſting, but* Jupiter *diſheartens the* Trojans *with thunder and other ſigns of his wrath.*

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector *and* Ajax: *the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the ſlain; and one more in building the fortification before the ſhips. So that ſomewhat above three days is employed in this book. The* ſcene *lies wholly in the field.*

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

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Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and ſo brave the foe.
He ſaid, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He ſtoop'd to reaſon, and his rage reſign'd,
No longer bent to ruſh on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
He, from whoſe lips divine perſuaſion flows,
Grave *Neſtor*, then, in graceful act aroſe.
Thus to the Kings he ſpoke. What grief, what ſhame
Attend on *Greece*, and all the *Grecian* name?

kneel down, to thank the Gods for eſcaping from ſuch a combat; whereas the cuſtom of kneeling in prayer (as we before obſerved) was not in uſe among theſe nations.

ỳ. 145. *The ſpeech of* Neſtor.] This ſpeech, if we conſider the occaſion of it, could be made by no perſon but *Neſtor*. No young warriour could with decency exhort others to undertake a combat which he himſelf declined. Nothing could be more in his character than to repreſent to the *Greeks* how much they would ſuffer in the opinion of another old man like himſelf. In naming *Peleus* he ſets before their eyes the expectations of all their fathers, and the ſhame that muſt afflict them in their old age, if their ſons behaved themſelves unworthily. The account he gives of the converſations he had formerly held with that King, and his jealouſy for the glory of *Greece*, is a very natural picture of the warm dialogues of two old warrriours upon the commencement of a new war. Upon the whole, *Neſtor* never more diſplays his oratory than in this place: you ſee him riſing with a ſigh,

How ſhall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their ſons degen'rate, and their race a ſcorn?
What tears ſhall down thy ſilver beard be roll'd,
Oh *Peleus*, old in arms, in wiſdom old!

expreſſing a pathetick ſorrow, and wiſhing again for his youth, that he might wipe away this diſgrace from his country. The humour of ſtory-telling, ſo natural to old men, is almoſt always marked by *Homer* in the ſpeeches of *Neſtor*: the apprehenſion that their age makes them contemptible, puts them upon repeating the brave deeds of their youth. *Plutarch* juſtifies the praiſes *Neſtor* here gives himſelf, and the vaunts of his valour, which on this occaſion were only exhortations to thoſe he addreſſed them to: by theſe he reſtores courage to the *Greeks*, who were aſtoniſhed at the bold challenge of *Hector*, and cauſes nine of the princes to riſe and accept it. If any man had a right to commend himſelf, it was this venerable prince, who in relating his own actions did no more than propoſe examples of virtue to the young. *Virgil*, without any ſuch ſoftening qualification, makes his hero ſay of himſelf,

" Sum pius *Æneas*, famâ ſuper æthera notus."

And comfort a dying warriour with theſe words,

" Æneæ magni dextrâ cadis.

The ſame author alſo intimates the wiſh of *Neſtor* for a return of his youth, where *Evander* cries out,

" O mihi præteritos referat ſi *Jupiter* annos!
" Qualis eram, cùm primam aciem Præneſte ſub ipsâ
" Stravi, ſcutorumque incendi victor acervos,
" Et regem hâc Herilum dextra ſub Tartara miſi."

As for the narration of the *Arcadian* war introduced here, it is a part of the true hiſtory of thoſe times, as we are informed by *Pauſanias*.

Once with what joy the gen'rous Prince would hear
Of ev'ry chief who fought this glorious war,
Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's ſire?
Gods! ſhould he ſee our warriours trembling ſtand,
And trembling all before one hoſtile hand; 156
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious *Greece*, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Minerva, *Phœbus*, and almighty *Jove!* 160
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the ſpring which once it knew:
When fierce in war, where *Jardan*'s waters fall
I led my troops to *Phea*'s trembling wall,
And with th' *Arcadian* ſpears my proweſs try'd, 165
Where *Celadon* rolls down his rapid tide.
There *Ereuthalion* brav'd us in the field,
Proud, *Areïthous*' dreadful arms to wield;
Great *Areïthous*, known from ſhore to ſhore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore; 170
No lance he ſhook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.

Him not by manly force *Lycurgus* ſlew,
Whoſe guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breaſt aſſail'd,
Nor aught the warriour's thund'ring mace avail'd.
Supine he fell: thoſe arms which *Mars* before
Had giv'n the vanquiſh'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd *Lycurgus'* eyes,
To *Ereuthalion* he conſign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he cruſh'd our levell'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the ſtrongeſt hands;
Nor cou'd the ſtrongeſt hands his fury ſtay;
All ſaw, and fear'd, his huge tempeſtuous ſway.
'Till I, the youngeſt of the hoſt, appear'd,
And youngeſt, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms *Minerva* crown'd:
Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground.

℣. 177. *Thoſe arms which* Mars *before had giv'n.*] *Homer* has the peculiar happineſs of being able to raiſe the obſcureſt circumſtance into the ſtrongeſt point of light. *Areïthous* had taken theſe arms in battle, and this gives occaſion to our Author to ſay they were the preſent of *Mars*. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 188. *Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground.*] *Neſtor*'s inſiſting upon this circumſtance of the fall of *Ereuthalion*, which paints his vaſt body lying extended on the earth, has a particular beauty in it, and recalls into the old man's mind

What then he was, Oh were your *Neſtor* now!
Not *Hector*'s ſelf ſhould want an equal foe.
But warriours, you, that youthful vigour boaſt,
The flow'r of *Greece*, th' examples of our hoſt,
Sprung from ſuch fathers, who ſuch numbers ſway,
Can you ſtand trembling, and deſert the day?
His warm reproofs the liſt'ning Kings inflame;
And nine, the nobleſt of the *Grecian* name,
Up-ſtarted fierce: but far before the reſt
The King of Men advanc'd his dauntleſs breaſt:
Then bold *Tydides*, great in arms, appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantick *Ajax* rear'd:

the joy he felt on the ſight of his enemy after he was ſlain. Theſe are the fine and natural ſtrokes that give life to the deſcriptions of poetry.

℣. 196. *And nine, the nobleſt*, &c.] In this catalogue of the nine warriours, who offer themſelves as champions for *Greece*, one may take notice of the firſt and the laſt who riſes up. *Agamemnon* advanced foremoſt, as it beſt became the General, and *Ulyſſes* with his uſual caution took time to deliberate till ſeven more had offered themſelves. *Homer* gives a great encomium of the eloquence of *Neſtor*, in making it produce ſo ſudden an effect; eſpecially when *Agamemnon*, who did not proffer himſelf before, even to ſave his brother, is now the firſt that ſteps forth: one would fancy this particular circumſtance was contrived to ſhew, that eloquence has a greater power than even nature itſelf.

Oileus follow'd; *Idomen* was there,
And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of war:
With theſe *Eurypylus* and *Thoas* ſtand,
And wiſe *Ulyſſes* clos'd the daring band.
All theſe, alike inſpir'd with noble rage.
Demand the fight. To whom the *Pylian* ſage:
Leſt thirſt of glory your brave ſouls divide;
What chief ſhall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heav'n ſhall chuſe, be his the chance to raiſe
His country's fame, his own immortal praiſe.

ỳ. 208. *Let the lots decide.*] This was a very prudent piece of conduct in *Neſtor:* he does not chuſe any of theſe nine himſelf, but leaves the determination entirely to chance. Had he named the hero, the reſt might have been grieved to have ſeen another preferred before them; and he well knew that the lot could not fall upon a wrong Perſon, where all were valiant. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 209. *Whom heav'n ſhall chuſe, be his the chance to raiſe*
His country's fame, his own immortal praiſe.]

The original of this paſſage is ſomewhat confuſed; the interpreters render it thus: "Caſt the lots, and he who ſhall be "choſen, if he eſcapes from this dangerous combat will do "an eminent ſervice to the *Greeks*, and alſo have cauſe to be "greatly ſatisfied himſelf." But the ſenſe will appear more diſtinct and rational, if the words ὅτος and αὐτός be not underſtood of the ſame perſon: and the meaning of *Neſtor* will then be, "He who is choſen for the engagement by the lot, will "do his country great ſervice: and he likewiſe who is not

The lots produc'd, each Hero ſigns his own;
Then in the Gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like theſe aſcend from all the bands.
Grant, thou Almighty! in whoſe hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the *Grecian* ſtate:
This taſk let *Ajax* or *Tydides* prove,
Or he, the King of Kings, belov'd by *Jove*.
Old *Neſtor* ſhook the caſque. By heav'n inſpir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry *Greek* deſir'd.

" will have reaſon to rejoice for eſcaping ſo dangerous a " combat." The expreſſion αἶκε φύγῃσι Διὸς ἐκ πολέμοιο, is the ſame *Homer* uſes in ϒ. 118, 119, of this book, which we explained in the ſame ſenſe in the note on ϒ. 135.

ϒ. 213. *The people pray.*] *Homer*, who ſuppoſes every thing on earth to proceed from the immediate diſpoſition of heaven, allows not even the lots to come up by chance, but places them in the hands of God. The people pray to him for the diſpoſal of them, and beg that *Ajax*, *Diomed* or *Agamemnon* may be the perſon. In which the Poet ſeems to make the army give his own ſentiments, concerning the preference of valour in his heroes, to avoid an odious compariſon in downright terms, which might have been inconſiſtent with his deſign of complimenting the *Grecian* families. They afterwards offer up their prayers again, juſt as the combat is beginning, that if *Ajax* does not conquer, at leaſt he may divide the glory with *Hector*; in which the Commentators obſerve *Homer* prepares the readers for what is to happen in the ſequel.

This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the *Grecian* peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
'Till Godlike *Ajax* finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inſcription with rejoicing eyes,
Then caſts before him, and with tranſport cries:
Warriours! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conqueſt of this chief of *Troy*.

ỳ. 225. *Surveys th' inſcription.*] There is no neceſſity to ſuppoſe that they put any letters upon theſe lots, at leaſt not their names, becauſe the herald could not tell to whom the lot of *Ajax* belonged, till he claimed it himſelf. It is more probable that they made ſome private mark or ſignet each upon his own lot. The lot was only a piece of wood, a ſhell, or any thing that lay at hand. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 227. *Warriours! I claim the lot.*] This is the firſt ſpeech of *Ajax* in the *Iliad.* He is no Orator, but always expreſſes himſelf in ſhort; generally bragging or threatning; and very poſitive. The appellation of ἕρκος Ἀχαιῶν, the *Bulwark of the Greeks*, which *Homer* almoſt conſtantly gives him, is extremely proper to the bulk, ſtrength, and immobility of this heavy hero, who on all occaſions is made to ſtand to the buſineſs, and ſupport the brunt. Theſe qualifications are given him, that he may laſt out, when the reſt of the chief heroes are wounded: this makes him of excellent uſe in *Iliad* xiii, &c. He there puts a ſtop to the whole force of the enemy, and a long time prevents the firing of the ſhips. It is particularly obſervable, that he is never aſſiſted by any Deity, as the others are. Yet one would think *Mars* had been no improper patron for him, there being ſome reſemblance in the boiſterous character of that God and this hero. However it be, this conſideration may partly account for a particular, which elſe may very well raiſe a queſtion: why *Ajax*, who is in this

Now, while my brighteſt arms my limbs inveſt,
To *Saturn*'s ſon be all your vows addreſt:
But pray in ſecret, leſt the foes ſhould hear,
And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.
Said I in ſecret? No, your vows declare,
In ſuch a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom *Ajax* ought to dread,
Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike *Salamis* I drew my birth,
And born to combats, fear no force on earth.
He ſaid. The troops with elevated eyes,
Implore the God whoſe thunder rends the ſkies.
O Father of mankind, ſuperiour lord!
On lofty *Ida*'s holy hill ador'd;
Who in the higheſt heav'n has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:

book ſuperiour in ſtrength to *Hector*, ſhould afterward in the *Iliad* ſhun to meet him, and appear his inferiour? We ſee the Gods make this difference; *Hector* is not only aſſiſted by them in his own perſon, but his men ſecond him, whereas thoſe of *Ajax* are diſpirited by heaven; to which one may add another which is a natural reaſon, *Hector* in this book expreſly tells *Ajax*, "he will now make uſe of no ſkill or art in fighting with him." The *Greek* in bare brutal ſtrength proved too hard for *Hector*, and therefore he might be ſuppoſed afterwards to have exerted his dexterity againſt him.

Grant thou, that *Telamon* may bear away
The praiſe and conqueſt of this doubtful day;
Or if illuſtrious *Hector* be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may ſhare.

Now *Ajax* brac'd his dazling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright ſteel the giant-warriour ſhone:
He moves to combat with majeſtick pace;
So ſtalks in arms the grizly God of *Thrace*,
When *Jove* to puniſh faithleſs men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waſte of wars.
Thus march'd the Chief, tremendous as a God;
Grimly he ſmil'd; earth trembled as he ſtrode:
His maſſy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,
He ſtood, the bulwark of the *Grecian* band.

ỳ. 251. *He moves to combat.*] This deſcription is full of the ſublime imagery ſo peculiar to our author. The *Grecian* champion is drawn in all that terrible glory with which he equals his Heroes to the Gods: he is no leſs dreadful than *Mars* moving to battle, to execute the decrees of *Jove* upon mankind, and determine the fate of nations. His march, his poſture, his countenance, his bulk, his tower-like ſhield; in a word, his whole figure, ſtrikes our eyes in all the ſtrongeſt colours of Poetry. We look upon him as a Deity, and are not aſtoniſhed at thoſe emotions which *Hector* feels at the ſight of him,

Thro' ev'ry *Argive* heart new tranſport ran;
All *Troy* ſtood trembling at the mighty man:
Ev'n *Hector* paus'd; and with new doubt oppreſt,
Felt his great heart ſuſpended in his breaſt:
'Twas vain to ſeek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himſelf had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
Stern *Telamon* behind his ample ſhield,
As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with ſev'n thick folds o'ercaſt,
Of tough bull-hides; of ſolid braſs the laſt.
(The work of *Tychius*, who in *Hylè* dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd.)

℣. 269. *The work of* Tychius.] I ſhall aſk leave to tranſcribe here a ſtory of this *Tychius*, as we have it in the ancient *Life of Homer*, attributed to *Herodotus*. "*Homer* falling into "poverty, determined to go to *Cuma*, and as he paſt through "the plain of *Hermus*, came to a place called *the new wall*, "which was a colony of the *Cumæans*. Here (*after he had "recited five verſes in celebration of* Cuma) he was received by "a leather-dreſſer, whoſe name was *Tychius*, into his houſe, "where he ſhewed to his hoſt and his company, a poem on "the expedition of *Amphiaraus*, and his *hymns*. The admi-"ration he there obtained, procured him a preſent ſubſiſtence. "They ſhew to this day with great veneration the place where "he ſat when he recited his verſes, and a poplar which they "affirm to have grown there in his time." If there be any thing in this ſtory, we have reaſon to be pleaſed with the grateful temper of our Poet, who took this occaſion of im-

This *Ajax* bore before his manly breaſt,
And threat'ning, thus his adverſe chief addreſt.
Hector! approach my arm, and ſingly know
What ſtrength thou haſt, and what the *Grecian* foe.
Achilles ſhuns the fight; yet ſome there are,
Not void of ſoul, and not unſkill'd in war:
Let him, unactive on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes *Greece* has yet to boaſt,
And ſends thee one, a ſample of her hoſt.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more——be ſudden, and begin the fight.

mortalizing the name of an ordinary tradeſman, who had obliged him. The ſame account of his life takes notice of ſeveral other inſtances of his gratitude in the ſame kind.

℣. 270. *In arts of armoury.*] I have called *Tychius* an armourer, rather than a leather-dreſſer or currier; his making the ſhield of *Ajax* authoriſes one expreſſion as well as the other; and though that which *Homer* uſes had no lowneſs or vulgarity in the *Greek*, it is not to be admitted into *Engliſh* heroick verſe.

℣. 273. Hector, *approach my arm*, &c.] I think it needleſs to obſerve how exactly this ſpeech of *Ajax* correſponds with his blunt and ſoldier-like character. The ſame propriety, in regard to this hero, is maintained throughout the *Iliad*. The buſineſs he is about is all that employs his head, and he ſpeaks of nothing but fighting. The laſt line is an image of his mind at all times;

No more——be ſudden, and begin the fight.

O ſon of *Telamon*, thy country's pride!
(To *Ajax* thus the *Trojan* Prince reply'd)
Me, as a boy or woman would'ſt thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'ſt a chief deſerving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidſt alarms:
I know to ſhift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and anſwer ev'ry call of war;
To right, to left, the dext'rous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my ſounding ſhield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I ſteal no conqueſt from a noble foe.

He ſaid, and riſing, high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance againſt the ſev'nfold ſhield.

ỳ. 285. *Me, as a boy or woman would'ſt thou fright.*] This reply of *Hector* ſeems rather to allude to ſome geſture *Ajax* had uſed in his approach to him, *as ſhaking his ſpear*, or the like, than to any thing he had ſaid in his ſpeech. For what he had told him amounts to no more, than that there were ſeveral in the *Grecian* army who had courted the honour of this combat as well as himſelf. I think one muſt obſerve many things of this kind in *Homer*, that allude to the particular attitude or action, in which the author ſuppoſes the perſon to be at that time.

ỳ. 290. *Turn, charge, and anſwer ev'ry call of war.*] The *Greek* is, *To move my feet to the ſound of* Mars, which ſeems to ſhew that thoſe military dances were in uſe even in *Homer's* time, which were afterwards practiſed in *Greece*.

Full on the braſs deſcending from above
Thro' ſix bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
'Till in the ſeventh it fix'd. Then *Ajax* threw;
Thro' *Hector*'s ſhield the forceful jav'lin flew,
His corſlet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank deſcends.
The wary *Trojan* ſhrinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, diſappoints the blow.
From their bor'd ſhields the chiefs their jav'lins drew,
Then cloſe impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
At *Ajax*, *Hector* his long lance extends;
The blunted point againſt the buckler bends:
But *Ajax* watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove thro' the *Trojan* targe the knotty ſpear;

ỳ. 305. *From their bor'd ſhields the chiefs their jav'lins drew.*] *Homer* in this combat makes his heroes perform all their exerciſes with all ſorts of weapons; firſt darting lances at a diſtance, then advancing cloſer and puſhing with ſpears, then caſting ſtones, and laſtly attacking with ſwords; in every one of which the Poet gives the ſuperiority to his countryman. It is farther obſervable, (as *Euſtathius* remarks) that *Ajax* allows *Hector* an advantage in throwing the firſt ſpear.

It reach'd his neck, with matchleſs ſtrength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his ſhining ſhield.
Yet ceas'd not *Hector* thus; but, ſtooping down,
In his ſtrong hand up-heav'd a flinty ſtone,
Black, craggy, vaſt: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boſs the ſtone deſcends;
The hollow braſs reſounded with the ſhock.
Then *Ajax* ſeiz'd the fragment of a rock,
Apply'd each nerve, and ſwinging round on high,
With force tempeſtuous let the ruin fly:
The huge ſtone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke:
His ſlacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing ſtroke;
Great *Hector* falls extended on the field,
His bulk ſupporting on the ſhatter'd ſhield:
Nor wanted heav'nly aid: *Apollo*'s might
Confirm'd his ſinews, and reſtor'd to fight.

℣. 327. Apollo's *might.*] In the beginning of this book we left *Apollo* perched upon a tree, in the ſhape of a vulture, to behold the combat: he comes now very opportunely to ſave his favourite *Hector*. *Euſtathius* ſays that *Apollo* is the ſame with *Deſtiny*, ſo that when *Homer* ſays *Apollo* ſaved him, he means no more than that it was not his fate yet to die, as *Helenus* had foretold him.

And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by Heralds voice the word was giv'n,
The ſacred miniſters of earth and heaven:
Divine *Talthybius* whom the *Greeks* employ,
And ſage *Idæus* on the part of *Troy*,
Between the ſwords, their peaceful ſceptres rear'd;
And firſt *Idæus'* awful voice was heard.

ỳ. 331. *Heralds, the ſacred miniſters.*] The heralds of old were ſacred perſons, accounted the delegates of *Mercury*, and inviolable by the law of nations. The ancient hiſtories have many examples of the ſeverity exerciſed againſt thoſe who committed any outrage upon them. Their office was to aſſiſt in the ſacrifices and councils, to proclaim war or peace, to command ſilence at ceremonies or ſingle combats, to part the combatants, and to declare the conqueror, *&c.*

ỳ. 333. *Divine* Talthybius, *&c.*] This interpoſition of the two heralds to part the combatants, on the approach of the night, is applied by *Taſſo* to the ſingle combat of *Tancred* and *Argantes*, in the ſixth book of his *Jeruſalem*. The herald's ſpeech, and particularly that remarkable injunction to *obey the night*, are tranſlated literally by that author. The combatants there alſo part not without a promiſe of meeting again in battle, on ſome more favourable opportunity.

ỳ. 336. *And firſt* Idæus'.] *Homer* obſerves a juſt decorum in making *Idæus* the *Trojan* herald ſpeak firſt, to end the combat wherein *Hector* had the diſadvantage. *Ajax* is very ſenſible of this difference, when in his reply he requires that *Hector* ſhould firſt aſk for a ceſſation, as he was the challenger. *Euſtathius.*

Forbear, my ſons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of *Jove*.
To either hoſt your matchleſs worth is known,
Each ſounds your praiſe, and war is all your own.
But now the Night extends her awful ſhade;
The Goddeſs parts you: be the Night obey'd.

To whom great *Ajax* his high ſoul expreſs'd.
O ſage! to *Hector* be theſe words addreſs'd.
Let him, who firſt provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the ſanction of the night;
If firſt he aſk it, I content obey,
And ceaſe the ſtrife when *Hector* ſhows the way.

Oh firſt of *Greeks!* (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heav'n adorns, ſuperiour to thy kind,
With ſtrength of body, and with worth of mind!

℣. 349. *Oh firſt of* Greeks, *&c.*] *Hector*, how hardly ſoever he is preſt by his preſent circumſtance, ſays nothing to obtain a truce that is not ſtrictly conſiſtent with his honour. When he praiſes *Ajax*, it leſſens his own diſadvantage, and he is careful to extol him only above the *Greeks*, without acknowledging him more valiant than himſelf or the *Trojans*: *Hector* is always jealous of the honour of his country. In what follows we ſee he keeps himſelf on a level with his adverſary; *Hereafter we ſhall meet.*——*Go thou, and give the ſame joy to thy* Grecians *for thy eſcape, as I ſhall to my* Trojans. The *point of honour* in all this is very nicely preſerved.

Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we ſhall meet in glorious war,
Some future day ſhall lengthen out the ſtrife,
And let the Gods decide of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy ſhade,
And heav'n enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave *Ajax*, to thy *Grecian* friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I ſhall glad each chief, and *Trojan* wife,
Who wearies heav'n with vows for *Hector*'s life.
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange ſome gift; that *Greece* and *Troy* may ſay,

℣. 361. *Who wearies heav'n with vows for* Hector's *life.*] *Euſtathius* give many ſolutions of the difficulty in theſe words, Θεῖον ἀγῶνα: they mean either that the *Trojan* Ladies will pray to the Gods for him (ἀγωνίως, or *certatim*) with the utmoſt zeal and tranſport; or that they will go in proceſſion to the temples for him (εἰς Θεῶν ἀγῶνα, *cœtum Deorum*;) or that they will pray to him as to a God, ὅσα Θεῷ τινὶ εὔξονταί μοι.

℣. 363. *Exchange ſome gift.*] There is nothing that gives us a greater pleaſure in reading an heroick Poem, than the generoſity which one brave enemy ſhews to another. The propoſal made here by *Hector*, and ſo readily embraced by *Ajax*, makes the parting of theſe two heroes more glorious to them than the continuance of the combat could have been. A *French* critick is ſhocked at *Hector*'s making propoſals to *Ajax* with an air of equality; he ſays a man that is vanquiſhed, inſtead of talking of preſents, ought to retire with ſhame

" Not hate, but glory, made theſe chiefs contend;
" And each brave foe was in his ſoul a friend." 365
With that, a ſword with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
The baldrick ſtudded, and the ſheath enchas'd,
He gave the *Greek*. The gen'rous *Greek* beſtow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majeſtick grace they quit the plain; 370
This ſeeks the *Grecian*, that the *Phrygian* train.
The *Trojan* bands, returning *Hector* wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their ſtate:
Eſcap'd great *Ajax*, they ſurvey'd him round,
Alive, unharmd', and vig'rous from his wound. 375
To *Troy*'s high gates the god-like man they bear,
Their preſent triumph, as their late deſpair.
But *Ajax*, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd *Greeks* to *Agamemnon* lead.

from his conqueror. But that *Hector* was vanquiſhed, is by no means to be allowed; *Homer* had told us that his ſtrength was reſtored by *Apollo*, and that the two combatants were engaging again upon equal terms with their ſwords. So that this criticiſm falls to nothing. For the reſt, it is ſaid that this exchange of preſents between *Hector* and *Ajax* gave birth to a proverb, That the preſents of enemies are generally fatal. For *Ajax* with this ſword afterwards killed himſelf, and *Hector* was dragged by this belt at the chariot of *Achilles*.

A ſteer for ſacrifice the King deſign'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they ſtrip the ſmoaking hide,
The beaſt they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
The King himſelf (an honorary ſign)
Before great *Ajax* plac'd the mighty chine.

℣. 387. *Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.*] This is one of thoſe paſſages that will naturally fall under the ridicule of a true modern critick. But what *Agamemnon* here beſtows on *Ajax* was in former times a great mark of reſpect and honour: not only as it was cuſtomary to diſtinguiſh the quality of their gueſts by the largeneſs of the portions aſſigned them at their tables, but as this part of the victim peculiarly belonged to the King himſelf. It is worth remarking on this occaſion, that the ſimplicity of thoſe times allowed the eating of no other fleſh but beef, mutton, or kid: this is the food of the heroes of *Homer*, and the Patriarchs and Warriours of the Old Teſtament. Fiſhing and fowling were the arts of more luxurious nations, and came much later into *Greece* and *Iſrael*.

One cannot read this paſſage without being pleaſed with the wonderful ſimplicity of the old heroick ages. We have here a gallant warriour returning victorious (for that he thought himſelf ſo, appears from theſe words κεχαρηότα νίκῃ) from a ſingle combat with the braveſt of his enemies; and he is no otherwiſe rewarded, than with a larger portion of the ſacrifice at ſupper. Thus an upper ſeat, or a more capacious bowl, was a recompence for the greateſt actions; and thus the only reward in the *Olympick* games was a pine-

When now the rage of hunger was remov'd;
Neſtor, in each perſuaſive art approv'd,
The ſage whoſe counſels long had ſway'd the reſt,
In words like theſe his prudent thought expreſt.
How dear, O Kings! this fatal day has coſt,
What *Greeks* are periſh'd! what a people loſt!
What tides of blood have drench'd *Scamander's* ſhore?
What crouds of Heroes ſunk, to riſe no more?
Then hear me, Chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy ſquadrons to new toils of fight:
Some ſpace at leaſt permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our ſlaughter'd friends bequeathe.

branch, or a chaplet of parſley or wild olive. The latter part of this note belongs to *Euſtathius*.

ỳ. 399. *While we to flames*, &c.] There is a great deal of artifice in this counſel of *Neſtor*, of burning the dead, and raiſing a fortification; for though piety was the ſpecious pretext, their ſecurity was the real aim of the truce, which they made uſe of to finiſh their works. Their doing this at the ſame time they erected the funeral piles, made the impoſition eaſy upon the enemy, who might naturally miſtake one work for the other. And this alſo obviates a plain objection, *viz.* Why the *Trojans* did not interrupt them in this work? The truce determined no exact time, but as much as was needful for diſcharging the rites of the dead.

From the red field their ſcatter'd bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a fun'ral ſtructure rear;

I fancy it may not be unwelcome to the reader to enlarge a little upon the way of *diſpoſing the dead* among the ancients. It may be proved from innumerable inſtances, that the *Hebrews interred* their dead; thus *Abraham*'s burying-place is frequently mentioned in ſcripture: and that the *Ægyptians* did the ſame, is plain from their embalming them. Some have been of opinion, that the uſage of burning the dead was originally to prevent any outrage to the bodies from their enemies; which imagination is rendered not improbable by that paſſage in the firſt book of *Samuel*, where the *Iſraelites* burn the bodies of *Saul* and his ſons, after they had been miſuſed by the *Philiſtines*, even though their common cuſtom was to bury their dead: and ſo *Sylla* among the *Romans* was the firſt of his family who ordered his body to be burnt, for fear the barbarities he had exerciſed on that of *Marius* might be retaliated upon his own. Tully, *de legibus, lib.* ii. *Procul dubio cremandi ritus à Græcis venit, nam ſepultum legimus Numam ad Anienis fontem; totique genti Corneliæ ſolenne fuiſſe ſepulchrum, uſque ad Syllam, qui primus ex eâ gente crematus eſt.* The *Greeks* uſed both ways, of interring and burning; *Patroclus* was burned, and *Ajax* laid in the ground, as appears from *Sophocles*'s *Ajax*, lin. 1185.

Σπεῦσον κοίλην κάπετόν τιν' ἰδεῖν
Τῷ δε τάφον.——

Haſten (ſays the chorus) *to prepare a hollow hole, a grave, for this man.*

Thucydides, in his ſecond book mentions λάρνακας κυπαρισσίνας: coffins or cheſts made of cypreſs wood, in which the *Athenians* kept the bones of their friends that died in the wars.

The *Romans* derived from the *Greeks* both theſe cuſtoms of burning and burying: *In urbe neve* SEPELITO *neve* URITO, ſays the law of the twelve tables. The place where they burned the dead was ſet apart for this religious uſe, and called

So decent urns their ſnowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their aſhes weep.
Here, where on one promiſcuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd;
Next, to ſecure our camp, and naval pow'rs,
Raiſe an embattl'd wall, with lofty tow'rs;
From ſpace to ſpace be ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound.
So *Greece* to combat ſhall in ſafety go,
Nor fear the fierce incurſions of the foe,
'Twas thus the Sage his wholeſome counſel mov'd;
The ſceptred Kings of *Greece* his words approv'd.
Meanwhile, conven'd at *Priam*'s palace-gate,
The *Trojan* Peers in nightly council ſat:

Glebe; from which practice the name is yet applied to all the grounds belonging to the church.

Plutarch obſerves, that *Homer* is the firſt who mentions one general tomb for a number of dead perſons. Here is a *Tumulus* built round the *Pyre*, not to bury their bodies, for they were to be burned; nor to receive the bones, for thoſe were to be carried to *Greece*; but perhaps to interr their aſhes, (which cuſtom may be gathered from a paſſage in *Iliad* xxiii. ℣. 255.) or it might be only a *Cenotaph* in remembrance of the dead.

℣. 415. *The* Trojan *Peers in nightly council ſat.*] There is a great beauty in the two Epithets *Homer* gives to this council, δεινὴ, τετρηχυῖα, *timida*, *turbulenta*. The unjuſt ſide is always fearful and diſcordant. I think M. *Dacier* has not entirely

A ſenate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor riſing, thus demands their ear:
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliars hear!
'Tis heav'n the counſel of my breaſt inſpires,
And I but move what ev'ry God requires:
Let *Sparta*'s treaſures be this hour reſtor'd,
And *Argive Helen* own her ancient Lord.
The ties of faith, the ſworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the juſt Gods provoke.
As this advice ye practice, or reject,
So hope ſucceſs, or dread the dire effect.
The ſenior ſpoke, and ſat. To whom reply'd
The graceful huſband of the *Spartan* bride.

done juſtice to this thought in her tranſlation. *Horace* ſeems to have accounted this an uſeful and neceſſary part that contained the great moral of the *Iliad*, as may be ſeen from his ſelecting it in particular from the reſt, in his epiſtle to *Lollius*.

" Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem,
" Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
" Stultorum regum & populorum continet æſtus.
" Antenor cenſet belli præcidere cauſam.
" Quid Paris? Ut ſalvus regnet, vivatque beatus,
" Cogi poſſe negat."

Cold counſels, *Trojan*, may become thy years,
But ſound ungrateful in a warriour's ears:
Old man, if void of fallacy or art
Thy words expreſs the purpoſe of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more ſound advice has given;
But wiſdom has its date, aſſign'd by heav'n.
Then hear me, Princes of the *Trojan* name!
Their treaſures I'll reſtore, but not the dame;
My treaſures too, for peace, I will reſign;
But be this bright poſſeſſion ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing diſcord to compoſe,
Slow from his ſeat the rev'rend *Priam* roſe:
His god-like aſpect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and theſe pacifick words enſue.

†. 441. *The rev'rend* Priam *roſe.*] *Priam* rejects the wholeſome advice of *Antenor*, and complies with his ſon. This is indeed extremely natural to the indulgent character and eaſy nature of the old King, of which the whole *Trojan* war is a proof; but I could wiſh *Homer* had not juſt in this place celebrated his wiſdom in calling him Θεόφιν μήστωρ ἀτάλαντος. *Spondanus* refers this blindneſs of *Priam* to the power of fate, the time now approaching when *Troy* was to be puniſhed for its injuſtice. Something like this weak fondneſs of a father is deſcribed in the ſcripture, in the ſtory of *David* and *Abſalom*.

Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreſhment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
'Till the new ſun reſtore the chearful light:
Then ſhall our herald to th' *Atrides* ſent,
Before their ſhips proclaim my ſon's intent.
Next let a truce be aſk'd, that *Troy* may burn
Her ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty *Jove* decide!
The monarch ſpoke: the warriours ſnatch'd with haſte
(Each at his poſt in arms) a ſhort repaſt.

℣. 450. *Next let a truce be aſk'd.*] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is remarkable: he makes *Priam* propoſe in council to ſend to the *Greeks* to aſk a truce to bury the dead. This the *Greeks* themſelves had before determined to propoſe: but it being more honourable to his country, the poet makes the *Trojan* herald prevent any propoſition that could be made by the *Greeks*. Thus they are requeſted to do what they themſelves were about to requeſt, and have the honour to comply with a propoſal which they themſelves would otherwiſe have taken as a favour. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 455. *(Each at his poſt in arms.)*] We have here the manner of the *Trojans* taking their repaſt: not promiſcuouſly, but each at his poſt. *Homer* was ſenſible that military men ought not to remit their guard, even while they refreſh themſelves, but in every action diſplay the ſoldier. *Euſtathius.*

Soon as the roſy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ſhips *Idæus* bent his way;
There, to the ſons of *Mars*, in council found,
He rais'd his voice: the hoſt ſtood liſt'ning round.
Ye ſons of *Atreus*, and ye *Greeks*, give ear!
The words of *Troy*, and *Troy*'s great Monarch hear.
Pleas'd may ye hear (ſo heav'n ſucceed my pray'rs)
What *Paris*, author of the war, declares.
The ſpoils and treaſures he to *Ilion* bore,
(Oh had he periſh'd e'er they touch'd our ſhore)

℣. 460. *The ſpeech of* Idæus.] The propoſition of reſtoring the treaſures, and not *Helen*, is ſent as from *Paris* only; in which his father ſeems to permit him to treat by himſelf as a ſovereign Prince, and the ſole author of the war. But the herald ſeems to exceed his commiſſion in what he tells the *Greeks*. *Paris* only offered to reſtore the treaſures he took from *Greece*, not including thoſe he brought from *Sidon* and other coaſts, where he touched in his voyage: but *Idæus* here proffers all that he had brought to *Troy*. He adds, as from himſelf, a wiſh that *Paris* had periſhed in that voyage. Some ancient expoſitors ſuppoſe thoſe words to be ſpoken aſide, or in a low voice, as it is uſual in Dramatick Poetry. But without that *Sakos*, a generous love for the welfare of his country might tranſport *Idæus* into ſome warm expreſſions againſt the author of its woes. He lays aſide the Herald to act the Patriot, and ſpeaks with indignation againſt *Paris*, that he may influence the *Grecian* captains to give a favourable anſwer. *Euſtathius*.

He proffers injur'd *Greece*; with large encreaſe
Of added *Trojan* wealth to buy the peace.
But to reſtore the beauteous bride again,
This *Greece* demands, and *Troy* requeſts in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we aſk a truce to burn
Our ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty *Jove* decide!
The *Greeks* gave ear, but none the ſilence broke;
At length *Tydides* roſe, and riſing ſpoke.
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the *Spartan* dame.

℣. 474. *The* Greeks *gave ear, but none the ſilence broke.*] This ſilence of the *Greeks* might naturally proceed from an opinion, that however deſirous they were to put an end to this long war, *Menelaus* would never conſent to relinquiſh *Helen*, which was the thing inſiſted upon by *Paris*. *Euſtathius* accounts for it in another manner, and it is from him M. *Dacier* has taken her remark. The Princes (ſays he) were ſilent, becauſe it was the part of *Agamemnon* to determine in this nature; and *Agamemnon* is ſilent, being willing to hear the inclinations of the Princes. By this means he avoided the imputation of expoſing the *Greeks* to dangers for his advantage and glory; ſince he only gave the anſwer which was put into his mouth by the Princes, with a general applauſe of the army.

℣. 476. *Oh take not*, Greeks, *&c.*] There is a peculiar decorum in making *Diomed* the author of this advice, to re-

Let conqueſt make them ours: fate ſhakes their wall,
And *Troy* already totters to her fall.
Th' admiring chiefs, and all the *Grecian* name,
With gen'ral ſhouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'ſt the voice of *Greece*.
For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed
With heroes corpſe: I war not with the dead:
Go ſearch your ſlaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the *Manes* of the ſlain.
Be witneſs, *Jove*, whoſe thunder rolls on high!
He ſaid, and rear'd his ſceptre to the ſky.
To ſacred *Troy*, where all her Princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and ſtanding in the midſt, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their ſev'ral cares the *Trojans* move,
Some ſearch the plains, ſome fell the ſounding grove:

ject even *Helen* if ſhe were offered; this had not agreed with an amorous huſband like *Menelaus*, nor with a cunning politician like *Ulyſſes*, nor with a wiſe old man like *Neſtor*. But it is proper to *Diomed*, not only as a young fearleſs warriour, but as he is in particular an enemy to the intereſts of *Venus*.

Nor leſs the *Greeks*, deſcending on the ſhore,
Hew'd the green foreſts, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To ſhed his ſacred light on earth again,
Aroſe the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the *Greek* and *Trojan* train
Thro' heaps of carnage ſearch'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his ſlaughter'd friend explore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they waſh'd, their pious tears they ſhed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.

ỳ. 507. *And, laid along their cars.*] Theſe probably were not chariots, but carriages; for *Homer* makes *Neſtor* ſay in ỳ. 332 of the *orig.* that this was to be done with mules and oxen, which were not commonly joined to chariots, and the word κυκλήσομαι there, may be applied to any vehicle that runs on wheels. Ἅμαξα ſignifies indifferently *plauſtrum* and *currus*; and our *Engliſh* word *car* implies either. But if they did uſe chariots in bearing their dead, it is at leaſt evident, that thoſe chariots were drawn by mules and oxen at funeral ſolemnities. *Homer*'s uſing the word ἅμαξα and not ἅρμα, confirms this opinion.

Sage *Priam* check'd their grief: with ſilent haſte
The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And ſadly flow, to ſacred *Troy* return'd.
Nor leſs the *Greeks* their pious ſorrows ſhed,
And decent on the pile diſpoſe the dead;
The cold remains conſume with equal care;
And ſlowly, ſadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, e'er the morn had ſtreak'd with red'ning light
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the *Greeks* appear'd,
And round the pile a gen'ral tomb they rear'd.
Then, to ſecure the camp and naval pow'rs,
They rais'd embattl'd walls with lofty tow'rs:

℣. 520. *Then, to ſecure the camp*, &c.] *Homer* has been accuſed of an offence againſt probability, in cauſing this fortification to be made ſo late as in the laſt year of the war. M. *Dacier* anſwers to this objection, That the *Greeks* had no occaſion for it till the departure of *Achilles*: he alone was a greater defence to them; and *Homer* had told the reader in a preceding book, that the *Trojans* never durſt venture out of the walls of *Troy* while *Achilles* fought: theſe intrenchments therefore ſerve to raiſe the glory of his principal hero, ſince they become neceſſary as ſoon as he withdraws his aid. She might have added, that *Achilles* himſelf ſays all this, and make

From ſpace to ſpace were ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd ſtood adverſe to the foe.
So toil'd the *Greeks*: meanwhile the Gods above
In ſhining circle round their father *Jove*,

Homer's apology in the ninth book, ℣. 460. The ſame author, ſpeaking of this fortification, ſeems to doubt whether the uſe of intrenching camps was known in the *Trojan* war, and is rather inclined to think *Homer* borrowed it from what was practiſed in his own time. But I believe (if we conſider the caution with which he has been obſerved, in ſome inſtances already given, to preſerve the manners of the age he writes of, in contradiſtinction to what was practiſed in his own;) we may reaſonably conclude the art of fortification was in uſe even ſo long before him, and in the degree of perfection that he here deſcribes it. If it was not, and if *Homer* was fond of deſcribing an improvement in this art made in his own days; nothing could be better contrived than his feigning *Neſtor* to be the author of it, whoſe wiſdom and experience in war rendered it probable that he might carry his projects farther than the reſt of his contemporaries. We have here a fortification as perfect as any in the modern times: a ſtrong wall is thrown up, towers are built upon it from ſpace to ſpace, gates are made to iſſue out at, and a ditch ſunk, deep, wide and long, to all which paliſades are added to compleat it.

℣. 527. — — — *meanwhile the Gods* ——] The fiction of this wall raiſed by the *Greeks*, has given no little advantage to *Homer*'s Poem, in furniſhing him with an opportunity of changing the ſcene, and in a great degree the ſubject and accidents of his battles; ſo that the following deſcriptions of war are totally different from all the foregoing. He takes

Amaz'd beheld the wond'rous works of man: 529
Then he, whoſe trident ſhakes th' earth, began.
What mortals henceforth ſhall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,

care at the firſt mention of it to fix in us a great idea of this work, by making the Gods immediately concerned about it. We ſee *Neptune* jealous leſt the glory of his own work, the walls of *Troy*, ſhould be effaced by it; and *Jupiter* comforting him with a prophecy that it ſhall be totally deſtroyed in a ſhort time. *Homer* was ſenſible that as this was a building of his imagination only, and not founded (like many other of his deſcriptions) upon ſome antiquities or traditions of the country, ſo poſterity might convict him of a falſity, when no remains of any ſuch wall ſhould be ſeen on the coaſt. Therefore (as *Ariſtotle* obſerves) he has found this way to elude the cenſure of an improbable fiction: the word of *Jove* was fulfilled, the hands of the Gods, the force of the rivers, and the waves of the ſea, demoliſhed it. In the twelfth book he digreſſes from the ſubject of his poem, to deſcribe the execution of this prophecy. The verſes there are very noble, and have given the hint to *Milton* for thoſe in which he accounts, after the ſame poetical manner, for the vaniſhing of the terreſtrial paradiſe.

— — — — All fountains of the deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the ocean to uſurp
Beyond all bounds, 'till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt hills: then ſhall this mount
Of *Paradiſe* by might of waves be mov'd
Out of its place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
With all its verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of ſeals and orcs, and ſea-mews clang.

If the proud *Grecians* thus ſucceſsful boaſt
Their riſing bulwarks on the ſea-beat coaſt?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No God conſulted, and no victim ſlain!
Their fame ſhall fill the world's remoteſt ends;
Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends.
While old *Laömedon*'s divine abodes,
Thoſe radiant ſtructures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,
Shall, raz'd and loſt, in long oblivion ſleep.
Thus ſpoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
Th' Almighty Thund'rer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the ſkies.
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whoſe rage can make
The ſolid earth's eternal baſis ſhake!
What cauſe of fear from mortal works cou'd move
The meaneſt ſubject of our realms above?
Where e'er the ſun's refulgent rays are caſt,
Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame ſhall laſt.
But yon' proud work no future age ſhall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew.

The ſapp'd foundations by thy force ſhall fall,
And whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vaſt drifts of ſand ſhall change the former ſhore;
The ruin vaniſh'd, and the name no more.
Thus they in heav'n: while, o'er the *Grecian* train,
The rolling ſun deſcending to the main
Beheld the finiſh'd work. Their bulls they ſlew:
Black from the tents the ſav'ry vapours flew.
And now the fleet, arriv'd from *Lemnos'* ſtrands,
With *Bacchus'* bleſſings chear'd the gen'rous bands.
Of fragrant wines the rich *Eunæus* ſent
A thouſand meaſures to the royal tent.

℣. 561. *And now the fleet*, &c.] The verſes from hence to the end of the book, afford us the knowledge of ſome points of hiſtory and antiquity. As that *Jaſon* had a ſon by *Hypſipyle*, who ſucceeded his mother in the kingdom of *Lemnos*: that the iſle of *Lemnos* was anciently famous for its wines, and drove a traffick in them; and that coined money was not in uſe in the time of the *Trojan* war, but the trade of countries carried on by exchange in groſs braſs, oxen, ſlaves, &c. I muſt not forget the particular term uſed here for ſlave, ἀνδραπόδου, which is literally the ſame with our modern word *footman*.

(*Eunæus*, whom *Hypſipyle* of yore
To *Jaſon*, ſhepherd of his people, bore)
The reſt they purchas'd at their proper coſt,
And well the plenteous freight ſupply'd the hoſt:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treaſures gave;
Some braſs, or iron; ſome an ox, or ſlave.
All night they feaſt, the *Greek* and *Trojan* pow'rs;
Thoſe on the fields, and theſe within their tow'rs.
But *Jove* averſe the ſigns of wrath diſplay'd,
And ſhot red light'nings thro' the gloomy ſhade:
Humbled they ſtood; pale horrour ſeiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder ſhook th' aërial hall.
Each pour'd to *Jove*, before the bowl was crown'd;
And large libations drench'd the thirſty ground:
Then late, refreſh'd with ſleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy bleſſings of the night.

℣. 573. *But* Jove *averſe*, &c.] The ſigns by which *Jupiter* here ſhews his wrath againſt the *Grecians*, are a prelude to thoſe more open declarations of his anger which follow in the next book, and prepare the mind of the reader for that machine, which might otherwiſe ſeem too bold and violent.

The End of the Second Volume.

They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine. 680

aquatick Plants upon which they hang his ſpoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumſtances the moſt *picturesque* imaginable. And though it muſt be owned, that the human figures in this piece are excellent, and diſpoſed in the propereſt actions; I cannot but confeſs my opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the proſpect, a finer than which was never drawn by any pencil.

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